THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

LIBERTY—By Arnold Bennett

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO—A Novel of International Intrigue—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

SNIDER'S CATSUP

ALSO

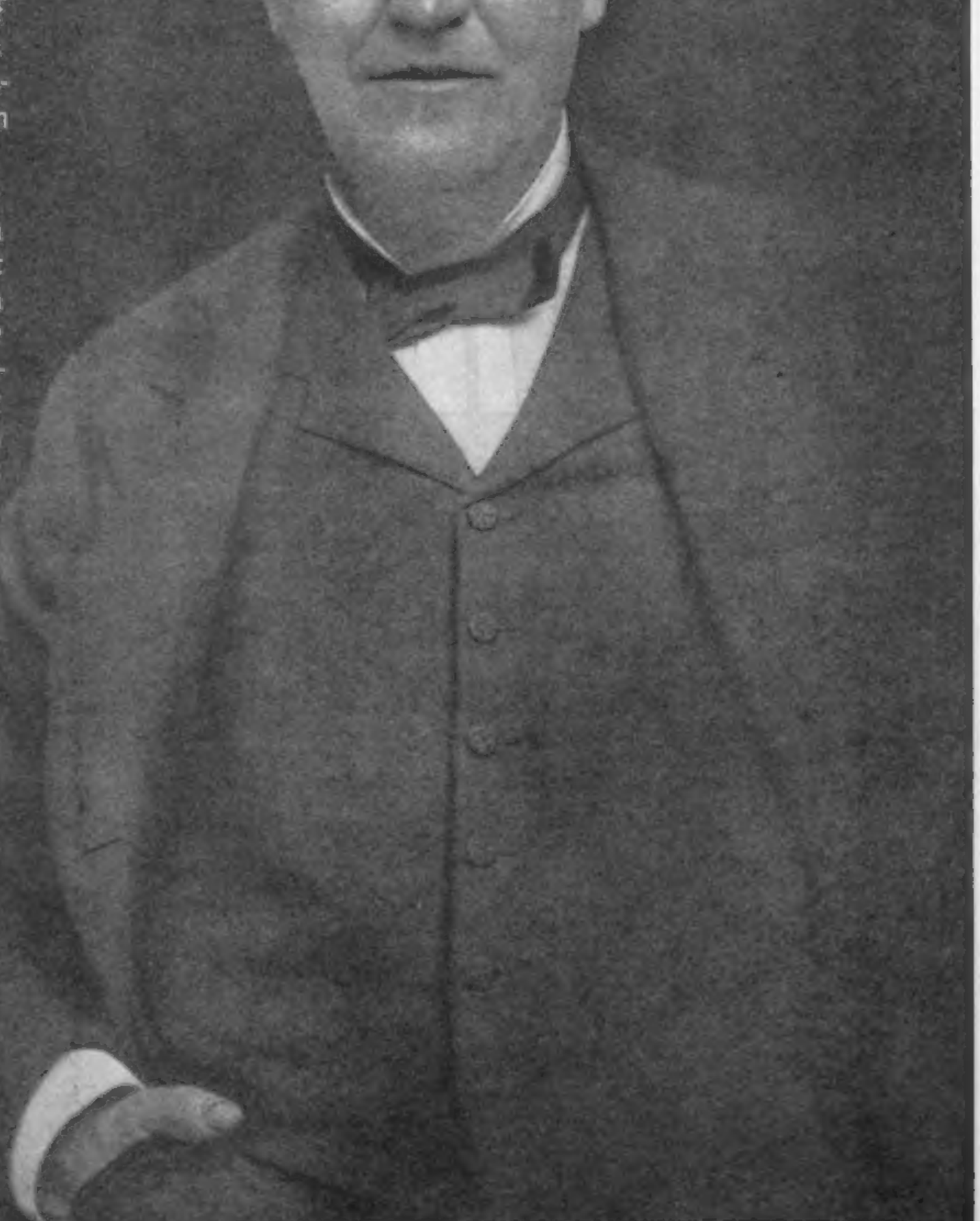
PORK & BEANS

1879 Edison Day-Oct. 21st 1914

To Thomas Alva Edison

On October 21, 1879—Thirty-five years ago—you made the first carbon filament incandescent lamp—a thread of charred cotton that glowed forty hours in a vacuum bulb. From that initial success, in itself attained only after many months of patient labor and self-denial, has been evolved the most perfect illuminant that the world has ever known—the MAZDA Lamp

In commemoration of that historic twenty-first day of October, 1879, in recognition of the vast benefits that your great invention has conferred on mankind, and in admiration of the genius that created not only the incandescent lamp but the present lighting industry, this appreciation is published by the Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company.



"The first time I met Edison was in 1893, at the International Electrical Congress at Chicago. Mr. Rudolf Eickemeyer introduced me to him, and Edison, jokingly pointed at me, said "pure theory," pointing at Eickemeyer "theory and practice" and at himself "pure practice." This is the attitude Edison has always taken, declaring himself a mere practical man, and the newspaper men have expanded on this and so created the popular belief that Edison does not know anything about theory and science, but merely experiments and tries anything he or anybody else can think of. There is nothing more untrue than this. It is true, Edison never went to any college—but he knows more about the subjects taught in colleges, than most college men. From my experience I consider Edison today as the man best informed in all fields of human knowledge." CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

"His work, and particularly the invention of the electric incandescent lamp, must forever remain an inspiration to mankind. The long weeks and months of tedious experimenting, the dauntless patience that bravely struggled on after each momentary defeat, and the resourcefulness that turned even failure to account have perhaps never been equalled and certainly never surpassed in the history of human achievement.

"No wonder that this man enriched his time with one of its most precious inventions—the Edison lamp—with a form of illumination so wonderfully cheap and efficient that it has enabled the teacher and the printer to extend the influence of civilization where it has never been felt before." WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

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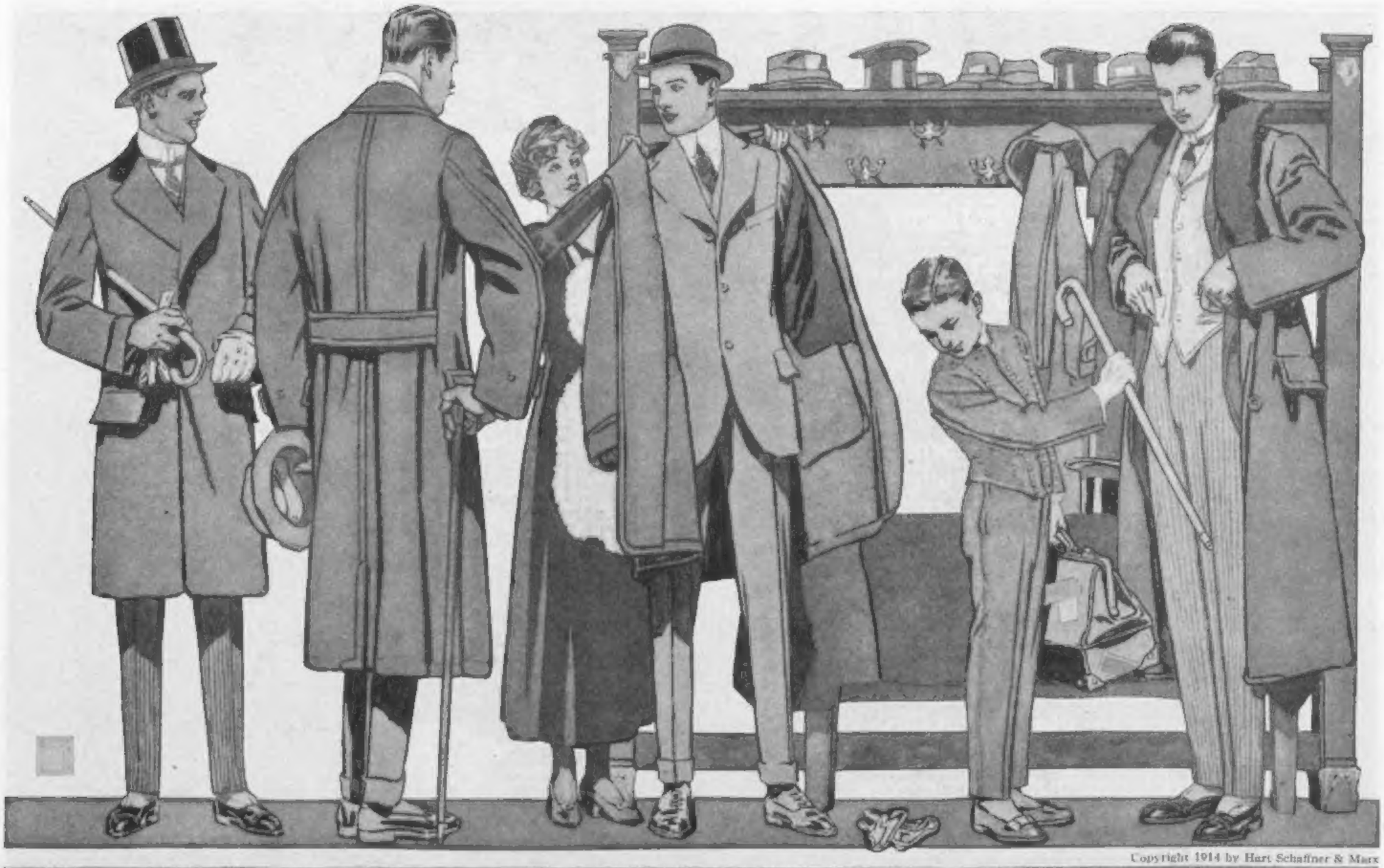

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREE

"For Anything I Know to the Contrary You are, Outside the World of Finance, One of the Dullest and Most Harmless Men Existing"

THE eyes of the man who had looked in upon a scene inordinately, fantastically brilliant underwent, after those first few moments of comparative indifference, a curious transformation. He was contemplating one of the sights of the world. He took note of a conglomeration of people crowded round the two roulette tables, promenading, or lounging on the heavily cushioned divans against the wall, representing perhaps every grade of society, every nationality of importance, yet with a curious common likeness by reason of their tribute paid to fashion. He glanced unmoved at a beautiful Englishwoman who was a duchess but looked otherwise; at an equally beautiful Frenchwoman who looked like a duchess but was—otherwise. On every side of him were women gowned by the great artists of the day, women like flowers, all perfume and softness and color. His eyes passed them over almost carelessly. A little tired with many weeks' travel in countries where the luxuries of life were few, his senses were dulled to the magnificence of the scene, his pulses as yet had not responded to its charm and wonder. And then the change came. He saw a woman standing almost exactly opposite to him at the nearer roulette table, and he gave a noticeable start. For a moment his pale, expressionless face was transformed, his secret was at anyone's mercy. That, however, was the affair of an instant only. He was used to shocks and he survived this one. He moved a little aside from his prominent place in the center of the wide-flung doorway. He stood by one of the divans and watched.

She was tall and fair and slight. She wore a gown of shimmering gray, a large hat under which her many coils of hair shone like gold, and a necklace of pearls round her throat, pearls on which his eyes had rested with a curious expression. She played, unlike many of her neighbors, with restraint, yet with interest, almost enthusiasm. There was none of the strain of the gambler about her smooth, beautiful face. Her delicately curved lips were free from the grim lines of concentrated acquisitiveness. She was thirty-two years old, but she looked much younger as she stood there, her lips a little parted in a pleased smile of anticipation. She was leaning a little over the table and her eyes were fixed with humorous intentness upon the spinning wheel. Even among that crowd of beautiful women she possessed a certain individual distinction. She not only looked what she was—an Englishwoman of good birth—but there was a certain aloofness about her expression and bearing that gave an added charm to a personality which seemed to combine the two extremes of provocativeness and reserve. One would have hesitated to address to her even the chance remarks that pass so easily between strangers round the tables.

"Violet here!" the man murmured under his breath. "Violet!"

There was tragedy in the whisper, a gleam of something like tragedy, too, in the look that passed between the man and the woman a few moments later. With her hands full of plaques which she had just won she raised her eyes at last from the board. The smile upon her lips was the delighted smile of a girl. And then, as she was in the act of sweeping her winnings into her gold bag, she saw the man opposite. The smile seemed to die from her lips; it seemed, indeed, to pass with all else of expression from her face. The plaques dropped one by one through her fingers into the satchel. Her eyes remained fixed upon him as though she were looking upon a ghost. The seconds seemed drawn out into a grim hiatus of time. The croupier's voice, the muttered imprecation of a loser by her side, the necessity of making some slight movement in order to make room for some one in search of change—some such trifle at last brought her back from the shadows. Her expression at once became more normal. She did not remove her eyes, but she very slightly inclined her head toward the man. He in return bowed very gravely and without a smile.

The table in front of her was cleared now. People were beginning to consider their next coup. The voice of the croupier, with his parrotlike cry, traveled down the board:

"*Faites vos jeux, mesdames et messieurs.*"

The woman made no effort to stake. After a moment's hesitation she yielded her place, and moving backward seated herself upon an empty divan. Rapidly the thoughts began to form themselves in her mind. Her delicate eyebrows drew closer together in a distinct frown. After that first shock, that queer turmoil of feeling, unanalyzable yet having within it some entirely unexpected constituent, she found herself disposed to be angry. The sensation had not subsided when a moment or two later she was conscious that the man whose coming had proved so disturbing was standing before her.

"Good afternoon," he said a little stiffly.

She raised her eyes. The frown was still upon her forehead, although to a certain extent it was contradicted by a slight tremulousness of the lips.

"Good afternoon, Henry!"

For some reason or other further speech seemed to him a difficult matter. He moved toward the vacant place by her side.

"If you have no objection," he observed as he seated himself.

She unfurled her fan, an ancient but wonderful weapon of defense. It gave her a brief respite. Then she looked at him calmly. "Of all places in the world," she murmured, "to meet you here!"

"Is it so extraordinary?"

"I find it so," she admitted. "You don't at all fit in, you know. A scene like this," she added, glancing round, "would scarcely ever be likely to attract you for its own sake, would it?"

"It doesn't particularly," he admitted.

"Then why have you come?"

He remained silent. The frown upon her forehead deepened.

"Perhaps," she went on coldly, "I can help you with your reply. You have come because you are not satisfied with the reports of the private detective whom you have engaged to watch me. You have come to supplement them with your own investigations."

His frown matched hers. The coldness of his tone was rendered even more bitter by its note of anger.

"I am surprised that you should have thought me capable of such an action," he declared. "All I can say is that it is thoroughly in keeping with your other suspicions of me, and that I find it absolutely unworthy."

She laughed a little incredulously, not altogether naturally.

"My dear Henry," she protested, "I cannot flatter myself that there is any other person in the world sufficiently interested in my movements to have me watched."

"Are you really under the impression that that is the case?" he inquired grimly.

"It isn't a matter of impression at all," she retorted. "It is the truth. I was followed from London, I was watched at Cannes, I am watched here day by day—by a little man in a brown suit and a Homburg hat and with a habit of lounging. He lounges under my windows. He is probably lounging across the way now. He has lounged within fifty yards of me for the last three weeks, and to tell you the truth I am tired of him. Couldn't I have a week's holiday? I'll keep a diary and tell you all that you want to know."

"Is it sufficient," he asked, "for me to assure you, upon my word of honor, that I know nothing of this?"

She was somewhat startled. She turned and looked at him. His tone was convincing. He had not the face of a man whose word of honor was a negligible thing.

"But, Henry," she protested, "I tell you that there is no doubt about the matter. I am watched day and night—I, an insignificant person whose doings can be of no possible interest save to you, and you only."

The man did not at once reply. His thoughts seemed to have wandered off for a moment. When he spoke again his tone had lost its note of resentment.

"I do not blame you for your suspicion," he said calmly, "although I can assure you that I have never had any idea of having you watched. It is not a course which could possibly have suggested itself to me, even in my most unhappy moments."

She was puzzled, at once puzzled and interested.

"I am so glad to hear this," she said, "and of course I believe you; but there the fact is. I think that you will agree with me that it is curious."

"Isn't it possible," he ventured to suggest, "that it is your companions who are the object of this man's vigilance? You are not, I presume, alone here?"

She eyed him a little defiantly.

"I am here," she announced, "with Mr. and Mrs. Draconmeyer."

He heard her without any change of expression, but somehow or other it was easy to see that her news, although more than half expected, had stung him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Draconmeyer," he repeated, with slight emphasis on the latter portion of the sentence.

"Certainly! I am sorry," she went on a moment later, "that my companions do not meet with your approval. That, however, I could scarcely expect, considering ——"

"Considering what?" he insisted, watching her steadfastly.

"Considering all things," she replied after a moment's pause.

"Mrs. Draconmeyer is still an invalid?"

"She is still an invalid."

The slightly satirical note in his question seemed to provoke a certain defiance in her manner as she turned a little sideways toward him. She moved her fan slowly backward and forward, her head was thrown back, her manner was almost belligerent. He took up the challenge. He asked her in plain words the question which his eyes had already demanded.

"I find myself constrained to ask you," he said in a studiously measured tone, "by what means you became possessed of the pearls you are wearing? I do not seem to remember them as your property."

Her eyes flashed.

"Don't you think," she returned, "that you are a little outstepping your privileges?"

"Not in the least," he declared. "You are my wife, and although you have defied me in a certain matter you are still subject to my authority. I see you wearing jewels in public of which you were certainly not possessed a few months ago, and that neither your fortune nor mine ——"

"Let me set your mind at rest," she interrupted icily. "The pearls are not mine. They belong to Mrs. Draconmeyer."

"Mrs. Draconmeyer!"

"I am wearing them," she continued, "at Linda's special request. She is too unwell to appear in public and she is very seldom able to wear any of her wonderful jewelry. It gives her pleasure to see them sometimes upon other people."

He remained quite silent for several moments. He was in reality passionately angry. Self-restraint, however, had become such a habit of his that there were no indications of his condition save a slight twitching of his long fingers and a tightening at the corners of his lips. She, however, recognized the symptoms without difficulty.

"Since you defy my authority," he said, "may I ask whether my wishes have any weight with you?"

"That depends," she replied.

"It is my earnest wish," he went on, "that you do not wear another woman's jewelry either in public or privately."

She appeared to reflect for a moment. In effect she was struggling against a conviction that his request was reasonable.

"I am sorry," she said at last. "I see no harm whatever in my doing so in this particular instance. It gives great pleasure to poor Mrs. Draconmeyer to see her jewels and admire them, even if she is unable to wear them herself. It gives me an intense joy that even a normal man could scarcely be expected to understand, certainly not you. I am sorry that I cannot humor you."

He leaned toward her.

"Not if I beg you?"

She looked at him fixedly, looked at him as though she searched for something in his face or was pondering over something in his tone. It was a moment that might have meant much. If she could have seen into his heart and understood the fierce jealousy that prompted his words it might have meant a very great deal. As it was, her contemplation appeared to be unsatisfactory.

"I am sorry that you should lay so much stress upon so small a thing," she said. "You were always unreasonable. Your present request is another instance of this. I was enjoying myself very much indeed until you came, and now you wish to deprive me of one of my chief pleasures."

"And if I Told You That the Man Was in Love With You—What Then?"

He turned away. Even then chance might have intervened. The moment her words had been spoken she realized a certain injustice in them; realized a little, perhaps, the point of view of this man who was still her husband. She watched him almost eagerly, hoping to find some sign in his face that it was not alone his stubborn pride that spoke. She failed, however. He was one of those men who know too well how to wear the mask.

"May I ask where you are staying here?" he inquired.

"At the Hôtel de Paris."

"It is unfortunate," he observed. "I will move my quarters to-morrow."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Monte Carlo is full of hotels," she remarked, "but it seems a pity that you should move. The place is large enough for both of us."

"It is not long," he retorted, "since you found London itself too small. I should be very sorry to spoil your holiday."

Her eyes seemed to dwell for a moment upon the Spanish dancer who sat at the table opposite to them, a woman whose name had once been a household word, dethroned now, yet still insistent for notice and homage, commanding them even with the wreck of her beauty and the splendor of her clothes.

"It seems a queer place, this," she observed, "for domestic disagreements. Let us try to avoid disputable subjects. Shall I be too inquisitive if I ask you once more what in the name of all that is unsuitable brought you to such a place as Monte Carlo?"

He fenced with her question. Perhaps he resented the slightly ironical note in her tone. Perhaps there were other reasons.

"Why should I not come to Monte Carlo?" he inquired. "Parliament is not particularly amusing when one is in the Opposition, and I do not hunt. The whole world amuses itself here."

"But not you," she replied quickly. "I know you better than that, my dear Henry. There is nothing here or in this atmosphere that could possibly attract you for long. There is no work for you to do—work, the very breath of your body; the one thing you live for and were made for, you man of sawdust and red tape."

"Am I as bad as all that?" he asked quietly.

She fingered her pearls for a moment.

"Perhaps I haven't the right to complain," she acknowledged. "I have gone my own way always. But if one is permitted to look for a moment into the past, can you tell me a single hour when work was not the prominent thought in your brain, the idol before which you worshiped? Why, even our honeymoon was spent canvassing!"

"The election was an unexpected one," he reminded her.

"It would have been the same thing," she declared. "The only literature you really understand is a Blue Book, and the only music you hear is the chiming of Big Ben."

"You speak," he remarked, "as though you resented these things. Yet you knew before you married me that I had ambitions; that I did not propose to lead an idle life."

"Oh, yes, I knew!" she assented dryly. "But we are wandering from the point. I am still wondering what has brought you here. Have you come direct from England?"

"I came to-day from Bordighera," he explained.

"More and more mysterious," she murmured. "Bordighera, indeed! I thought you once told me that you hated the Riviera."

"So I do," he agreed.

"And yet you are here?"

"Yet I am here."

"And you have not come to look after me," she went on, "and the mystery of the little brown man who watches me is still unexplained."

"I know nothing about that person," he asserted, "and I had no idea that you were here."

"Or you would not have come?" she challenged him.

"Your presence," he retorted, nettled into forgetting himself for a moment, "would not have altered my plans in the slightest."

"Then you have a reason for coming!" she exclaimed quickly.

He gave no sign of annoyance, but his lips were firmly closed. She watched him steadfastly.

"I wonder at myself no longer," she continued. "I do not think that any woman in the world could ever live with a man to whom secrecy is as great a necessity as the very air he breathes. No wonder, my dear Henry, the politicians speak so well of you and so confidently of your brilliant future!"

"I am not aware," he observed calmly, "that I have ever been unduly secretive so far as you are concerned. You must remember, however, that during the last few months of our life together you chose to receive on terms of friendship a person whom I regard ——" Her eyes suddenly flashed him a warning. He dropped his voice almost to a whisper. A man was approaching them. "——as an enemy," he concluded under his breath.

Her Eyes Remained Fixed Upon Him as Though She Were Looking Upon a Ghost

II

THE newcomer who had presented himself now before Hunterleys and his wife was a man of somewhat unusual appearance. He was tall and thickly built. His black beard and closely cropped hair were streaked with gray, and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and carried his head a little thrust forward, as though even with the aid of his glasses he was still shortsighted. He had the air of a foreigner, although when he spoke it was without accent. He held out his hand a little tentatively—an action, however, which Hunterleys appeared to ignore.

"My dear Sir Henry!" he exclaimed. "This is a surprise indeed! Monte Carlo is absolutely the last place in the world in which I should have expected to come across you. The Sporting Club too! Well! Well! Well!"

Hunterleys, standing easily with his hands behind his back, raised his eyebrows. The two men were of curiously

contrasting types. Hunterleys, slim and distinguished, had still the frame of an athlete, notwithstanding his colorless cheeks and the worn lines about his eyes. He was dressed with extreme simplicity. His deep-set eyes and sensitive mouth were in marked contrast to the other's coarser mold of features and rather full lips. Yet there was about both men an air of strength, strength developed perhaps in a different manner, but still an appreciable quality.

"They say that the whole world is here," Hunterleys remarked. "Why may not I form a harmless unit of it?"

"Why not indeed?" Draconmeyer assented heartily. "The most serious of us must have our frivolous moments. I hope that you will dine with us to-night? We shall be quite alone."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"Thank you," he said, "I have another engagement."

Mr. Draconmeyer was filled with polite regrets, but he did not renew the invitation.

"When did you arrive?" he asked.

"A few hours ago," Hunterleys replied.

"By the Luxe? How strange! I went down to meet it."

"I came from the other side."

"Ah!"

Mr. Draconmeyer's ejaculation was interrogative. Hunterleys hesitated for a moment. Then he continued with a little shrug of the shoulders:

"I have been staying at San Remo and Bordighera."

Mr. Draconmeyer was much interested.

"So that is where you have been burying yourself," he remarked. "I saw from the papers that you had accepted a six months' pair. Surely, though, you don't find the Italian Riviera very amusing?"

"I am abroad for a rest," Hunterleys replied.

Mr. Draconmeyer smiled curiously.

"A rest?" he repeated. "That rather belies your reputation, you know. They say that you are tireless even when you are out of office."

Hunterleys turned from the speaker toward his wife.

"I have not tempted fortune myself yet," he observed. "I think that I shall have a look into the baccarat room. Do you care to stroll that way?"

Lady Hunterleys rose at once to her feet. Mr. Draconmeyer, however, intervened. He laid his fingers upon Hunterleys' arm.

"Sir Henry," he begged, "our meeting has been quite unexpected, but in a sense it is opportune. Will you be good enough to give me five minutes' conversation?"

"With pleasure," Hunterleys replied. "My time is quite at your disposal, if you have anything to say."

Draconmeyer led the way out of the crowded room, along the passage and into the little bar. They found a quiet corner and two easy-chairs. Draconmeyer gave an order. For a few moments their conversation was conventional.

"I trust that you think your wife looking better for the change?" Draconmeyer began. "Her companionship is a source of the greatest pleasure and relief to my poor, afflicted wife."

"Does the conversation you wish to have with me refer to Lady Hunterleys?" her husband asked quietly. "If so, I should like to say a few preliminary words that will, I hope, place the matter at once beyond the possibility of any misunderstanding."

Draconmeyer moved a little uneasily in his place.

"I have other things to say," he declared, "yet I would gladly hear what is in your mind at the present moment. You do not, I fear, approve of this friendship between my wife and Lady Hunterleys."

Hunterleys was uncompromising, almost curt.

"I do not," he agreed. "It is probably no secret to you that my wife and I are temporarily estranged," he continued. "The chief reason for that estrangement is that I forbade her your house and your acquaintance."

Draconmeyer was a little taken aback. Such extreme directness of speech was difficult to deal with.

"My dear Sir Henry," he protested, "you distress me. I do not understand your attitude in this matter at all."

"There is no necessity for you to understand it," Hunterleys retorted coolly. "I claim the right to regulate my wife's visiting list. She denies that right."

"Apart from the question of marital control," Mr. Draconmeyer persisted, "will you tell me why you consider my wife and myself unfit persons to find a place among Lady Hunterleys' acquaintances?"

"No man is bound to give the reason for his dislikes," Hunterleys replied. "Of your wife I know nothing. Nobody does. I have every sympathy with her unfortunate condition, and that is all. You, personally, I dislike. I dislike my wife to be seen with you. I dislike having her name associated with yours in any manner whatsoever. I dislike sitting with you here myself. I only hope that the five minutes' conversation you have asked for will not be exceeded."

Mr. Draconmeyer had the air of a benevolent person who is deeply pained.

"Sir Henry," he sighed, "it is not possible for me to disregard such plain speaking. Forgive me if I am a little taken aback by it. You are known to be a very skillful diplomatist and you have many weapons in your armory. One scarcely expected, however—— One's breath is a little taken away by such candor."

"I am not aware," Hunterleys said calmly, "that the question of diplomacy need come in when one's only idea is to regulate the personal acquaintances of oneself and one's wife."

Mr. Draconmeyer sat quite still for a moment, stroking his black beard. His eyes were fixed upon the carpet. He seemed to be struggling with a problem.

"You have taken the ground from beneath my feet," he declared. "Your opinion of me is such that I hesitate to proceed at all in the matter I desired to discuss with you."

"For the Last Time Then — to Monte Carlo!
To Monte Carlo, Dear Mademoiselle, Messieurs!"

"That," Hunterleys replied, "is entirely for you to decide. I am perfectly willing to listen to anything you have to say—all the more ready because now there can be no possibility of any misunderstanding between us."

"Very well," Mr. Draconmeyer assented; "I will proceed. After all, I am not sure that the personal element enters into what I was about to say. I was not exactly going to propose an alliance—that, of course, would not be possible—but I was certainly going to suggest that you and I might be of some service to one another."

"In what way?"

"I call myself an Englishman," Mr. Draconmeyer went on. "I have made large sums of money in England. I have grown to love England and English ways. Yet I came, as you know, from Berlin. The position I hold in your city is still the position of president of the greatest German bank in the world. It is German finance that I have directed, and with German money I have made my fortune. To be frank with you, however, after these many years in London I have grown to feel myself very much of an Englishman."

Hunterleys was sitting perfectly still. His face was rigid but expressionless. He was listening intently.

"On the other hand," Mr. Draconmeyer proceeded slowly, "I wish to be wholly frank with you. At heart I must remain always a German. The interests of my country must always be paramount. But listen: In Germany there are, as you know, two parties, and year by year they are drawing farther apart. I will not allude to factions; I will speak broadly. There is the war party and there is the peace party. I belong to the peace party. I belong to it as a German and I belong to it as a devoted friend of England, and if the threatened conflict between the two should come, I should take my stand as a peace-loving German-cum-Englishman against the war party even of my own country."

Hunterleys still made no sign. Yet for one who knew him it was easy to realize that he was listening and thinking with absorbed interest.

"So far," Draconmeyer pointed out, "I have laid my cards on the table. I have told you the solemn truth. I regret that it did not occur to me to do so many months ago in London. Now to proceed. I ask you to emulate my frankness, and in return I will give you information that should enable us to work hand in hand for the peace that we both desire."

"You ask me," Hunterleys said thoughtfully, "to be perfectly frank with you. In what respect? What is it that you wish from me?"

"Not political information," Mr. Draconmeyer declared, his eyes blinking behind his glasses. "For that I certainly should not come to you. I merely wish to ask you a question, and I must ask it so that we may meet on a common ground of confidence. Are you here in Monte Carlo to look after your wife or in search of change of air and scene? Is that your honest motive for being here? Or is there any other reason in the world that has prompted you to come to Monte Carlo during this particular month—I might almost say this particular week?"

Hunterleys' attitude was that of a man who holds in his hand a puzzle and is doubtful where to commence in his efforts to solve it.

"Are you not a little mysterious this afternoon, Mr. Draconmeyer?" he asked coldly. "Or are you trying to incite a suppositious curiosity? I really cannot see the drift of your question."

"Answer it," Mr. Draconmeyer insisted.

Hunterleys took a cigarette from his case, tapped it upon the table and lighted it in leisurely fashion.

"If you have any idea," he said, "that I came here to confront my wife or to interfere in any way with her movements, let me assure you that you are mistaken. I had no idea that Lady Hunterleys was in Monte Carlo. I am here because I have a six months' holiday, and a holiday for the average Englishman between January and April generally means, as you must be aware, the Riviera. I have tried Bordighera and San Remo. I have found them, as I no doubt shall find this place, wearisome. In the end I suppose I shall drift back to London."

Mr. Draconmeyer frowned.

"You left London," he remarked tersely, "on December first. It is to-day February twentieth. Do you wish me to understand that you have been at Bordighera and San Remo all that time?"

"How did you know when I left London?" Hunterleys demanded.

Mr. Draconmeyer pursed his lips.

"I heard of your departure from London entirely by accident," he said. "Your wife, for some reason or other, declined to discuss your movements in any way. I imagine that she was acting in accordance with your wishes in the matter."

"I see," Hunterleys observed coolly. "And your present anxiety is to know where I spent the intervening time and

(Continued on Page 53)

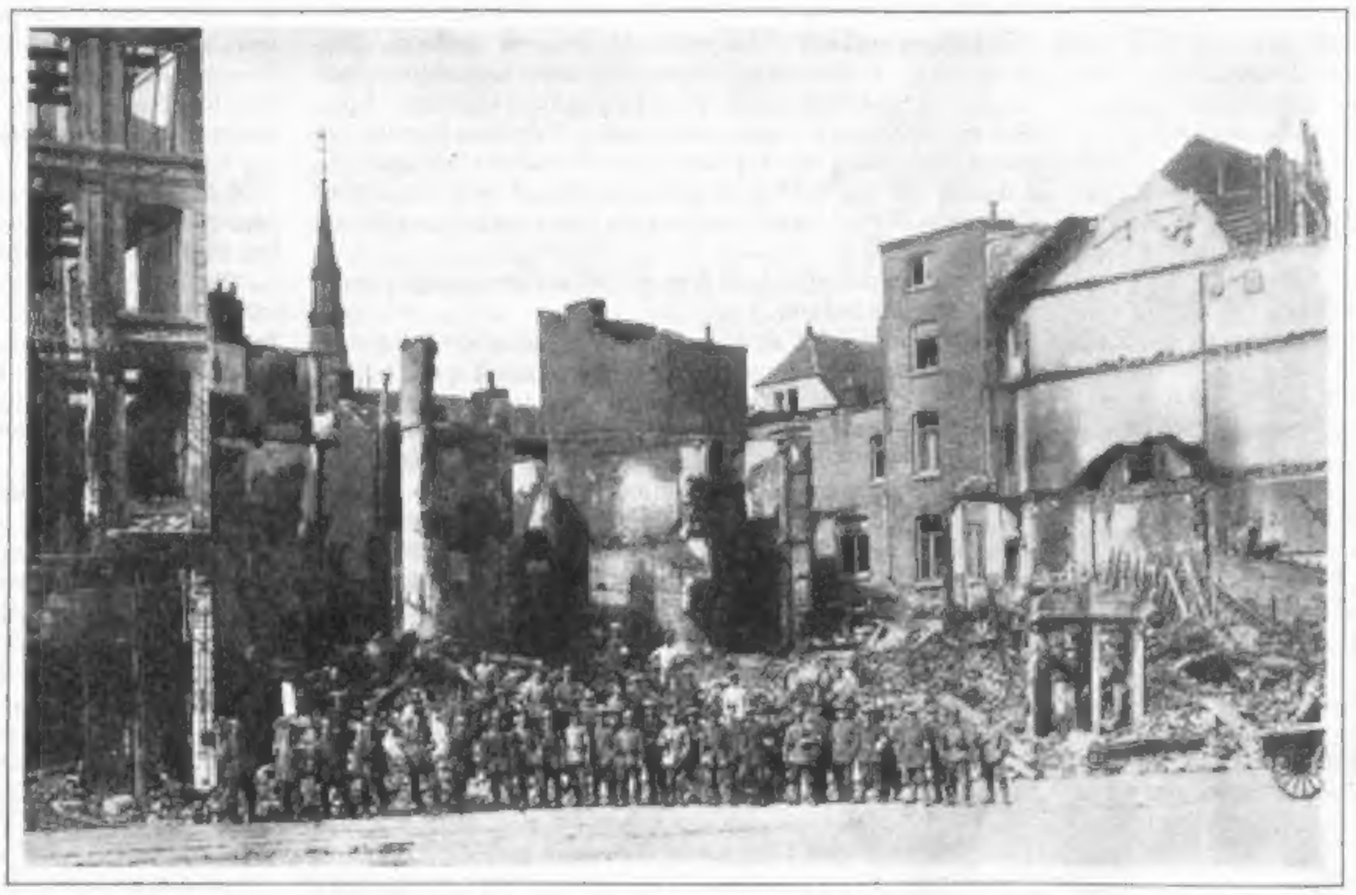
SHERMAN SAID IT—By Irvin S. Cobb

Looking for War in a Taxicab—and Finding It

IN A TAXICAB we went to look for this war. There were four of us, not counting the chauffeur, who did not count. It was a regular taxicab, with a meter on it, and a little red metal flag which might be turned up or turned down, depending on whether the cab was engaged or at liberty; and he was a regular chauffeur.

We, the passengers, wore straw hats and light suits, and carried no baggage. No one would ever have taken us for war correspondents out looking for war. So we went; and, just when we were least expecting it, we found that war.

Perhaps it would be more exact to say it found us. We were four days getting back to Brussels, still wearing our straw hats, but without any taxicab. The fate of that taxicab is going to be one of the unsolved mysteries of the German invasion of Belgium.



The Ruins of Houses in Liege Which Were Shelled and Burned by German Troops

From the hour when the steamer St. Paul left New York, carrying probably the most mixed assortment of passengers that traveled on a single ship since Noah sailed the Ark, we on board expected hourly to sight something that would make us spectators of actual hostilities. The papers that morning were full of rumors of an engagement between English ships and German ships somewhere off the New England coast.

Daily we searched the empty seas until our eyes hurt us; but, except that we had one ship's concert and one brisk gale, and that just before dusk on the fifth day out, the weather being then gray and misty, we saw wallowing along, hull down on the starboard bow, an English cruiser with two funnels, nothing happened at all.

And even when we landed at Liverpool nothing happened to suggest that we had reached a country actively engaged in war, unless you would list the presence of a few khaki-clad soldiers on the landing stage and the painful absence of porters to handle our baggage as evidences of the same. I remember seeing Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough sitting hour after hour on a baggage truck, waiting for her heavy luggage to come off the tardy tender and up the languid chute into the big dusty dockhouse.

I remember, also, seeing women, with their hats flopping down in their faces and their hair all streaming, dragging huge trunks across the floor; and if all of us had not been in the same distressful fix we could have appreciated the humor of the spectacle of a portly high dignitary of the United States Medical Corps shoving a truck piled high with his own belongings, and shortly afterward, with the help of his own wife, loading them on the roof of an infirm and wheezy taxicab.

From Liverpool across to London we traveled through a placid land groaning with bumper crops of grain, and watched the big brown hares skipping among the oat stacks; and late at night we came to London.

On the Trail of an Elusive Enemy

IN LONDON next day there were more troops about than common, and recruits were drilling on the gravel walks back of Somerset House; and the people generally moved with a certain sober restraint, as people do who feel the weight of a heavy and an urgent responsibility. Otherwise the London of wartime seemed the London of peacetime.

So within a day our small party, still seeking to slip into the wings of the actual theater of events rather than to stay so far back behind the scenes, was aboard a Channel ferryboat bound for Ostend, and having for fellow travelers a few Englishmen, a tall blond princess of some royal house of Northern Europe, and any number of Belgians going home to enlist. In the Straits of Dover, an hour or so out from Folkestone, we ran through a fleet of British warships guarding the narrow roadstead between France and England; and a torpedo-boat destroyer sidled up and took a look at us.

Just off Dunkirk a French scout ship talked with us by the language of the whipping signal flags; but the ordinary Channel craft came and went without hindrance or seeming fear, and again it was hard for us to make ourselves believe that we had reached a zone where the physical, tangible business of war went forward.

And Ostend and, after Ostend, the Belgian interior—those were disappointments too; for at Ostend bathers disported on the long, shining beach and children played about the sanded stretch. And, though there were soldiers in sight, one always expects soldiers in European countries. No one asked to see the passports we had brought with us, and the customs officers gave our hand baggage the most perfunctory of examinations. Hardly five minutes had elapsed after our landing before we were steaming away on our train through a landscape that, to judge by its appearance, might have known only peace, and naught but peace, for a thousand placid years.

It is true we saw during that ride few able-bodied male adults, either in the towns through which we rushed or in the country. There were priests occasionally and old, infirm men or half-grown boys; but of men in their prime the land had been drained to fill up the army of defense then on the other side of Belgium—toward Germany—striving to hold the Germanic invaders in check until the French and English might come up. The yellow-ripe grain stood in the fields, heavy-headed and drooping with seed. The russet pears and red apples bent the limbs of the fruit trees almost to earth. Every visible inch of soil was under cultivation, of the painfully intensive European sort; and there remained behind to garner the crops only the peasant women and a few crippled, aged grandsires.

I suppose by now the bulk of that harvest has begun to rot, uncut, for lack of hands to glean it. We figured the day we saw it that this was likely to happen; and yet it was hard to convince ourselves that any event out of the ordinary beset this country. No columns of troops passed along the roads; no tents of camps lifted their peaked tops above the hedges. In seventy-odd miles we encountered only one small detachment of soldiers—they were at a railroad station—and only one Red Cross flag.

As for Brussels—why, Brussels at first glance was more like a city making carnival than the capital of a nation making war. The flags which were displayed everywhere; the crowds in the square before the railroad station; the multitudes of boy scouts running about; the uniforms of Belgian volunteers and regulars; the Garde Civique, in their queer-looking costumes, with funny little derby hats, all braid-trimmed—gave to the place a holiday air. After nightfall, when the people of Brussels flocked to the sidewalk cafés and sat at little round tables under awnings, drinking light drinks *à la Parisienne*, this impression was heightened.

We dined in the open air ourselves, finding the prices for food and drink to be both moderate and modest, and able to see nothing on the surface which suggested that the life of these people had been seriously disturbed.

Two significant facts, however, did obtrude themselves on us: Every minute or two, as we dined, a young girl or an old gentleman would come to us, rattling a tin receptacle with a slot in the top through which coins for the aid of the widows and orphans of dead soldiers might be dropped; and when a little later we rode past the royal palace we saw that it had been converted into a big hospital for the wounded. That night, also, the government ran away to Antwerp; but of this we knew nothing until the following morning.

Next day we heard tales: Uhlans had been seen almost in the suburbs; three German spies, disguised as nuns, had been captured, tried, convicted and were no longer with us; sentries on duty outside the residence of the American Minister had fired vainly at a German aëroplane darting overhead; French troops were drawing in to the northward and English soldiers were hurrying up from the south; trainloads of wounded had been brought in under cover of the night and distributed among the improvised hospitals; but, conceding these things to be true, we knew of them only at secondhand. By the evidence of what we ourselves saw we were able to note few shifts in the superficial aspects of the city.

The Garde Civique seemed a trifle more numerous than it had been the evening before; citizen volunteers, still in civilian garb, appeared on the streets in awkward squads, carrying their guns and side arms clumsily. And when, in Minister Brand Whitlock's car, we drove out the beautiful Avenue Louise, we found soldiers building a breast-high barricade across the head of the roadway where it entered the Bois; also, they were weaving barbed-wire entanglements among the shade trees. That was all.

The Proud Uniforms of 1830

AND then, as though to offset these added suggestions of danger, we saw children playing about quietly behind the breastworks, guarded by plump Flemish nursemaids, and smart dogcarts constantly passed and repassed us, filled with well-dressed women, and with flowers stuck in the whip-sockets.

The nearer we got to this war the farther away from us it seemed to be. We began to regard it as an elusive, silent, secretive, hide-and-go-seek war, which would evade us always. We resolved to pursue it into the country to the northward, from whence the Germans were reported to be advancing, crushing back the game but outnumbered Belgians as they came onward; but when we tried to secure a *laissez passer* at the gendarmerie, where until then only an accredited correspondent might get himself a *laissez passer*, we bumped into obstacles.

In an inclosed courtyard behind a big gray building, among loaded wagons of supplies and munching cart horses, a kitchen table teetered unsteadily on its legs on the rough cobbles. On the table were pens and inkpots and coffee cups and beer bottles and beer glasses; and about it sat certain unkempt men in resplendent but unbrushed costumes. Joseph himself—the Joseph of the coat of many colors, no less—might have devised the uniforms they wore. With that setting the picture they made there in the courtyard was suggestive of stage scenes in plays of the French Revolution.

They were polite enough, these piebald gentlemen, and they considered our credentials with an air of mildly courteous interest; but they would give us no passes. There had been an order. Who had issued it, or why, was not for us to know.

Going away from there, all downcast and disappointed, we met a French cavalryman. He limped along in his high dragoon boots, walking with the wide-legged gait of one who has bestraddled leather for many hours and is sore from it. His horse, which he led by the bridle, stumbled with weariness. A proud boy scout was serving as his guide. He was the only soldier of any army, except the Belgian, that we had seen so far, and we halted our car and watched him until he disappeared.

However, seeing one tired French dragoon was not seeing the war; and we chafed that night at the delay which kept

us prisoners in this handsome, outwardly quiet city. As we figured it we might be housed up here for days or weeks and miss all the operations in the field. When morning came, though, we discovered that the bars were down again, and that certificates signed by the American consul would be sufficient to carry us as far as the outlying suburbs at least.

Securing these precious papers, then, without delay we chartered a rickety red taxicab for the day; and piling in we told the driver to take us eastward as far as he could go before the outposts turned us back. He took us, therefore, at a buzzing clip through the Bois, along one flank of the magnificent Forest of Soigne, with its miles of green-trunked beech trees, and by way of the royal park of Tervueren. From the edge of the thickly settled district onward we passed barricade after barricade—some built of newly felled trees; some of street cars drawn across the road in double rows; some of stone cobbles chinked with turf; and some of barbed wire—all of them, even to our inexperienced eyes, seeming but flimsy defenses to interpose against a force of any size or determination. But the Belgians appeared to set great store by these playthings.

Behind each of them was a mixed group of soldiers—Garde Civique, gendarmes and burgher volunteers. These latter mainly carried shotguns and wore floppy blue caps and loose, long blue blouses, which buttoned down their backs with big horn buttons, like little girls' pinafores. There was, we learned, a touch of sentiment about the sudden appearance of those most unsoldierly looking vestments.

In the revolution of 1830, when the men of Brussels fought the Hollanders all morning, stopped for dinner at midday and then fought again all afternoon, and by alternately fighting and eating wore out the enemy and won their national independence, they wore such caps and such back-buttoned blouses. And so all night long women in the hospitals had sat up cutting out and basting together the garments of glory for their menfolk to wear.

Four Innocents Blunder Into Adventure

NO ONE offered to turn us back, and only once or twice did a sentry insist on looking at our passes. In the light of fuller experiences I know now that when a city is about to fall into an enemy's hands the authorities relax their vigilance and freely permit noncombatants to depart therefrom, presumably on the assumption that the fewer individuals there are in the place when the conqueror does come the fewer the problems of caring for the resident population will be. But we did not know this mighty significant fact then; and, suspecting nothing, four innocents drove blithely on until the city lay behind us and the country lay before us, brooding in the bright sunlight and all empty and peaceful, except for the then scattering detachments of gayly clad Belgian infantrymen through which we passed.

Once or twice tired, dirty stragglers, lying at the roadside, raised a cheer as they recognized the small American flag that fluttered from our taxi's door; and once we gave a lift to a Belgian bicycle courier, who had grown too leg-weary to pedal his machine another inch. He was the color of the dust through which he had ridden, and his face under its dirt mask was thin and drawn with fatigue; but his racial enthusiasm endured, and when we dropped him he insisted on shaking hands with all of us, and offering us a drink out of a very warm and very grimy bottle of something or other.

All of a sudden, rounding a bend, we came on a little valley with one of the infrequent Belgian brooks bisecting it; and this whole valley was full of soldiers. There must have been ten thousand of them—cavalry, foot, artillery, baggage trains, and all. Quite near us was ranged a battery of small rapid-fire guns; and the big rawboned dogs that had hauled them there were lying under the wicked-looking little pieces. We had heard a lot about the dog-drawn guns of the Belgians, but these were the first of them we had seen.

Lines of cavalrymen were skirting crosswise over the low hill at the other side of the valley, and against the sky line the figures of horses and men stood out clear and fine to us. It all seemed a splendid martial sight; but afterward, when comparing this force with the army into whose front we were to blunder unwittingly, we thought of it as a little handful of toy soldiers playing at war. We never heard what became of those Belgians. Presumably at the advance of the Germans coming down on them countlessly, like an Old Testament locust plague, they fell back and, going round Brussels, went northward toward Antwerp, to join the main body of their own troops. Or they may have reached the lines of the Allies, to the south and westward, toward the French frontier. One guess would be as good as another.

One of the puzzling things about the early mid-August stages of the war was the almost instantaneous rapidity with which the Belgian army, as an army, disintegrated and vanished. To-day it was here, giving a good account of itself against tremendous odds, spending itself in driblets to give the Allies a chance to get up. To-morrow it was utterly gone.

Still without being halted or delayed we went briskly on. We had topped the next rise commanding the next valley, and—except for a few stragglers and some skirmishers—the Belgians were quite out of sight, when our driver stopped with an abruptness which piled his four passengers in a heap and pointed off to the northwest, a queer, startled, frightened look on his broad Flemish face. There was smoke there along the horizon—much smoke, both white and dark; and, even as the throb of the motor died away to a purr, the sound of big guns came to us in a faint rumbling, borne from a long way off by the breeze.

It was the first time any one of us, except McCutcheon, had ever heard a gun fired in battle; and it was the first intimation to any of us that the Germans were so near. Barring only venturesome mounted scouts we had supposed the German columns were many kilometers away. A brush between skirmishers was the best we had counted on seeing.

Right here we parted from our taxi driver. He made it plain to us, partly by words and partly by signs, that he personally was not looking for any war. Plainly he was one who specialized in peace and the pursuits of peace. Not even the proffered bribe of a doubled or a tripled fare availed to move him one rod toward those smoke clouds. He turned his car round so that it faced toward Brussels, and there he agreed to stay, caring for our light overcoats, until we should return to him. I wonder how long he really did stay!

And I have wondered, in idle moments since, what he did with our overcoats. Maybe he fled with the automobile containing two English moving-picture operators which passed us at that moment, and from which floated back a shouted warning that the Germans were coming. Maybe he stayed too long and was gobbled up—but I doubt it. He had an instinct for safety.

As we went forward afoot the sound of the firing grew clearer and more distinct. We could now hear quite plainly the grunting belch of the big pieces and, in between, the chattering voice of rapid-fire guns. Long-extended, stammering, staccato sounds, which we took to mean rifle firing, came to our ears also. Among ourselves we decided that the white smoke came from the guns and the black from burning buildings or hay ricks. Also we agreed that the fighting was going on beyond the spires and chimneys of a village on the crest of the hill immediately ahead of us. We could make out a white church and, on past it, lines of gray stone cottages.

In these deductions we were partly right and partly wrong; we had hit on the approximate direction of the fighting, but it was not a village that lay before us. What we saw was an outlying section of the city of Louvain, a place of fifty thousand inhabitants, destined within two weeks to be turned into a waste of smoking ruins.

There were fields of tall, rank winter cabbages on each side of the road, and among the big green leaves we saw bright red dots. We had to look a second time before we realized that these dots were not the blooms of the wild red poppies that are so abundant in Belgium, but the red-tipped caps of Belgian soldiers squatting in the cover of the plants. None of them looked toward us; all of them looked toward those mounting walls of smoke.

Refugees Armed With Umbrellas

NOW, too, we became aware of something else—aware of a procession that advanced toward us. It was the head of a two-mile-long line of refugees, fleeing from destroyed or threatened districts or beyond. At first in scattered, straggling groups, and then in solid columns, they passed us unendingly, we going one way, they going the other. Mainly they were afoot, though now and then a farm wagon would bulk above the weaving ranks; and it would be loaded with bedding and furniture and packed to overflowing with old women and babies. One wagon lacked horses to draw it, and six men pulled in front while two men pushed at the back to propel it. Some of the fleeing multitude looked like townspeople, but the majority plainly were peasants. And of these latter at least half wore wooden shoes, so that the sound of their feet on the cobbled roadbed made a clattering chorus that at times almost drowned out the hiccuping voices of the guns behind them.

Occasionally there would be a man shoving a barrow, with a baby and possibly a muddle of bedclothing in the barrow together. Every woman carried a burden of some sort, which might be a pack tied in a cloth or a cheap valise stuffed to bursting, or a baby—though generally it was a baby; and nearly every man, in addition to his load of belongings, had an umbrella under his arm.

In this rainy land the carrying of umbrellas is a habit not easily shaken off; and, besides, most of these people had slept out at least one night and would probably sleep out another, and an umbrella makes a sort of shelter if you have no better. I figure I saw a thousand umbrellas if I saw one, and the sight of them gave a strangely incongruous touch to the thing.

Yes, it gave a grotesque touch to it. The spectacle inclined one to laugh, almost making one forget for a moment that here in this spectacle one beheld the misery of war made concrete; that in the lorn state of these poor folks its effects were focused and made vivid; that, while in some way it touched every living creature on the globe, here it touched them directly.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Victorious Soldiers in a Wrecked Belgian Town That Has Been Destroyed by German Shot and Shell

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

German Foragers, Laden With Confiscated Supplies, Going Through a Wrecked Belgian Village

All the children, except the sick ones and the very young ones, walked, and most of them carried small bundles too. I saw one little girl, who was perhaps six years old, with a wooden clock in her arms. The legs of the children wavered under them sometimes from weakness or maybe weariness, but I did not hear a single child whimper, or see a single woman who wept, or hear a single man speak above a half whisper.

They drifted on by us, silent all, except for the sound of feet and wheels; and, as I interpreted the looks on their faces, those faces expressed no emotion except a certain dumb, resigned, bovine bewilderment. Far back in the line we met two cripples, hobbling along side by side as though for company; and still farther back a Belgian soldier came, like a rear guard, with his gun swung over his back and his sweaty black hair hanging down over his eyes.

In an undertone he was apparently explaining something to a little bow-legged man in black, with spectacles, who trudged along in his company. He was the only soldier we saw among the refugees—all the others were civilians.

Only one man in all the line hailed us. Speaking so low that we could scarcely catch his words, he said in broken English:

"M'sieurs, the French are in Brussels, are they not?"

"No," we told him.

"The British, then—they must be there by now?"

"No; the British aren't there, either."

He shook his head, as though puzzled, and started on.

"How far away are the Germans?" we asked him.

He shook his head again.

"I cannot say," he answered; "but I think they must be close behind us. I had a brother in the army at Liège," he added, apparently apropos of nothing.

And then he went on, still shaking his head and with both arms tightly clasped round a big bundle done up in cloth, which he held against his breast.

Very suddenly the procession broke off, as though it had been chopped in two; and almost immediately after that the road turned into a street and we were between solid lines of small cottages, surrounded on all sides by people who fluttered about with the distracted aimlessness of agitated barnyard fowls. They babbled among themselves, paying small heed to us.

An automobile tore through the street with its horn blaring, and raced by us, going toward Brussels at forty miles an hour. A well-dressed man in the front seat yelled out something to us as he whizzed past, but the words were swallowed up in the roaring of his engine.

Of our party only one spoke French, and he spoke it indifferently. We sought, therefore, to find some one who understood English. In a minute we saw the black robe of a priest; and here, through the crowd, calm and dignified where all others were fairly befuddled with excitement, he came—a short man with a fuzzy red beard and a bright blue eye.

We hailed him, and the man who spoke a little French explained our case. At once he turned about and took us into a side street; and even in their present state the men and women who met us remembered their manners and pulled off their hats and bowed before him.

Pocketed by the Germans

AT A DOOR let into a high stone wall he stopped and rang a bell. A brother in a brown robe came and unbarred the gate for us, and our guide led us under an arched alley and out again into the open; and behold we were in another world from the little world of panic that we had just left. There was a high-walled inclosure with a tennis court in the middle, and pear and plum trees burdened with fruit; and at the far end, beneath a little arbor of vines, four priests were sitting together.

At sight of us they rose and came to us, and shook hands all round. Almost before we knew it we were in a bare little room behind the ancient Church of Saint Jacques, and one of the fathers was showing us a map in order that we might better understand the lay of the land; and another was uncorking a bottle of good red wine, which he brought up from the cellar, with a halo of mold on the cork and a mantle of cobwebs on its sloping shoulders.

It seemed that the Rev. Dom. Marie-Joseph Montaigne—I give the name that was on his card—could speak a little English. He told us haltingly that the smoke we had seen came from a scene of fighting somewhere to the eastward of Louvain.

He understood that the Prussians were quite near, but he had seen none himself and did not expect they would enter the town before nightfall. As for the firing, that appeared to have ceased. And, sure enough, when we listened we could no longer catch the sound of the big guns. Nor did we hear them again during that day. Over his glass the priest spoke in his faulty English, stopping often to feel for a word; and when he had finished his face worked and quivered with the emotion he felt.

"This war—it is a most terrible thing that it should come on Belgium, eh? Our little country had no quarrel with any great country. We desired only that we should be left alone.

"Our people here—they are not bad people. I tell you they are very good people. All the week they work and work, and on Sunday they go to church; and then maybe they take a little walk.

"You Americans now—you come from a very great country. Surely, if the worst should come America will not let our country perish from off the earth, eh! Is not that so?"

Fifteen minutes later we were out again facing the dusty little square of Saint Jacques; and now a new peace seemed to have fallen on the place. The wagons of a little traveling circus were ranged in the middle of the square with no one about to guard them; and across the way was a small tavern.

All together we suddenly remembered we were hungry. We had had bread and cheese and coffee, and were lighting some very bad native cigars, when the landlord burst in on us, saying in a quavering voice that some one passing had told him a squad of seven German troopers had been seen in the next street but one. He made a gesture as though to invoke the mercy of Heaven on us all, and ran out again, casting a carpet slipper in his flight and leaving it behind him on the floor.

So we followed, not in the least believing that any Germans had really been sighted; but in the street we saw a group of perhaps fifty Belgian soldiers running up a narrow sideway, trailing their gun butts behind them on the stones. We figured they were hurrying forward to the other side of town to aid in holding back the enemy.

A minute later seven or eight more soldiers crossed the road ahead of us and darted up an alley with the air and haste of men desirous of being speedily out of sight. We had gone perhaps fifty feet beyond the mouth of this alley when two men, one on horseback and one on a bicycle, rode slowly and sedately out of another alley, parallel to the first one, and swung about with their backs to us.

I imagine we had watched the newcomers for probably fifty seconds before it dawned on any of us that they wore gray helmets and gray coats, and carried arms—and were Germans! Precisely at that moment they both turned so that they faced us; and the man on horseback lifted a carbine from a holster and half swung it in our direction.

Realization came to us that here we were, pocketed. There were armed Belgians in an alley behind us and armed Germans in the street before us; and we were nicely in between. If shooting started the enemies might miss each other, but they could not very well miss us. Two of our party found a courtyard and ran through it. The third wedged himself in a recess in a wall behind a town pump; and I made for the half-open door of a shop.

Just as I reached it a woman on the inside slammed it in my face and locked it. I never expect to see her again; but that does not mean that I ever expect to forgive her. The next door stood open, and from within its shelter I faced about to watch for what might happen. Nothing befell except that the Germans rode slowly past me, both vigilantly keen in poise and look, both with weapons unshipped.

I got an especially good view of the cavalryman. He was a tall, lean, blond young man, with a little yellow mustache and high cheekbones like an Indian's; and he was sunburned until he was almost as red as an Indian. The sight of that limping French dragoon the day before had made me think of a picture by Meissonier or Detaille, but this German put me in mind of one of Frederic Remington's paintings. Change his costume a bit, and substitute a slouch hat for his flat-topped lancer's cap, and he might have stepped bodily out of one of Remington's canvases.

He rode past me—he and his comrade on the wheel—and in an instant they were gone into another street, and the people who had scurried to cover at their coming were out again behind them, with craned necks and startled faces.

Our group reassembled itself somehow and followed after those two Germans who could jog along so serenely through a hostile town. We did not crowd them—our health forbade that—but we now desired above all things to get back to our taxicab, two miles or more away, before our line of retreat should be cut off. But we had tarried too long at our bread and cheese.

We Find the War at Louvain

WHEN we came to where the street leading to the Square of Saint Jacques joined the street that led in turn to the Brussels road, all the people there were crouching in their doorways as quiet as so many mice, all looking in the direction in which we hoped to go and pointing with their hands. No one spoke, but the scuffle of wooden-shod feet on the flags made a sliding, slithering sound, which someway carried a message of warning more forcible than any shouted word or sudden shriek.

We looked where their fingers aimed, and, as we looked, a hundred feet away through a cloud of dust a company of German foot soldiers swung across an open grassplot, where a little triangular park was, and straightened out down the road to Brussels, singing snatches of a German marching song as they went.

And behind them came trim officers on handsome, high-headed horses, and more infantry; then a bicycle squad; then cavalry, and then a light battery, bumping along over the rutted stones, with white dust blowing back from under its wheels in scrolls and pennons.

Then a troop of uhlans came, with nodding lances, following close behind the guns; and at sight of them a few men and women, clustered at the door of a little wine shop calling itself the Belgian Lion, began to hiss and mutter, for among these people, as we knew already, the uhlans had a hard name.

At that a noncommissioned officer—a big, broad man with a neck like a bullock and a red, broad, menacing face—turned in his saddle and dropped the muzzle of his black automatic revolver on them. They sucked their hisses back down their frightened gullets so swiftly that the exertion well-nigh choked them, and shrank flat against the wall; and, for all the sound that came from them until he had holstered his gun and trotted on, they might have been dead men and women.

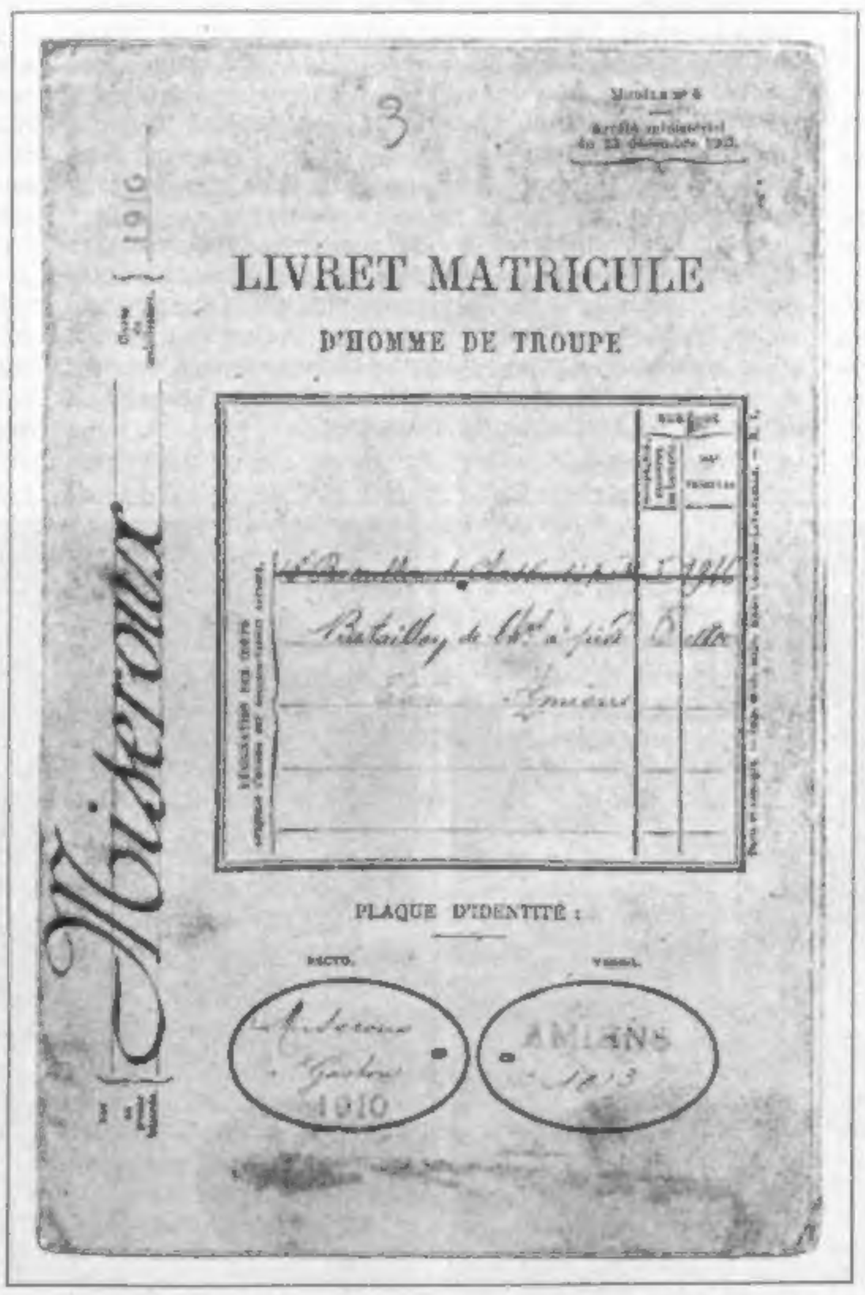
Just then, from perhaps half a mile on ahead, a sharp clatter of rifle fire sounded—pop! pop! pop!—and then a rattling volley. We saw the uhlans snatch out their carbines and gallop forward past the battery into the dust curtain. And as it swallowed them up we, who had come in a taxicab looking for the war, knew that we had found it; and knew, too, that our chances of ever seeing that taxicab again were most exceedingly small.

We had one hope—that this might merely be a reconnoissance in force, and that when it turned back or turned aside we might yet slip through and make for Brussels afoot. But it was no reconnoissance—it was Germany afoot and moving.

We stayed in Louvain three days, and for three days we watched the streaming past of the biggest army we had ever seen, and the biggest army beleaguered Belgium had ever seen, and one of the biggest, most perfect armies the world has ever seen.

We watched the gray-clad columns pass until the mind grew numb at the prospect of computing their number. To think of trying to count them was like trying to count the leaves on a tree or the pebbles on a path.

They came and came, and kept on coming, and their iron-shod feet flailed the earth to powder. There was no end to them.



Enlistment Record Taken by Cobb From the Coat of a French Soldier at La Buissière, Belgium, Two Days After the Germans Stormed the Town

Perhaps as good an illustration as I can give of what the passage of such an army means to a country is the story of La Buissière. The Germans took the town after stiff fighting on August twenty-fourth. I imagine that possibly there was a line in the dispatches telling of the fight there; but at that I doubt it, because on that same date a few miles away a real battle was raging between the English rear guard, under Sir John French, of the retreating army of the Allies, falling back into France, and the Germans. Besides, in the sum total of this war the fall of La Buissière hardly counts. You might say it represents a semicolon in the story of the campaign. Probably no future historian will give it so much as a paragraph.

In our own Civil War it would have been worth a page in the records anyway. Here upward of three hundred men on both sides were killed and wounded, and as many more Frenchmen were captured; and the town, when taken, gave the winners the control of the river Sambre for many miles east and west.

Here, also, was a German charge with bayonets up a steep and well-defended height; and after that a hand-to-hand mêlée with the French defenders on the poll of the hill

However, this war now raging is so big a thing, as wars go, that an engagement of this size is likely to be forgotten in a day or a week. Yet, I warrant you, the people of La Buissière will not forget it. Nor shall we forget it who came that way thirty-six hours later, in the early afternoon of a flawless summer day.

Let us try to re-create La Buissière for you, the reader. Here the Sambre, a small, orderly stream, no larger or broader or wider than a good-sized creek would be in America, flows for a mile or two almost due east and west. The northern bank is almost flat, with low hills rising on beyond like the rim of a saucer. The town—most of it is on this side.

On the south the land lifts in a moderately stiff bluff, perhaps seventy feet high, with wooded edges, and extending off and away in a plateau, where trees stand in well-thinned groves, and sunken roads meander between fields of hops and grain and patches of cabbages and sugar beets.

As for the town, it has perhaps twenty-five hundred people—Walloons and Flemish folk—living in tall, bleak stone houses built flush with the little crooked streets. Invariably these houses are of a whitish gray color; almost invariably they are narrow and cramped-looking, with very peaky gables, somehow suggesting flat-chested old men standing in close rows, with their hands in their pockets and their shoulders shrugged up.

A canal bisects one corner of the place, and spanning the river there are—or were—three bridges, one for the railroad and two for foot and vehicular travel. There is a mill which overhangs the river—the biggest building in the town and an ancient gray convent, not quite so large as the mill; and, of course, a church. In most of the houses there are tiny shops on the lower floors, and upstairs are homes for the people. On the northern side of the stream every visible inch of soil is under cultivation. There are flower beds, and plum and pear trees in the tiny grass plots alongside the more pretentious houses, and the farm lands extend to where the town begins.

Battles Won in the Cook-Wagons

THIS, briefly, is La Buissière as it looked before the war began—a little, drowsy settlement of dull, frugal, hard-working, kindly Belgians, minding their own affairs, prospering in their own small way, and having no quarrel with the outside world. They live in the only corner of Europe that I know of where serving people decline to accept tips for rendering small services; and in a simple, homely fashion they are, I think, the politest, the most courteous, the most accommodating human beings on the face of the earth.

Even their misery did not make them forget their manners, as we found when we came that way, close behind the German conquerors. It was only the refugees, fleeing from their homes or going back to them again, who were too far spent to lift their caps in answer to our hails, and too miserably concerned with their own ruined affairs, or else too afraid of inquisitive strangers, to answer the questions we sometimes put to them.

We were three days getting from Brussels to La Buissière—a distance, I suppose, of about forty-five English miles. There were no railroads and no trams for us. The lines were held by the Germans or had been destroyed by the Allies as they fell back. Nor were there automobiles to be had. Such automobiles as were not hidden had been confiscated by one side or the other.

Moreover, our journey was a constant succession of stops and starts. Now we would be delayed for half an hour while some German officer examined the passes we carried, he meantime eying us dubiously with his suspicious squinted eyes. Now again we would halt to listen to some native's story of battle or reprisal on ahead. And always there was the everlasting dim reverberation of the distant guns to draw us forward. And always, too, there was the difficulty of securing means of transportation.

It was on Sunday afternoon, August twenty-third, when we left Brussels, intending to ride to Waterloo. There were six of us, in two ancient open carriages designed like gravy boats and hauled by gaunt livery horses.

Though the Germans had held Brussels for four days now, life in the suburbs went on exactly as it goes on in the suburbs of a Belgian city in ordinary times. There was nothing to suggest war or a captured city in the family parties sitting at small tables before the outlying cafés or strolling decorously under the trees that shaded every road.

Even the Red Cross flags hanging from the windows of many of the larger houses seemed for once in keeping with the peaceful picture. Of Germans during the afternoon we saw almost none. Thick enough in the center of the town, the gray-backed invaders showed themselves hardly at all in the environs.

At the city line a small guard lounged on benches before a wine shop. They stood up as we drew near, but changed their minds and sat down without challenging us to produce the safe-conduct papers that Herr General Major Thaddeus von Jarotzky, sitting in due state in the ancient Hôtel de Ville, had bestowed on us an hour before.

Just before we reached Waterloo we saw in a field on the right, near the road, a small camp of German cavalry. The big, round-topped yellow tents, sheltering twenty men each and looking like huge tortoises, stood in a line. From the cook-wagons, modeled on the design of those carried by an American circus, came the heavy, meaty smells of stews boiling in enormous caldrons.

The men were lying or sitting on straw piles, singing German marching songs as they waited for their supper. It was always so—whenever and wherever we found German troops at rest they were singing, eating or drinking—or doing all three at once. As a German waiter in a German hotel said to me yesterday:

"Why do we win? Three things are winning for us—good marching, good shooting and good cooking; but most of all the cooking. When our troops stop there is always plenty of hot food for them. We never have to fight on an empty stomach—we Germans."

These husky singers were the last Germans we were to see for many hours; for between the garrison force left behind in Brussels and the fast-moving columns hurrying to meet the English and the French and a few Belgians—on the morrow—a matter of many kilometers now intervened.

Evidence of the passing through of the troops was plentiful enough though. We saw it in the trampled hedges; in the

(Continued on Page 65)

But She's Not Strong Enough to Vote

THE VICTORY

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"You'll Save Time and Money Having It Out Here. No Gouging or Nothing—Me and Dan Will See Fair Play"

AT SEEGER we touched civilization again and learned that war had been raging a week. The staggering news temporarily whelmed worry over our own plight. I had a flashing vision of hurtling aeroplanes, of the crash of armies and gaping wounds, of sinking ships and praying hands. What the cook thought was not reflected on his wooden visage, but he forgot his grievance for half an hour in perusal of a newspaper.

Then we boarded the Burro Express and went lurching eastward at twelve good miles an hour. But the grapple of nations was very far away, whereas Mit felt the money shortage under his vest; so he presently harked back to our situation.

"Say," he inquired with biting politeness, folding his paper, "did you ever play hearts or tiddledywinks? Or old maid, maybe? I believe you'd do fine at some of them games."

"But I made sure I had him beaten."

"You always did play three queens like they was the only cards in the deck," he retorted. The treasury had suffered a sickening jolt and the cook blamed attendant circumstances. "What makes me mad is that it was so dadgummed easy for him, Dan. Why, the feller actually blushed like a girl when he took the pot."

"Perhaps you would have done better, now?"

"Well, I should smile! What'd you go and call for, anyhow? Did you figure he would try to run a windy against a two-card draw? And now we've got to go back to work before we'd even started right good on our trip. You're some prospector, you are!"

To divert him I suggested another tally of our silver, and we turned our pockets inside out; but the search failed to develop a gain, and discovered nothing that seemed to hold promise of sustenance or cheer. We found some dregs of tobacco, two jackknives, a tangle of twine, one love letter to the cook from a widow in Silver City, a bus check for a return ride from the hotel to the depot in Abilene—and we weren't going anywhere near Abilene.

"Eleven dollars and ten cents is what we've got left," said Mit, with somber calm. "And there ain't no use in huntin', because you could hunt till you were black in the face, Dan, and that's all we'd have. And we'd still be two hundred miles from home, Dan. But there's one comfort"—he squirmed in the seat in an effort to get comfortable and eyed me venomously—"I'll hold out longer because I'm the fattest."

Unable to troll an argument on this he closed his eyes for a nap. And the Burro Express whined round a curve, careening at a fearful angle.

"Hang on tight!" yelped a drummer across the aisle. "We'll be over the ridge soon and then it's all downgrade. He throws her wide open and goes like sixty."

Rousing long enough to subject himself to a cold scrutiny, Mit shoved his hands between his knees, let his head sink back and gave a long sigh.

"Did I hear you say you were broke?" continued the drummer to me.

"No."

"Because if you are, all you got to do is to declare a moratorium. Everybody's doin' it."

"Yes?"

"A moratorium means running a windy until you can pay your debts. It works fine. A lot of my customers have got away with it."

After a brief pause he continued:

"Ain't this war a fright? It don't seem possible that millions of people would take to killing one another for nothing at all that I can see. If it wasn't so I couldn't believe it. It sure is a crime—the crime of all the ages. Why, this war has made money so tight that the harness business is mighty near ruined."

The Burro Express clanked into a station and we saw a crowd on the platform. Most of it was women and children, completely surrounding a few men. Some of the women were crying.

"They shore are kissing 'em," said Mit unctuously, sticking his head out of the window.

The smacks sounded like the clapping of hands. The engine tooted, and thereupon five men openly embraced five women, bidding them good-by with the stern brusqueness often employed to conceal feeling. Another of the crowd—a squat youth of about twenty—shook hands awkwardly with a broad, flaxen-haired girl of apple cheeks, glanced hurriedly away, hesitated, and let his chance go by.

Amid a great waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and adjurations to be careful and not forget the flannel undershirt or the heavy socks—amid tears and smeared faces and sobs and efforts to smile—six men climbed on.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor.

We pulled slowly away, women running beside us for a last glimpse, a last handclasp through the windows. The girl with the flaxen hair was blubbering, unashamed. Near her stood a woman with three small children clinging to her skirt; she was gazing after us and rumpling her apron.

The new passengers tramped into our car like a squad of soldiers and bunched together in three forward seats. They turned on us the bulging, wavering stare of rustic embarrassment, and then folded their coats with military precision and deposited them in the racks above. Husky, deep-chested men—all of them, one was a perfect giant, whose head and neck might have adorned a viking prow. He gave an impression of sullen power, which was heightened by an unwinking squint.

"Furriners," remarked the cook critically, giving ear to the pom-pom snatches of talk. "Eyetalians, maybe."

"Italians!" exclaimed the drummer; and he laughed jeeringly. "Them're no more Italians, brother, than you are a billy goat. They're Germans—from beyond the Salt Fork of the Brazos. Quite a colony of 'em there."

Without addressing anyone in particular the cook announced:

"I'd as lief bust somebody wide open as not!" and a slight constraint settled over us.

Twelve rough, sweaty miles, and we paused at a tank station to take on water. Here again was excitement, but with the muffler open.

There was a considerable crowd for that region. Women wailed and wrung their hands; men sobbingly consoled them, exhorting one another in the same breath to be strong and cheerful and valiant. The children joined shrill trebles to the chorus of lamentations, and were vigorously slapped by their sniffing mothers when they could spare a moment from caresses. No shame of showing emotion here; grief was voiced without restraint.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor, watch in hand, and a lank-haired boy started the Marseillaise on a cornet.

Half a dozen men tore themselves away amid a madness of farewells. Again and again they hugged and kissed their wives and children, saluted the men who remained behind on each cheek and embraced them, caught the step-rails and clambered up. And then they struck appropriate postures, with hats raised in acknowledgment of a salvo of huzzas.

The crowd broke into a frenzied "Vive la France!" and began to sing the Marseillaise.

"There's quite a settlement of frog-eaters back yonder," said the drummer dispassionately; "and they're doing fine. They know how to farm and they're good pay."

We had now six Germans and six Frenchmen on board.

Each party took careful appraisement of the other, but I could detect nothing hostile in either inspection. They carried on conversation in lowered voices and attended strictly to their own affairs; so we went forward without a hint of trouble.

Precisely an hour late the Burro Express arrived at Junction City, and we piled out pell-mell. The southbound was due to pass in seven minutes and we were booked through.

"No use bustin' a blood vessel," advised the conductor tolerantly. "Take your time. You've got twenty-four hours to catch Number Five."

Mit laid down his suitcase.

"How come?" he asked.

"Washout up the line. There won't be nothing through till to-morrow night."

"There!" exclaimed the cook, turning wrathfully on me. "Now you see! We're up against it. We'll just about have enough for meals. Every time you hold queens ——"

"Come on! Let's beat it over to the Crockett House, else this mob will grab all the beds."

We seized our bags and legged it toward the hotel, anxious to beat the busses there, for at least fifty persons got off the Burro Express and all would have to be accommodated.

Close behind came the Germans in column of twos, marching with ramrod stiffness of back and a fine, free play of arms and legs. Twenty yards back of

"You'll Never Steal My Supper Again!"

them moved the French, in loose formation. Deprived of a valuable medium of expression through the employment of their hands in lugging their bundles, they were momentarily at a disadvantage.

The busses arrived on our heels, so that everybody surged up to the desk together; but precedence did not weigh here—ordinary rules of first-come-first-served were suspended. The cook and I could not get even a bed!

The landlord threw up his hands and remarked that he'd be damned if he knew; with half a hundred guests clamoring for quarters and a square meal what could a feller do? Eh? He must have time to figure it out fairly; but if Mit would come to him after supper he would let us know.

"Where," inquired the cook, as we dried our hands and faces on six square inches of the inside of the Crockett House's roller towel, "where do you reckon—here, it's my turn now!—these fellers are fixing to go?"

"Search me! Going back to fight, I expect. They're probably reservists."

"Back to fight?" Mit repeated in unbelief. "Talk sense. They could stick round here and git a fight any old day. That ain't reasonable."

It was plain that the patriotism which tugs at men's heartstrings to draw them across the seas to fight for they know not what was wholly beyond the cook's ken, and I did not feel sufficiently eloquent to interpret it. We went into the dining room, and a blowzy waitress steered us to one of the long tables. Ranged down one side were the Kaiser's subjects, preserving their unity like grim death. Always efficient and forehanded they had wasted no time in trifling ablutions, but were already well advanced in the meal.

My seat was next the big man with the squint.

"Your name?" he asked, turning it full on me. I told him and he nodded brusquely.

"Mine is Heffelfinger," said he; "Karl Heffelfinger. I like to know who the man I am talking to is."

Meantime the cook had discovered an acquaintance.

"Well, I swan, if it ain't Oscar Schwartz! You ol' son-of-a-gun, you! What you doing here? Say, Dan, here's Oscar, who worked through the spring round-up with us. You remember—Short-and-Dirty we done called him? Shore you do!"

I remembered him—he had been dishwasher for Mit—and we shook hands. Oscar grinned sheepishly, red to his ears; but he was plainly glad to see us.

"Say," said Mit in a hoarse whisper, settling to his meal with tranquil mind now that he felt reasonably assured the Germans were human beings like ourselves, "where're you and your friends here headin' for, Oscar? You ain't aiming to do nothing foolish, I hope? You're a long way from home for your rich blood."

"We are going back to fight for the Fatherland," the boy replied simply.

The cook paused, with a slice of steak halfway to his lips, and I kicked him hard on the leg. He dropped the meat, spilled some of his coffee and glared wrathfully at me, but had discretion enough to drop the subject.

After supper we all went out on the veranda for our smokes. The Germans withdrew to one end; and at the other, as far away as they could get, clustered the French. Two were obliged to stand up, but they preferred that to separation from their companions.

The cook and I horned into places on the steps midway between the two parties, and Mit frankly studied them. It was not long before one of the French caught his eye; the cook grinned, and he responded with eager courtesy.

"Let's go talk to 'em," suggested my friend. "They seem to be nice, pleasant fellers."

A match served as a pretext. It was quickly offered and they made us welcome in their midst; but subjects of mutual interest appeared hard to find and we floundered hopelessly—I had an uncomfortable feeling that all the others on the veranda were listening to what we said.

"How're you going to git home?" at last queried Mit, taking the shortest route to what he wanted to know.

"Cotton boat from Galveston. Yas; she sail Saturday."

They did not resent his curiosity. Instead they started now on the topic next their hearts, and drew close round us for talk.

"You see," explained Henri Robitaille, "we must go. Our country is in danger and needs her sons. She calls and we come. It may be even now the enemy is on her."

At the mere thought his hands worked, his body grew rigid, and he scowled at the Germans, who were placidly smoking.

"But"—I cut the end from a cigar and spoke with careful indifference—"you've lived in this country five years, haven't you? And you plan to come back here if—if you're alive and kicking? In fact, you're going to become citizens. Then I don't quite see—you're merely going back to repel a hereditary foe? Those chaps yonder are going thousands of miles to help that foe invade. Now, what I can't understand is ——"

With one accord they turned on me a gaze of tolerant pity for the commercialized barbarian who could not see.

"France is in danger," repeated Robitaille quietly, "and so we go."

In his eyes was the fire of patriotism that makes possible monarchies and war lords and such exploiters of mankind—a survival of the old tribal instinct that fathered nationalism, and that will die so hard as distance and boundaries fade under modern communication. They would have jeered at "The world is my country!" as pale nonsense.

A young fellow was talking to Mit in a low tone.

"The girls will be sticking pins," said he in fond remembrance, "at the foot of the Calvary, that they may be married within the year. It is the time of the Pardon in Auray, Meestair Mit. All the pilgrims will be there, and they will have processions and dancing and a fair. You never saw such fun! And the fountain—ah, *la fontaine miraculeuse*—with the blessed Saint Anne on top!"

"Dancing?" the cook snorted. "I reckon not. Ain't there a war on? All them gals will be cryin' their eyes out."

"It is true. I had forgotten." The lad paled and drew a long breath.

There would be no fête, no throngs of young men and pretty girls in their white caps. There would be no old wives in the market place with carts of vegetables. Instead of women peacefully driving flocks of geese along the roads to Auray there might be grim hosts from beyond the border; his thumping heart echoed the tramp-tramp of their marching feet. The great cathedral a bivouac for unbelievers—soldiers patrolling the streets—Auray, beautiful, smiling Auray, in the grip of invaders! What of those he loved in the house in Rue Neuve?

With an odd little squeak from the throat he jumped to his feet and strode to the water cooler. The cook's reminder came like a blow. War had been a vague, heroic picture in his mind, made up of charging cavalry, flutter of lance pennon and flash of saber. An abrupt glimpse of it at his own door stripped the mask from the monster. Gone was its halo of high purpose, the false glamour that can exalt men to sacrifices almost holy. It loomed a death's-head, a thing of horror!

Bill Hyatt, the landlord, appeared in the doorway.

"Well," said Bill, pronouncing judgment, "some of you guys'll have to hunch up pretty close to-night. We've got a hull trainload of people to take care of and a right smart of 'em is ladies. It's women and children first with me every time."

Conference developed that the Crockett House could normally accommodate nineteen persons; and we had among us twenty-seven women, eleven children and a pair of twin babies with title to first call on its resources. Some of the ladies had their encumbrances along, too, which rendered partition a task to tax Bill's utmost delicacy and tact.

"So," he continued, "by putting husbands with their wives, all right and proper, we fill fourteen rooms, which leaves five bedrooms for the others—thirteen women and three children. That's all right! Now the question is, what'll you men do? Eh? It's some question, and there's no good making a roar."

It was some question, indeed. We gazed doubtfully at one another and then out over Junction City, which did not belie its name. That was all it was—a meeting point for a railroad and a feeder. Except the Crockett House it offered no accommodation for man or beast; the few homes back of the depot were brimming with half-clothed brats.

"There's nothin' but the sample room," said Bill, "and the bar. And I wouldn't let my own brother sleep in the bar onless he was muzzled. But the sample room is a whoppin' big one. Maybe you could all bed down there, fellers?"

Could we obtain blankets? Bill scratched his head and opined that he might be able to rustle a few.

So there we were—seventeen men and one room. It was not so much the numerical preponderance of humanity over sleeping space that made us fidget, however. No; six of our bedfellows were French and six were Germans!

Probably from fear that any objection offered might create a false impression, the reservists accepted the situation in silence; but it was a chilly silence, and I foresaw the worst. Only the cook retained his cheerfulness. As we followed the landlord to the sample room he wore a grin.

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Five Men Openly Embraced Five Women, Bidding Them Good-by With Stern Brusqueness

LIBERTY—A Statement of the British Case—By Arnold Bennett

Sir Edward Grey, Who Suggested a Joint Mediation

IN 1908 Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina. This was a violation of the Treaty of Berlin, 1878, and an outrage upon the feelings of the inhabitants. The press of Europe pointed out the violation of a treaty, but the feelings of the inhabitants did not make good copy. Nobody attempted to stop the annexation. Russia, the one great power interested enough to wish to stop it, was then too weak to do anything effective—of which fact Austria was well aware. Russia could only sit still and look glum. The leader of the Austrian Nationalist Party responsible for the annexation was the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, a charming man whose married life was an idyl, but an out-and-out royalist and military reactionary animated by one idea, namely, that the earth exists in order that the ruling classes may rule it.

The Archduke took his wife to Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and showed himself and her triumphantly in the streets on the occasion of a national holiday, Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, 1914. They were both murdered. Europe seemed more horror-stricken than surprised. The assassination was accomplished by an Austrian subject in Austrian territory, but Austria was convinced that the plot had been laid at Belgrade, and later she announced that a secret judicial inquiry had proved as much. Austria accused the Servian Cabinet, not of complicity in the particular crime, but of fostering a general secret campaign against the cohesion of Austria-Hungary, and on July twenty-fourth she delivered an ultimatum to Servia, and demanded an answer for the next day, the twenty-fifth. This ultimatum—as to which Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, said that he had "never before seen one state address to another independent state a document of so formidable a character"—prescribed under ten heads exactly what Servia was to do if she wished to survive. The sixth head laid it down that the Austrian Government was to take part in a criminal trial of accessories to the archducal murder under Servian justice at Belgrade.

Talking Peace and Preparing War

THE Viennese press of the twenty-fifth of July showed that Vienna neither desired nor expected Servia to bow to the ultimatum. Servia did bow to the whole of the ultimatum except the sixth head, and at the end of her reply she offered, if Austria was not satisfied, to arbitrate at The Hague. Sir Edward Grey considered the Servian reply so abject that it involved the greatest humiliation to Servia that he had ever seen a country undergo.

Austria treated this reply as a blank negative, and prepared to chastise Servia. Russia, now stronger, and remembering 1908, and anxious about the balance of power in her part of the world, began to mobilize on the Austrian frontier. Germany announced, what all knew, that she would stand by Austria, and it was notorious that France would have to stand by Russia. German and Russian diplomats had some ornate vocal passages as to whether Russia was or was not arming on the German frontier as well as on the Austrian frontier. Sir Edward Grey endeavored to maintain peace between Russia and Austria by suggesting a joint mediation on the part of Germany, France, Italy and England. Germany refused—very politely, while asseverating her ardent desire for peace. Every power asseverated the same ardent desire for peace. Emperors thee'd and thou'd each other and sent their affectionate letters to the papers. Sir Edward Grey tried again, and offered to support any form of mediation that might commend itself to Germany. Germany again said No. Sir Edward Grey tried yet again, and offered to support any reasonable suggestion of any sort from Germany in aid of peace, even if in so doing he had to oppose his friends, France and Russia. It was useless.

The next remarkable thing was that some German soldiers entered Luxemburg, and some others took possession of a Belgian railway station; and instantly afterward Belgium knew that either she must be smashed or she must help Germany against France by giving the German army a free pass through her territory. She appealed to England against Germany, France having just given a specific promise to respect her neutrality.

When Spiders Spin in the Peace Palace

NOW by the treaty of 1839 Prussia, like France, had positively bound herself to respect the independence and neutrality of Belgium—so positively indeed that, when she was asked in 1870 to renew the bond, she righteously answered that in view of the existing treaty such a renewal was superfluous. However, she did solemnly renew her covenant by the treaty of 1870. By the latter treaty, to which England was a party, England undertook, if either France or Prussia violated Belgian neutrality while the other respected it, to coöperate with the belligerent who respected Belgian neutrality against the belligerent who violated it.

Great Britain replied to Belgium's appeal by an ultimatum to Germany. And Germany, having already declared war on Russia and France, declared war also on Great Britain. Within ten days of Austria's ultimatum to Servia five of the greatest European powers, each protesting that its sole passion was peace and that it hated war, were at war about the vital, world-shaking question of whether Servia ought to let Austrian delegates go to Belgrade and assist judicially in the trial of accessories to an assassination. And spiders spun their webs in the empty halls of the Peace Palace at The Hague.

The theatrical performance thus given by Continental diplomats deceived no one, and could not conceivably have deceived any one. And it would be impossible to understand why the Continental embassies and foreign offices should have troubled themselves to put up such an inane show, were not one acquainted—from revelations like the recently published Memoirs of Crispi—with the ignoble, infantile, cynical and altogether rascally mentality that characterizes those gaming saloons where the happiness of nations is the stake.

The Austro-Servian difficulty was the occasion, not the cause, of the European war. It was not even one of the causes. It was like a match picked out of a box of matches by an incendiary, to set light to a house previously well soaked in kerosene. To study the half-burned match, to stick it under a microscope and differentiate it from other matches, would be a supreme exercise in absurdity.

Let us go back a little, but not too far back. In 1875 Germany, perceiving that France was making a marvelous recovery from the catastrophe of 1870, had the idea of going to war with her again at once and so finally destroying her as a great nation. This infamous and wanton scheme was scotched by the opposition of England and Russia. It stamped Germany with dishonor for a hundred years and it showed clearly the spirit of the German autocracy based on military power. Bismarck, the mighty villain who planned it, improved his theory of morals somewhat in old age, but in due season he was turned off; and altogether one may say that France since 1875 has never been free from the threat of another German invasion. After a long period of isolation and danger France made a military alliance with Russia. She was

Sir John French Leaving the War Office With His Secretary

driven to it by the continual menace of Germany; it was the best thing she could do.

Meanwhile the cult of the German army grew, and the German military caste gradually discovered what a marvelous instrument it possessed in the German people—a people docile, ingenuous, studious, industrious, idealistic and thorough; but above all docile and thorough. German commerce increased astoundingly; the energy of the race seemed illimitable; its achievements in sheer civilization became brilliant. For example, the municipal government of cities such as Frankfort is of a quality unequaled in the world. The autocracy availed itself of all the talents shown, and in particular it exploited German docility so ruthlessly that the German Social-Democratic Party of protest passed from infancy to full manhood in a decade, and speedily developed into the most powerful section of the Reichstag. To understand how the military caste dealt with the Reichstag it is necessary to read Von Bülow's artless book, Imperial Germany. Von Bülow was Imperial Chancellor for eight years, and with true German ingenuousness he records the monstrous chicane of the military caste against the people.

Germany's War Literature

THE people were informed by the military caste of the unique grandeur of their army, and of the indomitable resolve of the rulers and of God never to let Germany be crushed by her enemies. The best qualities of the race were turned to evil, and its worst quality, a certain maladroit arrogance, was appealed to. The army and God were more and more the staple subjects of official speeches; and the result has been a national obsession of such completeness that ladies have to take to the gutter in order to make room for the swagger Prussian officers three abreast on the pavements of enlightened German cities, and the Kaiser himself has closely fraternized with the Krupp family.

An immense literature of bellicosity flourished round the obsession. In this literature the indomitable resolve of Germany not to be crushed, and the intentions of the army—helped by a new navy—are set out with thoroughness, although no space is wasted in giving details of the alleged disgraceful attempts to crush Germany. No other nation in the world has ever produced a war literature comparable to Germany's; no other nation has said one hundredth part as much about the inevitableness of war.

The notorious specimens of this literature are too well known to require description. I will, however, briefly refer to Von Bernhardi's Germany and the Next War, not because it is a good book even of its kind, but because it is the most popular of the kind. This ingenuous volume, in

which a staggering simplicity of mind is united to a total lack of imagination, a miraculous misunderstanding of politics and a touching ignorance of human nature, is explicitly a disparagement of peace and peace propaganda and an advocacy of war. It proceeds from strange assumptions—as that the British army "may be left out of account in a Continental war"—to still stranger conclusions, as that all nations and individuals except Germany and Germans will in the end act according to the dictates of the lowest and stupidest cunning, to the final glory of Germany. The most ingenuous and significant chapter in the work is the second, entitled The Duty to Make War. Here Von Bernhardi naïvely quotes the aged Bismarck's repeated clear declaration in the Reichstag that "no one should ever take upon himself the immense responsibility of intentionally bringing about a war," and then states that Bismarck did not mean what he said, and that what he did mean is difficult to discover. All this chapter is an attempt to justify the deliberate provoking of war for an unavowed end. Note this sentence, which is worthy of italics: "*We must not think merely of external foes who compel us to fight—a war may seem to be forced upon a statesman by the state of home affairs.*"

The Parents of the Present War

VON BERNHARDI, being in this book a bit of a philosopher and dealer in general principles, does not outline actual schemes of offense; but other military propagandists do. Among these not the least interesting is General von Edelsheim, a member of the general staff of the German army, whose memorandum, Operations Upon the Sea, as to the proper way to defeat the United States, now so justly popular in America, could have appeared only with the approval of the Kaiser. Von Edelsheim, one may be permitted to recall, begins by stating that Germany cannot meekly submit to "the attacks of the United States" forever, and that she must ask herself how she can "impose her will." He proves that a combined action of army and navy will be required for this purpose, and that about four weeks after the commencement of hostilities German transports could begin to land large bodies of troops at different points simultaneously. Then, "by interrupting their communications, by destroying all buildings serving the state, commerce and defense, by taking away all material for war and transport, and lastly by levying heavy contributions, we should be able to inflict damage on the United States." Thus in New York the new City Hall, the Metropolitan Museum and the Pennsylvania railway station, not to mention the Metropolitan Tower, would go the way of Louvain, while New York business men would gather in Wall Street humbly to hand over the dollars amid the delightful strains of The Watch on the Rhine and the applause of Professor Münsterberg.

The grandiose German military legend, fostered by the German military caste, and in turn by repercussion exciting that caste to a fury of arrogance, was beyond any reasonable argument the father of the present war. Its mother was the fecundity of the Russian peasant. In the last thirty years the population of Russia has increased by fifty millions; in the last twenty years it has increased by as much as the total population of France. By consequence the Russian conscript army and Russian military power have similarly increased.

The German military caste had for years on its own printed showing wanted a war, and it had infected much of Germany with the itch to fight. It had wanted a war, not merely in order to show off its unparalleled war machine in world conquest, but also because of "the state of home affairs" mentioned by Von Bernhardi. The largest party in the Reichstag was its opponent, and that party was growing rapidly and continuously, a fact not surprising to anyone familiar with the anti-democratic antics of the caste in influencing social legislation. And there was the Russian army, increasing and increasing and increasing, by reason of the dreadful fecundity of the Russian peasant!

The instinct of self-protection ranged itself with the desire for conquest. Indeed it is possible that the caste was a year or two ago struck by a sort of panic in contemplating the growth of Russia, not only in numbers but also in intelligence. The anti-Russian movement in Germany became a major phenomenon. Like all the propaganda of the caste, in Europe as well as in America, it has had its university champion. Professor Schiemann has been, and is, the acknowledged anti-Russian professor, and his operations have been marked by the usual German ingenuousness. In London last year he said openly, and with all the authoritativeness of his position, that a war with Russia, and therefore a general European war, must occur within eighteen months. It has occurred. The military caste had waited forty-four years; it could wait no longer. It could no more stop the Russian army from growing than it could stop its hair from growing. In a year the new three-years' conscript system would be in operation in France, and the French army correspondingly improved. A pretext for war was an urgent necessity, and the difficulty of finding it was not lessened by the fact that nobody whatever had emitted the slightest threat against Germany.

Then came the murder of the Austrian heir. The occasion seemed ideal, for it enabled the caste to point out to German and Austrian thrones that God was apparently neglecting His chosen brothers-in-arms, and that they had better take firm action on their own behalf. That the Kaiser was constantly hoodwinked by the caste is shown by the experiences of the late General Grierson as military attaché at Berlin. General Grierson was so sickened by the atmosphere of intrigue in which the court moved that he refused ever to go to Berlin again. On the whole the caste must have been too much for the Kaiser. Nevertheless the Kaiser, who would often very annoyingly flirt with peace, had always to be managed, and the murder of a Teutonic heir-apparent enabled the caste to get at him on his dynastic side. Circumstances appeared to be favorable for a *coup*. The incompetence of the French Government in military administration had just been publicly admitted in the French Senate, and was indeed well known. And the characteristic political simplicity of the caste saw good signs everywhere. Russia would be in the midst of a revolution, and would also muddle her mobilization. Krupp had deliberately broken with the Belgian Government his contract for big guns, and Belgian forts therefore could not hold out. Moreover, Belgium would never seriously attempt to resist Germany. America would be sympathetic, because of its horror of Russian barbarism. Italy at worst would be benevolently neutral. And Great Britain would be neutral, partly because of violent civil war from end to end of Ireland, partly because of disaffection in Egypt, India, South Africa and other places, and partly from self-interest.

The German and Austrian branches of the military caste worked in secret together. And when they had reached a decision—and not before, according to my information—the German Imperial Chancellor and the German Foreign Secretary were permitted to learn the inwardness of the state of affairs. An impossible ultimatum was sent to Servia, and the thing was done. The fall on the bourses, before the delivery of the Servian reply, showed that the supreme financial magnates had been "put wise." Every embassy knew. All diplomacy was futile and most of it was odiously hypocritical. Sir Edward Grey alone in Europe strove against the irrevocable. With the most correct urbanity Germany frustrated him at each move. Neither France nor Italy desired aught but peace. Whether or not Russia desired war I cannot say; but it is absolutely certain that Germany and Austria desired war. They have got it, and more than they expected.

The one genuine manifestation, in the last days, among German diplomats and war lords and their hired journalists was surprise at the fighting attitude of Great Britain The hollow periods of the leading articles in the venal press by which the caste influences its huge victim were inspired for once with a genuine emotion—that of startled anger. And here is the surpassing proof of the fundamental artlessness of the German official mind, so self-satisfied in its cunning.

It is scarcely conceivable that Germany should have expected British statesmen, fully informed of the whole situation, to remain neutral when Germany attacked France. Yet Germany expected just that—nay, counted firmly upon it. I say that Germany counted upon it, for the simple reason that her plan of campaign against France included the invasion of Belgium, which invasion was not only an appalling and inexcusable crime—the foulest crime against civilization since Napoleon—but a shameless violation of a treaty to which England was a party, and a direct menace to England herself. Germany's intention to violate Belgium was no secret. She never tried to conceal it. Belgium was only a little country and could not invade back. Belgium knew of the intention against her, and several years ago began to take defensive measures accordingly. France was well aware of it; so was Great Britain. Great Britain was under a clear treaty obligation to Belgium. In Germany, by public admission, treaties do not count and international honor is an absurdity. Germany, however, is not yet the whole world, and in England a treaty still counts.

Germany Proposes, but England Disposes

LET me be sincere and admit that Great Britain had a still stronger motive in taking arms—that of self-preservation. The archpropagandist and strategist, Treitschke, the leader of the whole school of German bellicose writers, followed by his flock, had laid it down that Germany's world-scheme for the spreading of her culture was to dispose of Russia and France first, and then to smash Great Britain.

It follows, therefore, that these simple Germans expected Great Britain to wait until her turn came. If Great Britain had sat still and Germany had beaten France once more whether she defeated Russia or not—it is a certitude that Belgium would have seen the last of her independence, that Holland would have been swallowed at a second gulp and Denmark at a third, and probably a piece of the northwest coast of France would have rounded off the beauteous territorial perfection of the German Empire. The entire European coast from Memel to Calais would have been Germany's jumping-off ground for the grand attack on England. In joining in this war Great Britain had nothing to gain, but she had something to keep—her word to Belgium; and she had simply everything to lose by standing out of it. Hence she is in it.

True, she is supporting the alleged barbarism of Russia against the alleged culture of Germany; the respective values of this "barbarism" and this "culture" posterity will determine. But it may be said here that, so far as England is concerned, Russia is an accident. England is supporting the most highly civilized nation and the most peaceful great power on the Continent of Europe—France. For myself, as an artist, I have to state that I have learned as much from the art of Russia as from the art of any other country. I may have illusions about the renascence of Russia. Russia may be still a bloodthirsty savage and Germany may be the knight of the Holy Grail. Everything is possible. But Russia happens to be France's ally, and for Great Britain there is no going behind that basic unalterable fact. Great Britain did not impose on France the Russian alliance. On the other hand Germany, by her endless

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A Crowd at the Corner of Downing Street During a Cabinet Meeting

MAJOR MILES' CHICKENS

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

BEHIND a consequential dwelling in the exclusive residence district of Louisville was a barn. It was an edifice built with more than the ordinary skill devoted to structures of that kind, and in the loft of that barn a stout gentleman was stooping before a padded arena, sparring a couple of gamecocks. After a few passes the fat man picked one of them up and gazed admiringly at the bird.

"Yo' ain't forgot nothin' yo' evah knew, Miltiades!" he exclaimed with intense appreciation. "Yo' ride down theah like a rattlesnake goin' to a weddin'."

It Mattered Not Whether the Subject Was Peace, War, Hospitality or Sport, It Was All the Same to Schnitzer

He was a magnificent specimen of the breed. Through his veins coursed the richest blood of the pit fowl, and the choicest strains of the fighting spirit, for which the southern side of Mason and Dixon's Line has always been famous, were part and parcel of his heritage. Every time his opponent approached within range he rose in the air and gave vigorous battle. The rallying thump of muffled heels resounded as he resented assault.

Major Agamemnon Miles had owned many great fighting cocks in his time, but Miltiades was a star of stars. Behind him was an unbroken line of victories. In various ways must human nature be amused, and recreation after all is only relative. The Major was taking his ease in his inn and the boy eternal still dominated his make-up. As he said himself he was "just playin' round a little." His playroom was the loft of the barn, and here, far away from the madding crowd, he possessed his soul in ways of sympathy. A mint bed of generous proportions stood sponsor for the Major's vine. The fruits of his fig tree were all stowed in chicken coops. Ranged about the walls was a row of wicker cages. Each one was the abiding place of a fighting cock, and bore a tiny tablet on which was inscribed the inmate's name.

In the days of his youth Major Agamemnon Miles had been no desultory student of the classics. The dreamy pastorals of Vergil, the exquisitely finished odes of Horace—not to mention his decided leanings toward speculative Epicureanism—and the polished verse of Ovid took the place of his Old and New Testaments. With the lively literary trend of modern endeavor he had nothing in common. Moved back to the dawn of a new era, and in the Roman Forum, he would doubtless have been accounted a personage. In the shady *patios* of the baths of Antoninus his coming might perchance have taken on the consequence of an event. He was a man born after his time.

So it was that in naming his feathered champions the Major's attitude toward them now found expression—Horace, Cicero, Pompey, Sallust, Catiline, Xenophon, Cassius, Hector, Hannibal, Junius, Miltiades, Romulus and Brutus, so on all down the line of ancient heroes. The race horse and the gamecock sat enthroned upon all the altars of the Major's gods. True it is that on occasion, and taking for example the ways of his ancient mentors, he sallied forth and replenished his coffers by laying hands upon that which he needed most, worrying little about ethical precedent. The world may have owed him a living, and as a collector of such obligation he was hall-marked with the stamp of achievement.

But the regular racing season was over now. The cares and trials of an all-summer pilgrimage, linked closely with the glorious uncertainty of the sport of kings, were behind him. Through the sultry days of July and August old Miss Opportunity had walked hand in hand with the Major. He had returned home with a clean sheet and a right royal balance on the right side of the ledger. The winter months would be dedicated to relaxation.

"Yo're a dandy! yo're a suah-nuff live bird!" ejaculated the Major as he again stopped to wipe the drops of perspiration from his expansive countenance. "I guess, Miltiades, yo' can lick anything that wears feathers. Th' chicken that puts a gaff undah yore hide will think he has bin to th' races. He'll look like a hoss repeatin' ovah a fo'-mile course. It's a crime to keep a chicken like yo' wheah yo' ain't got no chance to preach th' word, and it begins to look, Miltiades, as if we'd be almost fo'ced to make a little journey"

The Major tucked the bird under his arm and carried him over to one of the coops. Having deposited him therein he moved to the window and threw it open. Outside an autumn sun was gilding the leaves of the trees in the garden with a wondrous magnificence. Being a lover of the beautiful he viewed the scene with appreciation. Then he lifted up his voice.

"Oh, Jodey! Oh-h-h, Jodey!" he shouted. "Wheah in th' name of th' great King is that little no-'count niggah? Oh, yo' Jodey Beam!"

The Major's voice reëchoed from the adjacent buildings and for a moment he was unanswered. Then a little black face peered from behind the berry bushes at the farther end of the garden.

"Heah I is, Majah! Heah I is! I'se a-comin'!"

"Wheah's that mint, yo' black scoundrel? What delayed yo'?"

"I'se bringin' it, Majah. I'se bringin' it!" replied the black boy. "I had it mos' picked when de Secretary got runnin' a rabbit, an' he chased him fru de fence clean across ole Cunnel Cassleman's yard. I jus' had to tote him home again."

"Yo' know yo're a-lyin', Jodey!" returned the Major. "Theah ain't a rabbit loose in th' municipality. If th' Secretary had a-been trailin' he'd a-given tongue."

Jodey laughed. "Why, Majah, yo'-all knows dat dog don't nevah let a yelp out o' him when he's on de scent. Ain't dat how he got his name? He don't nevah jine in song 'ceptin' he sees de rabbit!"

The Major chuckled. He remembered the day he had named the little beagle puppy whose voice was silent until he was sure of his quarry. "He's th' most conservative dog I evah saw," said the Major, "so we'll call him 'th' Secretary.' He's as noncommittal as a pink-eyed microbe at a medical convention."

"Well, come along, Jodey, an' bring th' Secretary with yo'," replied the Major in mollified tones; "but hurry up or I'll die of thirst befo' yo' get heah."

The barn was not without its provision for creature comfort. At one end was an improvised den furnished with all things necessary for sustaining the demands of body and mind. Books were scattered about on the table. In a cabinet was a valiant array of bottles, and on the walls hung sporting prints commemorating famous events of track and field. When the little negro servitor entered the Major had already laid out the materials for a toddy.

Jodey Beam was a diminutive specimen of the race, whose age might have been anywhere between twelve and eighteen. He was a son of the Major's cook and ever since he was big enough to toddle he had been his master's Man Friday. It was Jodey who looked after the game chickens in the Major's absence. Likewise it was Jodey who took the beagles out for daily exercise, and knew the burrow of every rabbit for miles round. When he was twelve years old he could heel a fighting cock with the best of them. At the time this story opens he was a past worthy grand master in all the arts and sciences regarding the pit fowl. Moreover, when it came to estimating the strength of a rival's barnyard Jodey Beam was wiser than a book full of the Analects of Confucius. Why should it be necessary to go farther and state that where the Major was concerned Jodey was a privileged character?

"I've been thinkin' seriously, Jodey," said the Major as he manipulated the ingredients of one of those toddies for which his fame was more than local, "I've been thinkin' that it wouldn't be a bad idea fo' yo' an' me to take a little vacation"

"Wha' would we vacate at, Majah?" interrogated the boy.

"New Awleans, Jodey, New Awleans!" returned the Major. "Of course theah ain't any mo' racin' in th' wintertime, but all th' chicken-fightin' experts of Louisiana an' Mississippi congregate theah durin' th' Christmas season. an' it looks like flyin' in th' face of Providence, when we have such a mess of chickens as are in these coops, not to go fo'th an' lay somebody to th' land."

Jodey nodded solemnly.

"Yo're talkin' sense now, Majah; dat's what yo' is! Ebery chicken we've got has bin tried out to de limick, an' dar ain't a mud turtle in de bunch. Dey doan know what de word run means!"

"I know it," responded the Major. "I realize it, Jodey. Yo' certainly did yo'self proud when yo' raised 'em. I'm a-goin' to drink to 'em, Jodey, an' to yore evahlastin' honah!"

The Major filled his glass and drained it at a gulp. He refilled it and sipped its contents with zest. As he poured out a third drink it was quite apparent that he was becoming mellow. Under the influence of the cup that cheers he usually felt called upon to give an exposition of his forensic ability. The occasion was ripe, and the Major soared away on the wings of rhetoric.

"A game chicken, Jodey," began the Major with a declamatory wave of his hand, "is th' prophet, priest an' king of th' unterrified an' unafraid!"

"Dat's whad he is, Majah!" intoned the little black boy as his master paused to sip renewed inspiration from his glass.

"He's a warrior without wages," resumed the Major; "a gladiator without guerdon, an' a soldier without stipend. He's th' only livin' lineal descendant of th' god of battles. He's an emperor without expectation, th' reincarnation of th' souls of Hector an' Achilles. Th' Lord put him heah, I reckon, as an evahlastin' protest against universal peace, an' when th' Creator decorated his plumage with th' afterglow of priceless colorin' He ——"

The Major hesitated, frowned, peered into the bottom of his glass, took another sip, but the divine afflatus had evidently taken wing. He repeated again the latter part of his panegyric: "When th' Creator decorated his plumage with th' afterglow of priceless colorin'—— What did He do then, Jodey? Tell me somethin', boy! What did He do?"

"Whad did He do when He put de priceless colorin' on his feathers?" queried Jodey. "I dunno. Jes' wad did He do, Majah?"

"That's what I'm askin' yo', Jodey Beam. That's what I want yo' to tell me. Ain't I bin educatin' yo' fo' years

"They Trimmed You, Eh! Pretty Wise Lot of Niggers When it Comes to Chickens"

an' years concernin' th' game chicken? An' heah yo' are fallin' down on fust principles. Speak up, Jodey, what did He do?"

Jodey shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Dar waren't nothin' left to do, Majah," he retorted glibly. "He done finished dat job, so I 'spects He wound up de clock an' put de cat out ob de house!"

The Major slapped his thigh with a resounding whack. "Whah did yo' get all yore sense, Jodey?" said he. "Whah did yo' get all yore sense? Some day I'll have to cut holes in yore hat to let out th' surplus info'mation yo' got in yore head. If I was a prophet, Jodey, I'd be willin' to prognosticate that two thousand years from now, in th' ruins of our beloved city, two old bewhiskered fellahs might be splashin' round lookin' fo' prehistoric remains, an' they'll find a skull, Jodey, just a grinnin' skull, but they'll pounce upon it as if it were a pearl above price, an' one of 'em will say to th' other, he'll say, 'Professor,' he'll say, 'this is undoubtedly th' skull of Prince Jodey Beam, who knew moah about a game chicken than any man who lived since th' time of Julius Cæsar. He was greater than Alexander, Professor,' he'll say, 'or the Emperor Augustus,' an' they'll stow yo' away in an institute, Jodey, on a shelf with a ticket an' a numbah, and folks'll find out mo' about yo' than yore own mothah evah knew. In ordah to preserve th' unities, Jodey, I'm a-goin' to take another toddy, an' while I'm stealin' three winks an' a nod yo' had bettah get in a carpenter to fix up th' crates, because if I'm not very much mistaken we'll be on our way to New Awleans to-morrow night. We'll have to take 'em into camp, Jodey, *ab ovo usque ad mala*. Yo' don't know what that means, I reckon?"

"No, sah!"

"Well, Jodey," concluded the Major drowsily, "it was just anothah way th' old Romans had fo' sayin' 'from soup to nuts.'"

There was no pomp or circumstance connected with the Major's advent in New Orleans. He registered at a leading hotel and spent the first two days hunting up a vacant house on the outskirts of the city. Having secured the house, he put it in order. A week thereafter Jodey drifted in, convoying Miltiades and the other plumed knights of the Major's *entourage*. In the dead of night the gamecocks were taken to the vacant house and stowed away comfortably. Jodey took up his abode there and, acting under the Major's instructions, proceeded to spy out the enemy's country.

Armed with a generous supply of pocket money, it did not take the little negro very long to become conversant with the situation. All the planters with chicken-fighting proclivities were accompanied by one or two negroes. Jodey's display of wealth, and the careless abandon with which he threw money round, loosened their tongues and drew them about him as flies are drawn to a barrel of molasses. In the rôle of an innocent bystander, traveling as body-servant to an old gentleman of vast wealth who appeared to be absolutely ignorant concerning all branches of sport, Jodey learned everything worth knowing regarding the relative strength of prospective rivals. In a few days he was ready to impart his information to the Major.

"It's dat little red-headed barber who performs at de third chair from de do' in the shop round the connah. He's de one, Majah," reported Jodey.

"Quite shun, Jodey?" interrogated the Major.

"Yas, sir, dat's him. He's de one dat does all de fixin'. Dar's a lot of gentlemen heah what always fights fur blood. Den dars another bunch what's so crooked dat dey'd make a corkscrew look like a spirit level. Las' winter dey tore a Northern man off fur twenty-five thousand dollahs, an' de barber is de one what sets de bear traps. His lay is to get hold of some gentleman wid money, an' dey does de rest. Dey'll take him to town wid a chicken fight or a foot race or any ole thing. De barber's name's Schnitzer. He's from Iowa, an' de man behind him is a fellah called Len Belcher. He used to run a phony gamblin' house at Fort Worth befo' dey put de short-card men out ob business dar. Belcher has a whole heap of money, an' his niggah brags dat he nebber kem by a dollah of it honestly. He sez to me yesti'day, 'Jodey,' sez he, 'my man's de smartes' gamblah dat was evah in de South, Jodey,' sez he."

"'Who tole yo' dat, niggah,' sez I, 'who tole yo' dat?' I jes' couldn't help it, Majah. 'How does yo' know he is?' sez I."

"'How does I know?' sez he. 'How does I know? Didn't he tell me so his own self?'"

The Major chuckled. "Then what did yo' say to that, Jodey?"

"'Well,' sez I, 'if he said so, I guess he'd oughter know. Let's hab anothah drink,' sez I, and after he lapped up a few dat niggah did talk somethin' scand'lous. 'Jodey,' sez he, 'when my boss gits hold of an easy mark he tosses him so high in de air he don't nevah come down. He's bad, too, Jodey,' sez he, 'jes' a natch'l killer.'"

The next morning found the Major in the third chair of the barber shop. Schnitzer was a rat-faced knight of the scissors with a gift of tongues. As he shaved the Major he talked glibly. It mattered not whether the subject was peace, war, hospitality or sport, it was all the same to Schnitzer. He chattered on unceasingly. In the Major he found an appreciative audience that agreed with every proposition advanced. To all appearances the Major was the most affable, simple-minded old gentleman that ever sat in his chair. His lack of knowledge of all branches of sport was positively appalling. Schnitzer gathered in a general way that he was a man who had been immersed in business all his life and had never before taken the time to turn to lighter things.

"I Can't Help it if One of Those Blamed Chickens Came to Life"

In the Major, Schnitzer found a liberal patron. At the barber's suggestion he had his hair trimmed, took a shampoo, submitted to a facial massage, was singed, manicured and had his shoes shined. When Schnitzer could not suggest any other means of taking his money away from him the Major produced a five-dollar bill and told him to keep the change. He was the most free-handed client Schnitzer had come across in many moons. The barber's beady little eyes glistened with avarice.

Before the Major left the shop he had accepted an invitation to attend a cock fight on the following evening. Schnitzer would be his guide and mentor, he having promised faithfully to initiate the Major into all the mysteries of the game.

At the appointed time the Major was on hand and chartered a carriage to convey them out to the pit, which was situated not far from the old race track. Jodey occupied a seat on the box beside the driver. Schnitzer and the Major rode inside, and the latter acted like a boy going to his first picnic. The interest he took in the proceedings was almost childlike. From a well-filled pocketbook he drew a plethoric roll and bet ten or twenty on every fight. He was as reckless with his money as if it had been so much cordwood. He did not seem to care so long as he had a bet down, and the gang took him into camp every time. The rat-faced barber was in the seventh heaven. One of his confederates was taking all the Major's bets. Out of six battles the Major had cashed on only one. Best of all, the newcomer was so good natured over his losses that there couldn't possibly be any come-back.

"This old sucker is the biggest rummy that ever drifted in," Schnitzer whispered to Len Belcher. "Why, it's as easy to take money from him as it is for a fat man to fall downstairs."

"Yep!" returned Belcher pessimistically. "You're takin' him too fast. That's where you ain't a good manager, Schnitzer. How much is he loser now?"

"'Bout a hundred and a half. Why, Len, that will only make him anxious. He don't care nothin' 'bout that kind of money."

"Maybe he don't, but he's a guy that's liable to go for a real bunch of kale, and you think you're raisin' hub because you're tossin' him for a handful of chicken feed. Let him win a bet or two! A sucker needs encouragement. If he was to leave here a hundred or so winner to-night I'd figure it was the best investment we ever made. If you ride a horse too fast to the half-mile pole it's a dollar to a rotten apple he'll blow up on you in the stretch. Better let me engineer this thing from now on an' do an artistic job."

The last battle of the evening was between a cock handled by Schnitzer and one shown by the Belcher aggregation. To the Major's practiced eye the former had all the best of it. It was a shake-bag affair but the Schnitzer bird had an advantage of at least six ounces in weight, and in every other way outclassed his opponent. The enemy was about to cast bread upon the waters.

"Two hundred or any part of it on this bird," shouted Belcher as the handlers entered the pit.

"I'll take it all, if it's agreeable to yo'," retorted the Major. "I'm loser, an' I've got to get even on somethin'."

"Bet you a hundred more! You might as well go away winner. You're a good old sport, and I like your style."

"It's a little moah than I care to invest," hesitated the Major. "I'm afraid I'm not as much of a sport as yo' gentlemen make out. This game is entirely new to me, but as it's th' last event of th' evenin' I guess I'll have to accommodate yo'. One of th' smartest men I evah knew used to tell me th' onliest place to go lookin' fo' yore money was wheah yo' lost it. So we'll call it a bet."

Of the battle little need be said. In less than twenty seconds after the birds were dropped the Belcher champion was gasping his last.

Belcher paid over his losses with the altruistic air of a genuine sportsman. "I never object losin' my money to a gentleman," he bubbled. "I honestly thought I had ninety per cent th' best of you. I figured that bird of mine was a humdinger, but luck was against him. Still, I don't begrudge you the money. I calculate you're about even now, ain't you?"

"I'm a hundred winner," boasted the Major, "and added to that I have passed one of th' most enjoyable evenin's I've evah had. Yo' gentlemen certainly know how to make things pleasant fo' a pilgrim."

"Well, we hope we'll see you again, Major," replied Belcher heartily. "You're always welcome. We usually have these little entertainments twice a week, and nobody's barred."

"Oh, I'll be on hand, I'll be on hand! Furthermoah I can assure yo' that th' pleasure of meetin' a sportsman like yo' would moah than repay me, even fo' any monetary loss I might sustain in th' premises."

Jodey was standing beside the carriage when the Major and Schnitzer reached it to commence their homeward journey. His black little face was shrouded in impenetrable gloom.

"Well, how did yo' make out this evening, Jodey?" inquired the Major. "Yo' ain't exactly got th' appearance of a winnah."

"I was de chief mournah, Majah. Dem oddah niggahs jus' trotted me roun' an' played horse wid me. Whenevah dar was a dead chicken in dat pit I was de one what was walkin' slow behind him. I lost fo'teen dollahs widout winnin' a bet. They certainly turned de hose on me. It's de last time fo' Jodey. I ain't goin' to trifle wid dem no mo'."

Schnitzer grinned. "They trimmed you, eh! Pretty wise lot of niggers when it comes to chickens. Perhaps you'll have better luck next time."

"There ain't goin' to be no next time, boss," mourned Jodey. "Believe me! I'm goin' to let 'em alone."

"That little niggah of mine hasn't enough sense to lead a hoss to watah," confided the Major to Schnitzer as they rode home. "I suppose them black fellahs will keep him broke all th' time he's heah. I'm thinkin' perhaps I'd bettah send him back home. If it wasn't that I was used to havin' him round me I would. He's an amusin' little cuss sometimes."

"Oh! I guess you had better keep him," retorted the barber. "Just don't give him too much money and he'll be all right." Schnitzer had his own private designs concerning Jodey.

Early the next morning Schnitzer hiked round to Belcher's house. He found that worthy in an amiable frame of mind. "See your friend home all right last night?" queried Belcher.

"Me and that little no-account nigger of his had to put him to bed," chortled Schnitzer.

"He got pretty well teed up, eh?"

"Soused!" echoed the barber. "You should have seen him! He was lit up like a Christmas tree with a million candles on it. And, say, when he gets talkin' he's some hummin' bird. You made quite a hit with him, Belcher."

"Yes?" interrogated the gambler.

"Yes, indeed. You could borrow his right arm if it wasn't tied to him. He was plenty stuck on the way you gave up that money. He handed me fifty of it, an' opened enough wine to float a battleship. For an old guy, he has speed to burn."

"So you think we've got him hooked good?" queried Belcher.

"Hooked?" retorted the little barber. "Hooked, eh! Why, Len, it's all over but pullin' him aboard and rappin' him over the head with the first thing that comes handy. You couldn't wake that old simp up with a can of dynamite."

"Well, june him along," counseled Belcher. "Don't be in no hurry and then there won't be no danger of scramblin' the eggs. What's your next move?"

"I'm figgerin' on puttin' him into the chicken business. I have six or seven old wing fighters over to my place that can't scrap good enough to lick each other. I'll sell 'em to him so as he can get into the game with his own tools. He don't know the difference between a game an' a guinea hen. It won't be a hard job to make him think he's gettin' a crate full of champeens. He'll believe anything I tell him. It mightn't be a bad idea if we held another session for his benefit and let him win a few dollars more. That would kind of steady him in the boat and force him to believe in his own judgment. I have him sized up to be good for a ten or fifteen thousand blow-off anyway."

"You're workin' your think tank, Schnitzer," agreed the gambler. "You was goin' at him too rough in the first place, but you're talkin' sense now. I guess he's pretty fat, so far as money is concerned, but if I was you I'd pump that little nigger of his, so as to make sure. You can get a pretty good line on him that way."

Later on in the day Schnitzer made it his business to round up Jodey. The black boy was garrulous to a degree.

"How are you stackin' up, Jodey?" inquired Schnitzer.

"Feelin' pretty peart," replied Jodey. "Nothin' don't evah bother me 'ceptin' that fo'teen dollahs I los' las' night; but th' Majah gimme a five-spot when I was brushin' his clothes this mawnin', so I ain't a-worryin'."

"The Major's a fine man to work for, I reckon?"

"He's folks," responded the black boy enthusiastically. "The Majah's real quality folks. I has everythin' I wants wid him. He don't care no mo' 'bout money than I do 'bout a chaw ob tobacker."

"What does he do when he's at home?" queried Schnitzer. "He's in some business, ain't he?"

"He don't do nothin'," emphasized Jodey with dignity. "My boss man is big rich. He don't have to do nothin' 'cept occupy his mind readin' in books an' sech. He don't nevah do nothin' 'ceptin' when he goes down to de bank an' does de scribble act. He just writes somethin' on a bit of pappah, an' de man behind de brass rails says, 'How will yo' hab it, Majah?' An' de Majah he says, 'Gib it to me in fives an' twenties an' plenty of tens.' Dat's all de work he does."

During the following week another session was planned at the cockpits as per the Belcher program. The Major went home winner of some fifty-odd dollars. He was, to quote his own words, "completely carried away with the spoat," and was easily persuaded by the astute Schnitzer to branch out as an owner of game birds on his own account.

"Never saw such judgment as you've got, Major," said the little barber. "Why, we have been stackin' up against the best chicken fighters in the South and none of 'em have seen the color of your money yet. I'd like for you to go further, Major, and give 'em a real first-class trimmin'!"

"I'm willin', Schnitzer, I'm willin'. Just show me how," agreed the Major. "I ain't very well posted in these mattahs, but you have been my guide, counselor an' friend. Added to that I figgah that yo' are a man of mo' than ordinary intelligence. I leave the conduct of affairs entirely in yore hands, Schnitzer. What cou'se do you intend to pursue?"

"I'm a-goin' to tell you somethin', Major," responded Schnitzer with an air of mystery—"somethin' I wouldn't reveal to any mortal man outside of yourself. The fact of the matter is I've got half a dozen of the best cocks that ever saw the light of day. I've been raisin' games since you could have made an overcoat for me out of a rabbit skin, and never had a lot worth mentioning on the same day of the week with 'em; but I'm up agin it, Major. I ain't got money enough to make no play at these folks and I've just been waitin' for something to turn up for me. There ain't no use of me keepin' 'em because I can't afford it, but if I sold 'em to the right party so's I'd be dead sure to get a run for my money I could bet what I got for them and get even that way."

"Are yo' shuah that they're th' real article, Schnitzer?" queried the Major. "Raisin' 'em like yo' do yo' might be liable to ovahestimate 'em."

"Am I sure, Major?" protested the barber impressively and in pained tones. "Am I sure, eh? Please don't talk like as if I was an infant in arms. I'm givin' it to you straight an' I ain't boastin' when I say that down in my barn there's all that's left of the greatest breed of chickens that ever wore a spur."

"Hard to raise, I reckon?" hazarded the Major.

"That's what I was tryin' to make you understand," responded the other. "It's a breed all by itself. Most of the eggs contains twins and they get to fightin' in the shell and kill each other before they's hatched at all. Out of eight settin's these is all I've got ter show. I never figured how much they cost me, but it's enough. If you take 'em, Major, you can leave 'em down to my barn till the fight comes off."

"Well, well, Schnitzer," replied the Major. "I won't see yo' lackin'. I'll take 'em off yore hands, an' if they're all yo' say we'll make a regular cleanin' up anyhow. I figgah that th' trainin' of 'em will give me a little recreation. So I'll take 'em. You kin attend to othah details."

Schnitzer reported progress to Belcher. "He sure has the bug," he grinned. "You should see him performin' round my barn. I told him it wouldn't never do to spar 'em before the fight, which is a good thing, because if he ever puts 'em together he'll find out what a lot of lobsters they are."

"Trainin' 'em himself?" queried Belcher.

"That's what he's a-doin'. I tried to tell him a few of the wrinkles, but he says he has an idea that he kin break up chicken fightin' in these parts by conditionin' 'em himself. He's dug up an old book that some hick wrote on cock fightin' about fifty years ago, an' he's trainin' 'em according to precept. It's worse than a joke. He gimme a hundred an' a half for the bunch. I'm supposed to bet it on 'em and if I lose he's promised to give it back to me. His middle name is 'simp.' I win every way."

"How much will he go for?" interrogated Belcher.

"I was figurin' on showin' five birds apiece. No use makin' it anything but a sudden-death affair, say three hundred each brace an' two thousand on the main. That'll be thirty-five hundred to start on, and once we get him goin' with a couple of toddies under his belt he'll bet his head off."

"We don't want no squawk after it's over," counseled Belcher. "Better get Al Runyon to hold stakes. He's on th' level, an' as it's a lay-down, why, all he'll have to do is to hand over the money. 'Twouldn't do to have none of the gang mixin' in an' I don't want no scandal just now. We've got to make a clean get-away."

"That's th' ticket. We'll make Al referee an' stakeholder," agreed Schnitzer. "Al thinks every one is on th' level like himself an' it'll give th' thing a right look. Besides, if the Major was to make any inquiries every one would have to tell him that his money was safe with Runyon. We don't want to tip it off to too many anyway. All we need is a few outsiders to make things look natural an' I don't favor no wise people showin' up to crab th' game. I'll tip you off when to be on hand with th' coin. I'll go on over now and ready him up."

Schnitzer found the Major at his barn fussing with the chickens. Since he had last seen them they had been trimmed up in the most approved form. The Major exhibited them proudly. "A fellah came along yesterday who claimed to know all about trimmin' a chicken," said he, "so I let him go to work. I guess he made a fine job of it, although I nevah saw it done befo' an' theah ain't nothin' in th' book about it. It seems to me that they oughtah fight bettah with all their feathers on," concluded the Major innocently. "Looks as if they'd have mo' protection."

"No, no, Major, you've got to cut 'em out," vouchsafed Schnitzer. "A gamecock ain't no different from a thoroughbred. The less he carries th' farther an' faster he's liable to go. It improves 'im a hundred per cent. Just look at that biggest cock. Why, he don't hardly look like th' same bird with his tail cut an' all th' other trimmin's. He stacks up like the real goods now. He's a fightin' fowl, Major. Take it from me, he's a whole team and a cantankerous catamount."

"That's what he is, Schnitzer," agreed the Major heartily.

"I been feelin' Belcher out," continued Schnitzer, "an' I guess he'll stand for a match for three thousand or so all told, mebbe more. He's a bettin' agent whenever he thinks he's right. How does that strike you, Major?"

Up went the Major's hand in protestation. "Why, Schnitzer!" he exclaimed, as if facing a proposition absolutely out of all reason. "Why, Schnitzer, wheah did yo' get th' idea that I was goin' to make a regular gamblin' affair out of this thing. I was aimin' to bet fo' or five hundred, which it seems to me would be entirely sufficient. It's really mo' fo' th' sport of th' thing, Schnitzer, than fo' th' amount of money involved."

Schnitzer's jaw dropped. "Why, Major!" he expostulated. "No livin' man with any kind of sense would think of throwin' away an opportunity of this kind. Here you've got some of the best chickens on the face of the globe, and you don't want to back 'em!"

"I don't mind bettin' a few hundreds," retorted the Major with an air of finality, "but th' same numbah of thousands is a different thing. I've been a business man all my life, Schnitzer, an' this thing is new to me."

For fully an hour the little barber used all his persuasive powers in endeavoring to show the Major the error of his ways. He pointed out again and again the marvelous quality of the birds he had sold him, laid special stress on the fact that Al Runyon, sporting editor of the biggest paper in New Orleans, would be stakeholder and referee. The winner would get every dollar that was coming to him and the money would be as safe as if it were deposited in the First National Bank. Finally the Major gave in and conceded all points.

As the little barber took his leave intent upon hastening back and apprising Belcher of the success of his mission, a half-amused expression illuminated the Major's countenance. Jodey watched his master's face and chuckled audibly.

(Continued on Page 44)

"The Majah's Real Quality Folks. He Don't Care No Mo' 'Bout Money Than I Do 'Bout a Chaw ob Tobacker"

THE KRIS-GIRL

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THE TALE OF THE PINK BEAST

"He Was Annoying Cristina, So I Tipped Him Over"

THE day was one of pure silver, such as one sees only in the still waters of Malaysia. The sky, shaded by a light wash of cloud, was silver; the silver-glass sea met it without a break. Back from the shearing bow of the steamer ran two blue folds of water; everything else was of the silver hue, save for sharp pen scratches of black made by the flying fish as they struck and skimmed low down on the waveless glass. It was early in the day; few passengers were about and no land in sight. A sky, a place, an hour of perfect peace.

Sitting in my deck armchair I smoked and looked out over the rail at nothing in particular. I do not know that I was thinking of anything in particular, either, unless certain dim visions of Cannon Street on a November afternoon could be described as thoughts. They contrasted agreeably with what I saw.

Mrs. Ash's needles had been clicking away behind me so long that I had almost ceased to hear the sound. I think I must have been nearly dozing there on the high promenade deck of the Dutch steamer, with the parted seas sounding like shaken silk on the bow, and the Malayan passengers singing monotonously somewhere forward.

"Did you get your gum?"

The question, to my sleepy perception, came through the air like a shot. I sat up and swung round.

"What gum?" I asked defensively, scenting a meaning I did not care for.

"Gum dammit, or whatever its impious name is," replied the old lady, clicking faster than ever, but lifting her eyes from her work to fix them on me.

It came into my head just then, irrelevantly and absurdly, that she must surely sleep in that preposterous black bonnet of 1880 with the three upright feathers and the tinkling danglements of jet. I could not recollect that I had ever seen her without it. Did the late Mr. Ash—strange thought that there must once have been an Ash male—wake up in the silent watches of the night to see ——

I awoke to the fact that she was waiting.

"Oh, gum dammar?" I replied. "I didn't want any."

"Didn't you?" replied Mrs. Ash. "Thought so! Huh!"

The small sharp snort she emitted was not exactly rude, but, considered as a criticism of my character and aims in general, it was mortifying.

"My dear Mrs. Ash," I said, drawing my chair back to hers, "one may be engaged in commercial negotiations about a particular product—especially one that has lately become so important as gum dammar—without ——"

"One may," she said, suddenly biting off a woolen thread in a way that—I cannot tell how—seemed to throw doubt on my statement.

I felt myself becoming rather hot.

"But I am so engaged," I said. "I have been getting facts of the kind I want all along. It's really important. Haven't you heard that the Army Flying Corps ——"

"No," cut in Mrs. Ash. She put down the piece of web she was weaving, took up another portion, and, stabbing in a pair of fresh needles, seemed to dismiss the last remark. "Is Pulu Panas the center of the trade?" she snipped out, working busily.

"Why, I think Macassar is, rather—but Pulu Panas is worth seeing when one's there."

"Worth seeing when one's there!" repeated Mrs. Ash.

She did not say in so many words that Pulu Panas was some eighteen hundred miles from the roadstead of Macassar, but the implication was clear.

Now, in spite of the fact that the Kris-Girl's chaperon was thus proving herself hostile, or at least aggressive, I did not dislike the old lady. Nor did I think that she actually disliked me. So I threw away the last third of my cigar, pulled my chair closer to the flashing needles and asked plainly as became a plain man:

"Why don't you want me in your party?"

Mrs. Ash was not to be defeated by the use of her own sharpshooting methods however. She replied with perfect coolness, answering my thoughts instead of my words:

"Because—knit two, purl three—you're too old; and because impossibilities are impossible anyhow. Seven, eight, nine, ten—and one."

I did not agree with the first half of her remark and I did not like the second. I said so, avoiding the main point at issue as skillfully as I could.

"Three years we've been at it," continued the old lady. "Steamers, trains, hotels! Hotels, trains, steamers! Waterfalls, castles, forts, islands, native dances, native kings—all of 'em dirty—customs of the countries—every one of 'em nasty! And men—white men, half-white, Europeans, colonials, German, Dutch! All of them after her and a lot of them after what she's got. She doesn't want 'em. 'Keep 'em off, Ashie! Sweep 'em out!' she says to me. And I do. I'm paid for it."

"How, exactly," I said, looking the old lady straight in the face, "do you propose to keep me off?"

"Purl three, knit two," said Mrs. Ash. "Same as all the rest of 'em—by telling you it's no good. One, two, three."

"What do they do then?" I asked.

"Some of them are fools enough to go on." The needles stabbed at me viciously, withdrawing themselves just in time at the end of every stroke.

I said nothing and sat still. As a business man I have found it an excellent plan when you want to make the other fellow talk.

Mrs. Ash was no exception. After a flourish with the needles that would certainly have been a fantasia if executed on the piano, she laid the work on her lap, looked all round and then said cautiously:

"I'll tell you what! It won't be any one. But it would better be you than Schintz."

"Schintz?" I said.

I had been away from the Kris-Girl and her guardian for a month or two, trying to—well, no matter—let us say trying to work out the gum-dammar problem. And having failed in—no matter what—I had joined their wanderings once more only twenty-four hours before. Therefore I had not heard of Schintz.

"He's a Dutch-German-Austrian, and the King of Pulu Panas. It's outside Dutch possessions and he really owns it," explained Mrs. Ash. "As for what Cristina thinks of him, it's—one, two, three, four—never easy to say; but I think, of all foreigners I ever saw, he's—and eight, nine, ten—the foreignest. That's he at the other side of the deck," she explained with Victorian punctiliousness of grammar.

I looked—and, behold, it was the Pink Beast!

I had called him that to myself when I saw him in the smoking room the night before. He had sat there for half an hour or so smoking a long Borneo cigar—spitting unpleasantly the while—and had gone out without addressing any one. In the intervals of listening to the pleasant babble of the third officer I had looked at him and decided that he was a beast—a bounding beast; he had such flaxen hair, parted in such a clipped, oily way. And his face was pinkish-and-whitish.

Moreover, his mustache was trained above his thick red lips into a Kaiser Wilhelm brush—a thing I hate. He half shut his eyes and looked under the lids, with his chin up. He had fat legs and thinnish arms, a combination that tells of self-indulgence. Worst of all he had beautiful hands, pinky white like his face, and flourished them as he smoked. His feet were small and very flat. I never took such a dislike to any man in my life.

There he was on deck in a long chair, with his chin tilted up, looking at me under his eyelids. The captain was sitting near him talking to him with an emphasis and interest that marked him at once as the star passenger of the trip. King of Pulu Panas, was he? No doubt he gave and took more cargo than any one else in the archipelago. Well, if he were Emperor of Malaysia I disliked him none the less.

"Has that pink beast been paying attentions to Miss Raye?" I asked.

The enchanted peace and beauty of the morning had all gone in a breath; it was simply a grayish, shiny day, with fish jumping about.

Mrs. Ash nodded her three plumes in the direction of the main companionway.

"Look!" she said.

Cristina had come up the broad stairs and was making for her chair. She wore something thin and pink, as crisp as a new flower; and on her feet were little white shoes with ivory buckles. Schintz saw her coming before I did; he got out her chair in two seconds, pushed it forward, and deftly lifted those small feet on to the rest as she sat down. Then he tucked a cushion at her back deliberately, looking at her under his fat eyelids. Cristina just as deliberately pulled the cushion out and dropped it on the deck.

"It's too hot," she said.

I went over and joined the two. Cristina introduced me to Herr Schintz and seemed to pass him over to my charge. Schintz looked for a chair, drew it up close to Cristina's, and began to talk to her in perfect English. In doing so he turned his back on me with the utmost nonchalance.

I stuck to my guns and talked to her too. She answered both of us politely and seemed to see nothing odd in the situation. Schintz kept his back to me and I talked over his shoulder. I would have gone on doing so all day, but the bell for breakfast rang and released us.

"Mr. Garden, how could you?" asked Cristina in the alleyway. "It looked so absurd!"

"Well, if you don't want me to look absurd all the time don't let Schintz hang about," I replied. "How you can be civil to such a bounder ——"

"Foreigners aren't bounders; they're different—that's all. And we've got to be civil to Mr. Schintz."

"Why, on earth?"

"Because Pulu Panas belongs to him, and he never allows any one to see the Buddhist ruins unless he chooses. Hardly any one ever goes there—it's not on the steamer line; but the ruins are really wonderful, second only to Boro Budor. It's a pity he is so crabby about it. It's his launch that will take us to the island when we leave this ship at Wangi. You can't do anything at Pulu Panas without Mr. Schintz."

"Is there a Mrs. Schintz?"

"Why, no," said Cristina hesitatingly. I guessed at the usual Oriental household. "We were thinking of staying there," she added. "It's the only place."

"Then I must be civil to Schintz," I said, "for I mean to be asked too."

I was civil, though it cost me more of my self-respect than any man can afford to lose. I did not fancy the idea of Cristina staying in the house of that Pink Beast with only the old lady for protection. And I attained my end.

One afternoon when we were drawing near the island Cristina skillfully turned the talk to the accommodations on Pulu Panas and expressed much distress on hearing – what she knew very well already—that there was no hotel of any kind there. She asked me where I was going to stay and I said I did not know; I might not stop at all.

"Mr. Schintz has been so good as to ask us to stay with him," she said. A significant pause followed. Schintz deliberately examined his glassy nails. "But I am not sure we can accept his invitation," she went on. "I dare say we shall go on to Thursday Island with you."

Schintz appeared to come to a decision.

"I should be happy to see Mr. Guardian too," he remarked, displaying the curves of his disgusting pinky-white hands.

"My name is Garden," I corrected.

"Really—but my knowledge of your English tongue is unfortunately so imperfect," replied Schintz with easy fluency.

"I am much obliged for your invitation," I said. "I should like to see something of the Buddha temple. It belongs to you, I understand?"

"The island belongs to me and the ruins are included. The people, also, are my property."

"But that is impossible!" exclaimed Cristina.

"Pardon me, not at all. When I acquired the island, a good many years ago, it was native owned. Subsequently Portugal took possession. The Portuguese are not opposed to a modified form of servitude—serfage; we will not call it slavery, for it is the name that smells in the nostrils of your English Puritans. For a consideration I was allowed to retain the rights over the persons of the people that I had previously held. Without my permission no one can leave Pulu Panas—or enter it. What work I require on my plantations is performed by laborers permanently attached to the estates."

"Slaves?" I asked politely. Schintz' reply was addressed to Cristina.

"If you will take the binocular," he said, "you can see the island, very far away from here. This afternoon we stop at Wangi, and there my launch will meet us to go to Pulu Panas." He touched her hand—the one with the great Chinese ring on it—as he gave her the glasses. "That is a strange ring," he said. "May I look at it?"

"I do not take it off," replied Cristina, and a sudden paleness crept like a thin white veil over her face. She let the hand drop to her side and took the binocular in the other. They began to talk about the island.

"What do you think of it all?" I asked cautiously.

"I think I'm dreaming," answered Cristina.

We were standing out of the moonlight in the shadow of a horseshoe archway that led to a walled garden with flowers and fountains in it. There was a veranda just above us and it had a wonderful screen of curved and pierced marble, beautiful to look at in that tropic full moon, but calculated to rouse thoughts of invisible listeners.

"To think that a—Schintz—should own all this!" Cristina whispered.

The scent of orange trees, fruiting and flowering, and the cloying sweetness of moon-white trumpet flowers and papaws came to us through the open archway from the garden. From the outer world across the wide central courtyard stole the unforgetable odor of Malaysia—dust, sandalwood, spice and fish. A drum began to beat down in the harbor to announce the departure of a sailing vessel; it sounded to me like the hot throbbing of a fevered heart. The night was still and oppressively warm.

"Yes," I said. "He is owner in every sense of the word." I pointed to a slender Indonesian woman, with a spangled sari over her head, slipping into the garden with a water vase. "That woman wore chains the best part of last year."

"Why?" asked Cristina, her face white even in the shadow of the archway.

"Better not ask—an ugly story," I said. "I heard it in the village. I've heard a good many things."

"I've guessed a good many," she said.

A leaf rustled somewhere. We stopped and looked about us.

"All to-day," I said presently, "I've had no chance of speaking to you. That wasn't accidental. Kris-Girl, I don't like this place, and I wish we had never come."

"I don't like it—but I don't wish that," she said.

I drew her a little forward into the moonlight and looked closely at her small, pale face with the glittering blue eyes. There was something in it that I knew.

"Again, Kris-Girl?" I said, stepping back into the shade. She nodded. "What is it this time?" I asked.

Before answering she looked up at the screen of carved marble. It was very close.

"Come into the garden; the moonlight is better than this," she said. "Maybe that screen was put up just because people were likely to hide there out of the moonlight and talk."

The garden did not seem to be overlooked—but in these places you never know. Anyhow, we were out of earshot, standing there by the great cool bowl of the fountain, where the stephanotis spread a Milky Way of scented stars along the marble curb, and orchids, pale gold and dim purple in the moonlight, drooped from the mango trees.

"I want to know," said Cristina, "where and to whom he takes—meat."

"Does he take meat? And why should he not?" I asked perplexedly. As usual I found her rapid mind hard to follow.

"Every second night," she said, "he takes it—in a basket. I saw him once; and then I watched—those marble screens are useful in some ways. The moon has been on the wane since we came; he waits a little later every time he goes so that he can be sure of that dead sort of dark that comes before moonrise. Once in two nights—and not more than twenty minutes' walk away. When he comes back the basket is empty."

"Why didn't you try to follow him?—not that I think you ought," I asked. "If there's anything odd about it—though I can't see there is—that would be the best way. Let me do it for you. It wouldn't be the first time, would it?"

The Kris-Girl laughed a little.

"One might as well try to follow a Red Indian," she said. "It's well to know when you're outclassed. He can hear you breathe fifty yards away—hear you think—guess what you're going to do before you know yourself. He doesn't know I have seen him; but that's because I never dared to move away from the marble screen."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Keep looking out; and so must you. I don't like that meat. And it wasn't good meat. It smelled. No, I don't know anything at all or suspect anything; but—I feel something!"

"How am I to tell you if I hear anything that would interest you?" I asked. "It seems as though we could never get a word together. I don't know how we have managed this."

"Oh, I'm in bed and asleep," she replied calmly, "and you've gone for a walk to the *kampong;* but it won't do to stay long. As to getting notes carried, or anything of that sort, it may not be easy. I wish you knew the Morse code. I learned it years ago. It's one of the most useful things a traveler can know."

"But I do," I said eagerly. "My greatest chum is a wireless engineer, and he taught me. I'm not rapid; but I can send fairly and take pretty well."

"Can you read—like this?" she asked, tapping noiselessly on the marble basin with her slight fingers.

"Yes. You are saying: 'I—must—go—back—to—my—room.'"

"Right," said the Kris-Girl. "And I must. Just one word: We must stay here until the next Dutch boat calls at Wangi, and that won't be for ten days. I suppose you've noticed that—that—"

"I should think so—the Pink Beast! It's like his confounded hide."

"Well, if you see me polite don't be astonished. It's for a purpose."

"I wish you were out of it!" I said. "If one had understood—but who could guess at such a medieval arrangement of a place in the twentieth century? It's impossible—if one hadn't seen it."

Oddly Enough He Did Not Look at the Foot, But at Me

"Everything's possible east of Suez—and everything else east of Malacca Straits, I know," she said reminiscently. "The things poor Ashie has been through! There'll be somebody or other here in a minute; I feel it in my bones. Good night."

She fled up the archway like a night moth on the wing: I was left alone with the dripping fountain and the moon.

Some one did come—Schintz himself, padding softly on the marble; I think he wore rubber shoes. He looked at me and passed on into the house without a word. I saw that he carried an empty basket in his hand.

Next day we were occupied with the antiquities of Pulu Panas. It had rained punctually from one o'clock until six, wet-season fashion, for several days after our arrival; but now the weather improved and Pulu Panas became a place of wonder and beauty.

It was a large island, some thirty miles in circumference. The greater part of it we never saw. I think there were secrets about the Schintz plantations, and their manner of working, not meant for visitors to know. But the blue-velvet mountains, the deep palm forests, the inlets and fiords starred with plumy islets and edged with china-white coral sand, made a setting of supreme loveliness to Schintz' palatial home, which had been built mostly in the Indian style and was even more gorgeous than the other houses of wealthy Malayan planters I had seen in my wanderings up and down.

Schintz, in his own way, was hospitable; he fed us royally and provided excellent wines; he had horses for us to ride, a motor, a fine oil launch for sea trips, and a retinue of trained Javanese performers, male and female, ready to dance and sang for our amusement at a moment's notice. All the same I could see that he loved me not at all and that he loved the little Kris-Girl—if such a word describes the feelings of such a man—much more than was safe.

Much more than was safe! The phrase cut itself cleanly out in my mind as I stood waiting for Cristina and Mrs. Ash to start on a trip to the Buddha ruins.

Why was it not safe? The answer came sharp and plain: Because this man owned the island and all that was on it, body and soul; and if Cristina rejected his advances—as she undoubtedly would—why, there would be only myself to stand between her and plain medieval capture or imprisonment.

"I wish the steamer was due!" was the result of my meditations.

Then the women came out and Schintz spun up the drive in his motor car, and we started for the Buddha temple.

I am not going to talk about the ruins of Pulu Panas, though they are very wonderful and ought to be better known. The truth is I hardly took in anything of the amazing panorama of terraced sculptures—smiling, squat-legged gods and rock walls carved out into heavy, complicated groups of figures and animals. The maneuvers of Schintz chiefly occupied my attention. He attached himself to Cristina and stayed beside her all the afternoon. Not a word could I slip in.

Mrs. Ash—as secretly hostile to sights as ever—and I were left to follow side by side almost in silence. I thought the old lady did not like the way things were going; but it was clear she was far from realizing the actual dangers of the situation and I had no wish whatever to enlighten her concerning them.

The yellow sun of afternoon climbed the hill of sculptured stone, waking to momentary life the impassive faces of Buddha images, and throwing out in a relief that was almost startling the spirited groups of battles, triumphs, funerals. Close on it followed the rising flood of dusk. From the unbroken jungle that rose behind the hill or

I Stood Where I Could Get a Foothold and Tossed On My Clothes

ruins black flying foxes began to flit through the golden twilight like evil thoughts invading a pious soul. It was surely time to go home; but Cristina and Schintz still lingered, away there on the top of the hill where the ruined central shrine was drinking up the last drops of day.

"Cristina!" called the chaperon with determination.

She had to call more than once before they came; but, once down the hill, Schintz hurried us all into the motor and took the driving wheel without a word. His pinky features showed no emotion of any kind and he talked as usual. Nevertheless, I caught a look—just one—under those half-dropped eyelids, that gave the lie to every calm word, every quiet movement he made. If ever a man had self-control when he chose to have it—that man was assuredly the Pink Beast. Things were becoming strenuous for a plain business man like myself. And, meeting that look, I was glad to remember I had a pistol in my luggage. I resolved to load it that night.

Schintz, with his usual demoniac cleverness, contrived by one device and another to keep Cristina and me from speech together during the evening; but before she went up the marble stairs with Mrs. Ash to her room the Kris-Girl contrived to give me the sign I wanted. Under the very eyes of Schintz, sitting on a settee beside him, she dropped one hand half under her skirt and beat out a few words—long, short; long, short—in the invaluable Morse code: "He proposed; I refused. Look out!"

When I went up to my room I remembered that Schintz had not for one moment been absent from his guests since dark. Was he going out that night with his mysterious basket?

Somehow I wanted to know. I leaned out of my window and watched until I was tired; but Schintz remained in the house. The prisoner, whoever he was, went hungry. Every morning so far some party of pleasure was proposed. The next day it was an excursion by launch to the great coral reef that extended out to sea below the house. This reef was noted for its splendid shells; the house and garden were decorated with many fine specimens gathered at low tide—immense "bailers," with tessellated curves and whorls and orange-porcelain lips; Venus' combs, with long scarlet-and-yellow teeth; pearl-lined snailshells as large as one's head; nautilus; gigantic clam—I cannot begin to name the different kinds.

For once Mrs. Ash was pleased with the day's program and exhibited interest. She said she would put her shells in a cabinet and save at least five pounds that would otherwise be spent on china ornaments.

The launch made a long curve out to sea and then ran back inside the reef, bringing us fairly close to the house again. We could have walked out much more quickly from the terrace below the garden, but a coral reef is a nasty thing to walk on. It was pleasanter to work slowly along the deep-water channels in the comfortable boat, landing now and then on a prickly patch of coral to secure a coveted treasure. The sun climbed high and grew hotter and hotter as we pursued our game; the launch's deck was covered with the spoil.

"Oh, I am hot!" sighed Cristina by and by, drawing up her arm from an aquamarine-colored pool out of which she had just captured a brown shell with a blue-and-green eye.

Schintz, pinker than ever in the roasting sun, smiled at her in a forgiving sort of way, and said:

"I have thought of your comfort."

He nodded to the Malayan launch driver, and the native produced a parcel from the cabin. Undoing it Schintz handed to Cristina two ladies' bathing suits, beautifully made of black and of light green silk. With them were tied up two silk caps, two pair of bathing shoes and two towels.

"In my house," he said a little grandiloquently, "there is always everything that a guest can desire. If you wish to enjoy the refreshing water there is, a little way off, a shallow with a sand beach. There ladies can bathe in safety from any shark and with no danger of being drowned."

"You are most kind," said Cristina gravely. She told me afterward that the bathing dresses made her suspicious, but for the moment she could not tell of what or why. "Mrs. Ash and I will be very glad to have a dip."

"You need not fear that you will be observed," went on Schintz in his formal, too-good English, "for the reason that I and Mr. Garden will also bathe, but at some considerable distance away."

"I'm not much of a swimmer," I said. "Where is it?"

The launch was going again by this time. Schintz pointed to a natural swimming bath in the reef at some little distance from us—a beautiful blue-green pool edged with wonderful coral bouquets and surrounded by ivory-colored rocks left clear by the neap tide. It communicated through a narrow passage with the outer sea; but one had only to glance at it in order to know that it was free from sharks. And, in any case, sharks do not come into such confined and traplike spaces

"Are you going to swim?" asked Cristina of Schintz.

"Yes," he answered, pointing to a small bundle of bathing things. "It is my favorite spot, for, like Mr. Garden, I am not a good-enough swimmer to venture into the open sea. But that place seems to have been made by Nature for poor swimmers."

We were running on past the reef; the great pool lay like some wonderful jewel, part sapphire, part emerald, on the ivory of the reef. I never saw such color.

"Is it deep?" asked Cristina.

"Oh, yes; but it is so narrow that one can come to the side and rest in half a minute at any time. Now let me show you yours."

The launch was stopping at a beautiful bit of white-sand beach wreathed with trailing creepers that fell from the trees above. Here the water was green and clear and very shallow.

"You will be careful!" said Schintz authoritatively. "You must not go out too far; it is quite safe in the shallows,

"He Can Hear You Breathe Fifty Yards Away—Hear You Think—Guess What You're Going to Do Before You Know Yourself"

but not, perhaps, if you were to venture into the deep. We shall leave you here and go on to our pool."

"Mr. Schintz—please!" said Cristina, looking unusually pretty and coaxing.

I saw the heavy eyes flash under the down-dropped lids.

"What is your pleasure?" he asked.

"It is so silly—but I am nervous; to think of being all alone with Mrs. Ash in this wild place while you bathe! Do send the launch back when it has dropped you! What should I do if a shark or something did happen to come? Please let your launchman stay near."

"Certainly," said Schintz with a killing smile. "What you wish shall be done; I know that ladies are always timorous. The launch shall instantly return when it has left Mr. Garden and me at the pool. Moreover, it shall continually cruise up and down in front of you while you bathe so that you shall not have even the fear of a shark."

We went off and left them on the beach; and I must say I wondered a good deal at the Kris-Girl's expressed nervousness, knowing as I did that she was not afraid of anything on sea or land. However, I had long since given up the attempt to follow Cristina's mental processes. As well might a stolid house dog attempt to keep pace with an Australian kangaroo.

The launch dropped Schintz and me at the edge of the reef and then started back toward the coral-sand beach. We heard its quick heartbeats growing fainter and fainter as it went.

Schintz and I climbed over the coral with care; it was mostly the spiked, sharp kind that crumbles like biscuit under an unwary boot and cuts you cruelly if you fall. At the edge of the swimming pool a sort of entering place had been made by breaking away all the fragile bits and laying bare a base of solid brainstone.

It seemed that the spot was a favorite one with our host, for I could see a long track had been cut through the branching coral of the reef right down from the beach below the house. At high water the place might be unsafe, owing to sharks; but when the tide was low, as it was at present, nothing more safe or delightful in the way of a swimming place could be imagined.

Cristina has said since that she cannot imagine how anything in the shape of a man could have been so stupid and unsuspicious as I was; but I ask the candid reader: "What was there for any reasonable man to be suspicious about?" I knew that Schintz did not wish me well; that he regarded me as the only obstacle to his marriage—forced or otherwise—with Cristina; that he was king of the island and could do as he chose with any creature on it

It takes more than this, however, to make a sensible business man from the E. C. District suspect murder. All I saw in Schintz' proceedings was simply another device to keep me apart from Cristina for an hour or two.

We undressed together on a rather slippery platform of brainstone coral and got into the bathing trunks that Schintz had provided. I looked at the water carefully before diving in. I am not a very clever diver and need plenty of depth to turn in. There seemed, however, to be plenty here.

From the branching coral fringe, where living buds of lilac, pink and green stood up in the wavering chrysoprase of the water, cavern after cavern, deep after deep, appeared to open down and down. In these dim places the water seemed a dark navy-blue color and the jutting walls of coral were like palest pearl. The depths of the pool were empty. Not a flowerlike medusa floated; not a silver fish showed sparks. Most coral pools are full of ocean life, but this one was still and silent as a grave.

Now, one does not want to see living things in a pool in which one is going to bathe—at all events, not in those equatorial lands, where the sea holds every kind of stinging, biting, devouring horror in her innocent-appearing arms; but there was something about the peculiar deadness of that place that touched my nerves.

Cristina says it was my subliminal consciousness. I think myself it was the effect of being in company with a sneak, and more or less suspecting everything he said and did; but let that pass. The fact remains that I did not want to dive in. I wanted violently not to do so.

Schintz, undressed and in his trunks, was balancing uneasily behind me on the brainstone coral waiting his turn to dive. For one moment I hesitated—it seemed so absurd to say one would not bathe when one was there, all ready; and then the explicable feeling of horror caught me again and I swore to myself I would not dive.

I looked at the far end of the pool. It was empty, save for a few long trails of seaweed drooping out of a crack in the coral; they waved with the slow outward running of the tide.

I do not know to this day whether I meant to dive or not; but next moment the affair was decided for me. Schintz, staggering on the slippery coral, fell against me and I tumbled in.

I came up gasping and saw my host still on the coral platform, swearing loudly in Dutch and German, and nursing a bleeding foot. He had fallen among the sharp-edged points beside the smooth brainstone and cut himself

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NEW FACTORS IN WAR

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Tommy Atkins Taking Aim

IT HAS been an axiom of war since wars began that an army travels on its belly This war, which is the greatest of all wars, has made it necessary to revise that statement. As it now is, an army travels on its gasoline.

Food, next to men, is the oldest factor in war, and gasoline is one of the newest. Of the two, gasoline—or petrol, as they call it over here—is the more important, because, as modern armies are organized and used, as well as from the sheer size of them, there would be little food for the soldiers if there were no gasoline.

The line of battle in the struggle going on in France as this is written extends for more than two hundred miles. Though there is no actual count, it is probable that between three and four million men are engaged in the fight, either directly or indirectly. If these men are not fed they cannot fight. Imagine the difficulties of transporting by wagons food enough for several million men stretched along a broken countryside more than two hundred miles in extent—a battle line extending approximately, for example, from Washington, through Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton and Newark, to the city of New York. Think what it would mean to have nothing but horses and wagons laboriously to bring up food, to take back the wounded and to do all the various sorts of transportation work required by forces so vast as those of the Germans, on one side, and of the allied troops of France and England, on the other. No quartermaster's department and no commissariat would be equal to the task. As it is, the supplies of food and ammunition are brought forward expeditiously, and the wounded are taken back comfortably; and this is all due to gasoline.

Some time ago, when I was last in Germany, they told me that the taxicabs of Berlin and the other German cities were then made on War Department specifications—that is, the General Staff provided the measurements for the taxicabs that were to be used by the civilians, and stipulated the sort of engines to be installed, and all that. I thought my informant was joking, but he was not. He knew what he was talking about; for, as soon as war came, the Germans took the taxicabs, and made wonderful use of them. I do not know whether the French War Department went so far into the detail of the matter; but when I saw eight hundred taxicabs in one place in France, which had been commandeered from the streets of Paris for use in war, I understood that the French had as adequate a realization of the importance of gasoline as the Germans.

Waging War With Gasoline

ONE of the first calls issued, after war was declared, was for automobiles. They were taken by thousands. In France almost every private automobile was used. The streets of Paris were absolutely stripped of the automobile omnibuses. I have not been in Berlin as yet, but I am quite sure that the Germans took great numbers of automobiles and busses. Indeed, I have seen some Berlin automobiles in Belgium; plenty of them, in fact. In England the government took over the automobiles and about half the busses, together with a great many of the big, privately owned automobile delivery vans.

A courier from the front no longer dashes up on a foam-flecked steed. Instead, he comes in a high-powered automobile. A messenger carrying dispatches from one part of the battle line to another does not lean far down on the neck of his horse and gallop madly through a rain of bullets. Instead, he leans over the handles of a motor cycle and goes chugging on his errand at sixty miles an hour. There is no slow progress of the wounded in ambulances drawn by horses or on stretchers carried by comrades. The wounded are put in fitted motor busses and delivery vans and are hurried to hospitals at thirty miles an hour.

If it is necessary to send a detachment of infantry, say, from one point to another, and speed is demanded, the soldiers are crowded into taxicabs and shifted in an incredibly short time. Automobiles are constantly dashing about in the rear of the battle lines. General Joffre, the commander of the forces of the Allies in France, uses racing machines of the highest power, and can go from one end of the battle line to the other in less than four hours, for he travels at sixty miles an hour. No staff officer goes anywhere on a horse. He uses an automobile.

More than that, the Germans, and presumably the French, have taken auto delivery trucks of the heavier type and mounted field guns on them. These can be moved in any direction almost instantly. They constitute the most mobile artillery the world has ever known. In other wars artillery was shifted by horse or by hand. In this war some of the lighter guns are automobile guns, and they can be transferred from one point to another while horses are being brought up.

The Belgians have built many barbed-wire entanglements, and so have the French; but gasoline makes these seem like paper obstructions. The Germans have heavily armored automobiles with great knives in front and steel frames running back over the tops of the cars. With these tremendous clippers they charge full tilt at the barbed-wire obstructions and dash through them. The knives on the fronts of the cars cut the wires and the steel frames protect the men operating the cars. Also, there are armored automobiles that dash about the country carrying riflemen, and light rapid-fire guns that do their share of execution. Automobile trucks bring up the ammunition.

It is in the commissariat, however, that the automobiles are most useful. They prove that the army travels on its gasoline. Great trucks bring supplies of food to certain bases. Light automobiles take loads of this food and distribute it along the line, scooting back and forth, from base to given point of deposit and back again, making quick trip after quick trip, and covering distances and doing feats of delivery that would be impossible for horses. Thus, too, by means of the smaller autos the men at the front are in constant and rapid communication with all points in the rear. The mobility of these great armies has been doubled and probably tripled by the gasoline engine.

The German system is evidently the result of long preparation. The Germans were ready. When their army is moving there is a constant procession of small automobiles—or comparatively small ones—running back and forth between front and rear, in certain well-defined lanes, bringing up whatever may be needed from the big trucks that labor behind but move far faster than any teams of horses could. The Germans use automobiles for every possible contingency save the shifting of their great siege guns. These are so big and so heavy that they are drawn by thirty horses.

English soldiers returning wounded from the front, or straggling in, report familiar busses in all parts of France. A friend of mine who was in a certain part of France told me he met on a French road the very omnibus he had constantly used in going from his office to his home, clattering along, loaded with supplies, and making as good time as it did on the asphalt of London. Big vans and trucks with the familiar names of London firms on them are continually popping past the British soldiers in France and being cheered. Busses that for years took peaceful Londoners, and peaceful Manchesterians, and peaceful people of Liverpool and of other cities, about their towns on business or pleasure now bring wounded soldiers back, or bring up ammunition or food. The smell of petrol along a battle line is as strong as it used to be on the Strand on a foggy day.

It is not only for trucking or for transportation purposes that gasoline is indispensable Gasoline is the motive power for the engines of the aëroplanes. As warfare is now conducted, the flying corps of each army is one of the most useful arms of the service, if not the most useful. The airmen perform prodigies of valor in scouting, in determining locations, in finding ranges, and in plotting out the lay of the land. It is a good example of the repression of the British War Office that none of the English papers printed a word about the flight of the English aëroplanes to France.

That was the most inspiring sight of this war. Fully thirty of them—perhaps more—rose one day and flew, like a great flock of white-winged birds, straight across the Channel and landed without a mishap. Since that time these aëroplanes have been hovering over the lines of the enemy, finding ranges for the artillery, and doing many other hazardous things. The French have a great number of them and so have the Germans. The aëroplane as a factor in war is as common as the automobile.

Shooting Into the Air

THE greatest value of aëroplanes is in finding ranges. In these days, in the formal engagements, the riflemen and the artillerists shoot at marks they cannot see. A man shooting from the ground can see about fifteen hundred yards. Frequently he is shooting at an enemy two thousand yards away. The artillery is behind the rifles. So the airship flies straight over the enemy's line, determines the range, flies back and communicates it to the artillerists. Then, with the range determined, the artillerists can land their shells at any given point with the utmost precision.

The bomb-dropping feature of airships of whatever sort is rather futile. Though an airship can find a range for a gun, it cannot apparently drop a bomb with any precision from any considerable height. Such bombs as have been dropped have evidently been dropped in the hope that they might hit something, rather than in the expectation that any precise thing aimed at would be destroyed. But the menace of the airship is strong in the minds of the people, especially in London. After one or two bomb-dropping experiments by the Germans from aëroplanes over Paris the Parisians discovered there was little danger from that sort of warfare, and watched the maneuvers of the German *Tauben* with interest but without much fear. However, the English have had no experiences as yet, and they are afraid of airships and of Zeppelins. The Admiralty printed in all the London papers an intimation that an English airship, or several of them, might be flying over London after September first, and warning the people not to shoot at them if any came. If a German dirigible balloon should sail over the English metropolis some morning the stampede to the cellars would be tremendous.

A man who was in Antwerp on the day the Zeppelin tried its second bomb-dropping experiment told me that the real danger was not from the bombs dropped, but from the attempts to bring down the balloon. Every Belgian soldier had been instructed to fire at any airship or dirigible that appeared, and so had the forts. The consequence was that, as soon as this dirigible did appear, every man who

had a gun, or who controlled a cannon, began shooting straight up in the air; and the further consequence was that presently it began to rain bullets and shells in Antwerp.

The bullets did not hit the airship or anything else except the atmosphere; and after they had gone up as far as the force of the powder behind them would take them, they necessarily came back to earth. War writers have often spoken of a leaden hail. There was one in Antwerp that day. Many skylights in the place were broken, and the scramble to the cellars wounded more people than fifty dropped bombs would have.

An item of news that was not printed in the English papers, but that had wide circulation none the less, concerned an alleged statement by Count Zeppelin. He was asked when he intended to send some of his airships over London. "That will come in due course," he is said to have replied. This, combined with statements that many new dirigibles and many more airships are being made by Germany, caused considerable nervousness in London and made that warning by the Admiralty rather necessary; for all airships look alike to a scared community, and there is no doubt there would have been an attempt to destroy any that should appear.

Without gasoline, these huge armies would be practically helpless, for in a battle line as far-flung as is the present one, and as will be the battle lines of the future if this battle is not decisive, the delay in communication would be fatal; in fact, such battles would be impossible, because of the lack of mobility of the troops. It is true that the soldiers, after railroad trains have been used to their extreme advantage, march many miles, just as did the troops of a hundred years ago, both in the advance and in retreat; but the number of men engaged in any battle in the world's history was so much smaller than the number engaged in the battles of to-day that there can be no analogy drawn.

Gasoline is the most powerfully utilitarian of the nonhuman factors in this war. Without gasoline the present plan of war would be impossible. With gasoline, and the resultant uses of gasoline engines for every sort of propulsive demand, it is feasible for a general to attack with a million or two of men along a battle front of two or three hundred miles, and for another general to defend with similar numbers.

With the aid of gasoline these vast armies can be fed and moved, kept in communication, and their numbers discovered and determined. A modern army travels on its gasoline. If you have watched the dispatches you will observe that the men in charge know this, for gasoline is the first on the list of stores to be commandeered, is first of the tributes demanded from the conquered people, and is more important than food or ammunition, for without it food and ammunition would be tardy if not impossible.

The use of the wireless telegraph, which is of highest value on the ships, and of field telephones and such apparatus, is sufficiently common as to need no comment. There is a factor in this most modern of wars, however, that deserves description. I refer to the big field guns in the possession of the Germans.

Big guns are common enough. We have monsters in our own fortifications—one, and perhaps more, of sixteen-inch bore; and thirteen and fourteen inch guns are placed on all warships of the first class. The newest coast defenses on this side are as well provided with these enormous weapons. It remained for the well-prepared Germans to make use of guns of this great caliber in the field. They have field pieces approximately as large and as terrible as the big guns on the dreadnought battleships.

In the early days of the war there was great rejoicing over the heroic resistance of the Belgian forts at Liège—and it was heroic; but, also, it was possible because the Germans went to the attack of these forts with their lighter guns. They had not brought up the heavy ones. So, after the preliminary assaults, the Germans calmly waited until the big guns came up—guns so large and so powerful that it took thirty horses to drag them.

Then they demolished Liège in short order, for these guns can shoot giant projectiles twelve miles. They are larger than any artillery ever before used in the field. What the Germans did, in effect, was to put on land and use guns similar to those that are carried and used by battleships, and like those which, in ordinary circumstances, are fired from permanent bases in fortifications of the most modern type

After Liège had fallen and the Germans moved on to Namur, there was great consternation because of the almost immediate reduction of that strong fortress. For days and days the London and Paris newspapers and military experts referred to this as The Mystery of Namur. There was no mystery about it. What happened was that the Germans did not attack with light artillery. They had learned their lesson at Liège. They went at Namur with the big guns, and they had Namur in a twinkling.

Furthermore, it is said the Germans have some secret high explosive which is used in the projectiles of these big guns, and which, when the shells burst, does frightful damage. I do not know whether this is true, but I do not

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THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

XIII

OF COURSE Girard rushed to the rescue. At first he was not quite sure which way the rescue lay, but he rushed. When a feminine voice cries "Help!" in any language a gentleman always rushes. He has been educated to do so and he never fails.

There were several doors in the immediate vicinity, and Girard rushed to all of them, one after the other. He rushed to the right one last. It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of us when given a choice, blindfolded, select the lead casket instead of the gold. It is for this reason that we buy stocks that start going down the minute we buy them; and sell stocks that begin to soar directly we sell them.

When he came to the last door—and they were all very thick doors; hence the difficulty in accurately locating the one that was being pounded upon—he put his shoulder against it with telling impact. It gave way at once, suddenly and forcefully. He had expected more resistance, and had not taken into consideration the possibility of less than he expected. Consequently he fell into embarrassment and a lady's lap at the same moment. For in swinging inward the heavy door had sent the occupant of the room to the floor, and Girard, abruptly following, had dropped upon her, his outstretched arms clutching her in saving embrace.

She was a very plump and fragrant little lady. Two of his senses told him that. And when he had risen with what dignity he could command, a third sense informed him that she was beautiful as well. Nor was the beauty a wholly new discovery; for it was not the first time he had seen her. This at least must have been clear to the most casual observer, had there been such, which there wasn't, for he cried instantly in astonishment:

"Suzanne! Suzanne Bougereau!"

And Suzanne, gazing at him in wide-eyed amaze, responded with: "*Mon Dieu! C'est le beau Geoffrey!*"

By Anne Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Mon Dieu! C'est le Beau Geoffrey!"

Then Girard gallantly assisted her to rise, inquiring solicitously the while as to the location and extent of her injuries. But they were so slight as to be of far less importance, in Suzanne's opinion, than the fortuitous circumstance of so strange a meeting after —

"How many years is it, *mon cher?*" she asked, smiling radiantly.

"If you ask my heart," said Girard, "it is eternity. If you ask my eyes, it is but since yesterday."

Yet he remembered very well that it was six years ago that they had met and parted in Macao, a name that ever after had held for him the flavor of romance. Their association had been brief but delirious. She had journeyed there to meet her husband, a French naval officer, and Girard had made the period of waiting an all-too-fleeting golden dream. He saw now that she was in mourning and sensed a tragedy.

"Ah, since then," she sighed, her brown eyes rolling upward, "so much has happened! My poor, poor Jules! He meet the death twenty league deep under the sea in the miserable submarine."

"Poor, poor Jules!" Girard echoed. "He must have been born to mischance."

"And I," she continued—"I am ever since of a nervousness! I see the terror in every little thing. Now it was that stupid door. It only stick some, and I think I am made the prisoner."

"Wise old door!" was Girard's comment. "But for it you would probably now be out walking, and I—I should be in the bosom of my family in the great room below, drinking bad French tea."

"You have the family now?" she asked with interest.

"Just a small family," he answered noncommittally.

"Ah, and me!" she sighed again. "I am all, all alone in the wide world."

There was something really irresistible in the way she used those brown eyes of hers. And then there

was that plumpness and that fragrance. It was the fragrance more than anything else that recalled those days at Macao. Girard wished very much to comfort her. There was a time when he would have cuddled her against his shoulder, and smoothed her round, satiny cheek, and inhaled the rare perfume of her shining black hair. But since Amorette had not been so liberal in privilege-giving as had he, he feared that such a course would smack of disloyalty. So, instead, he said gleefully:

"I'll tell you what we'll do: We'll go downstairs together. I'll present you to the family and you shall drink tea with us. Maybe you like this French tea."

But she drew back in alarm at the very thought. "But no," she cried excitedly; "I cannot. I cannot. It is that I might be seen by ——" And there she paused timorously, afraid even to go on.

"You are hiding then, Suzanne?" Girard asked bluntly.

"No, no—not from the whole world, that is. Only—only from one single man."

"Oh, I see. He wants to marry you, perhaps. He ——"

She was quick to interrupt him.

"No, no; he does not know that I am anywhere in France. But if he should see me he might make to run. And I don't want him to make to run."

"Is it that you wish to marry him then?"

But now the young widow's eyes were blazing. "Name of a dog!" she hissed. "It is that I wish to kill him."

"A distinction possibly without a difference," Girard rattled in English, but she did not understand him. "I hope," he added in her own tongue, "that you are not thinking of doing it here."

"Already I have sent for one that will not hesitate," she snapped murderously. "Here is the good place. Why not?"

"It is so peaceful here; so beautiful. I can't just reconcile it with blood-spilling; that is all," he returned nonchalantly. "Why not lure him to Paris and have it done there?" he added as an afterthought.

Suzanne's plump shoulders shrugged her indifference to the suggestion. "I take him where I find him," she said.

Girard walked to the window and would have looked out, but the curtains were carefully pinned together, and he recognized this as one of Suzanne's precautions against observation.

"I hope he's no friend of mine," he hinted, turning.

"I know my *beau* Geoffrey would not have such a friend," was her reply.

"Then I suppose I shall have to wait until it is all over before presenting you to my family," he laughed. "But I did think it would cheer you up to have a cup of tea with us. Couldn't I keep you posted on when the way is clear? What is the scoundrel's name?"

"He have one name yesterday, another to-day, still one more name to-morrow. I never find him by name; only by his face."

"And he never changes that, I suppose!"

"But no, he think he is so good face he not want to change that ever."

"All right, Suzanne," he said with a step toward the door. "If I see a fellow who thinks he has a good face I'll keep my eye on him for you. If there's anything else I can do for you all you have to do is say the word."

She held out her hand and he bent and kissed it.

When he descended he found that Sprague was making one of the little group gathered about the tea table.

"Where on earth have you been?" asked Amorette, who was sitting next to the American.

"I met an old friend," was his frank answer as he put her handkerchief in her hand. "I've been recalling halcyon days."

"Why didn't you bring him with you? We'd all love to meet any old friend of yours, wouldn't we?" She flung the question about generally and there was a concert of affirmatives.

"I did ask her, but she couldn't arrange it."

Every one evinced sharpened interest.

"Oh, then it wasn't a man?" This from his wife.

"On the contrary"—he smiled—"a lady. I may say a very lovely and charming lady."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Ray—a big, brown-bearded creature of fifty, who didn't look a day over forty.

Madeleine laughed. Like most persons of abundant avoirdupois she seemed always to have a laugh ready and waiting. Ermentrude stared at Amorette, and Percival, not understanding, buried his nose in his teacup. For some reason Sprague's countenance expressed more pleasure than amusement.

"I don't wonder she couldn't arrange it," said Amorette lightly. "I always hate, myself, to meet the wives of men I've once been in love with. And I suppose she had been in love with you."

A spirit of mischief pervaded Girard, excited possibly by Sprague's attentions to Amorette and Amorette's apparent satisfaction.

"I didn't mention my wife. The last time I saw her I hadn't one. I was keeping it for a surprise."

He saw his wife's lips tighten as she turned to her neighbor with: "Do finish your story, Mr. Sprague. It was most amusing."

"If Only She Wait One Little Time She Might Make the Elopement With the Cadaver"

But Ray, sensing a strain on the situation, plunged in with: "Tell us all about her, Girard. I hope she isn't an American by any chance. They're the most dangerous women in the world."

"Dangerous only to the aristocracy, dear," Madeleine modified as she passed Girard the cup of tea she had poured for him.

"She's a Frenchwoman," he said as he took it, his voice so penetratingly raised that Amorette must get it. "And I'm not sure that Frenchwomen are not more dangerous than those from the States. They've always had a wonderful fascination for me. But you see when I knew this lady before, she was the one who was burdened with matrimony. If she had been free, things might have turned out differently. Remember the verse, don't you?

"'Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.'"

He had barely finished when Amorette was on her feet.

"I've had quite enough of this tea," she said with an air of languor that Girard knew very well indeed. "And it's so fine out that it's a crime to stop indoors. Mr. Sprague and I are going for a walk."

"Quite right, my dear," volunteered her husband affably, though she had not deigned to address him. "The walks about Chinon are ideal, aren't they, Ray?"

"To-morrow," Amorette threw back from the doorway, "I am going to take Mr. Sprague to the Abbey of Fontevrault and show him the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion. His name is Richard, too, he tells me."

XIV

AT TEN o'clock the next morning Girard, standing alone in the courtyard of the inn, was in the act of lighting a cigarette when the echo of a gay little laugh from directly behind him brought him abruptly about.

"*Bonjour, mon beau Geoffrey!*"

Suzanne, as radiant as the morning itself—and it was the most radiant of mornings—was indulging in a deliciously quaint but graceful mock curtsy. The charms of some women are marvelously enhanced by solemn black. Suzanne was one of them. Her radiance radiated the more by contrast with her mournful garb.

"Good morning, *ma belle recluse!*" he returned. "Aren't you afraid of affrighting the enemy?"

"The enemy have gone for the walk," was her answer, adopting his tongue with somewhat ludicrous effect. "I keep on him the eye from *la fenêtre*. He have gone for the walk with the lady."

"The gentleman who thinks he is of the good face?"

"*Oui, m'sieur.* Only he is not one gentleman."

"In strict confidence," said Girard, "I'll admit I am not surprised to learn that, and am quite willing, madame, to accept your version of the case. You probably know him better and longer than I."

"Ah!" she exclaimed animatedly. "It is that you know him then—*un peu?*"

"Yes, only somewhat," Girard answered, smiling.

"And the lady? You know her somewhat also?"

"Yes, I know her somewhat better."

"It is that he have not robbed her yet perhaps?"

"Robbed her?" cried Girard, in well-feigned astonishment. "Is it then that he is a bandit?"

"*Le voleur de grand chemin*—what you say—highwayman? No, no! He make to rob the lady by the—the *escroquerie.*"

"Ah, I see. The swindle. It is then that he is a swindler?"

"Yes, yes."

"He sells the gold brick perhaps. Yes?"

"He make believe to sell the mine copper."

Girard's brows lifted. He threw away his cigarette. "His copper now is turned to yellow gold," he told her. "He is a sorcerer, a transmuter of metals. I am beginning to respect him."

"Wait!" she cried excitedly. "Wait until my good, brave Paul he come. Then there will be no him to respect."

"And when is your good, brave Paul coming?"

"After *déjeuner* at the most late."

"Suppose then that now, before *déjeuner*, you and I go for a walk," Girard proposed.

"But if perhaps I ——" she began in alarmed protest.

"But you won't," her companion interrupted. "I know which way they have gone. We'll go the other way. There is no danger of meeting the enemy, I promise you."

Reassured, Suzanne consented and he took her to the château. There on the stone top of the Tour de Boissy, where he and Amorette had sat the afternoon before, he drew from her the story of the unprincipled and unrepresentative American and how he had made her a victim.

For a year following her husband's death Suzanne had lived with some of her kinsfolk in New York. In that wonderful city of quick fortunes they had grown rich. Fortunate investments in skyrocketing copper stocks, in which they had snatched their profits at top figures, were their short roads to affluence, and Suzanne naturally was not totally without envy. At a French restaurant of the first class where they all dined frequently she had been presented to Sprague by the proprietor himself. And Sprague had not simply copper stocks to sell, but copper mines, developed and producing. For one-quarter interest in one of these she had given him the thirty thousand francs inherited from her deceased husband and kept intact until that fell day. At the end of one little month the income which was to spell riches for her would, he told her, begin to come in. In a short time, he promised, she was destined to be ranking with the most spectacular of American millionaires. But at the end of one little month Sprague had vanished and her investment had vanished with him.

Then there had come a day when in a newspaper she had fallen upon an advertisement requesting victims of the swindler to communicate with a certain Paul Burrows at a certain address in Wall Street; and Suzanne, communicating, had met the "good, brave Paul."

Girard gathered that the intimacy that developed was not wholly confined to business. Eventually Suzanne had returned to Tours, her native city, and had found employment there in a shop. And thither Paul was journeying for a visit at the very moment that Sprague, passing the shop door, had fallen so fortuitously upon the Rays. In bowing Mrs. Ray out Suzanne had witnessed the meeting. She had seen Sprague enter the Ray automobile. Mrs. Ray had dropped a word, while making her purchases, that betrayed Chinon as her stopping place. And so Suzanne, losing no time, wired Paul, who had just reached London, to make haste; and, that she might not in the meantime again lose sight of her quarry, followed at once to Chinon by train.

It was not by any means a brief story as Girard drew it out and as the pretty, spirited little French widow recited it. Before it was finished the hour for luncheon had come and gone; but so interested were they both that neither knew or cared. When, however, catching sight of the hour on his wrist watch, Girard sprang up, Suzanne was instantly all alarm.

"While I talk," she cried excitedly, "my Paul he may perhaps have make himself to arrive."

And as a matter of fact that was precisely what he had done; and, not finding Suzanne, he had promptly sallied forth in search of her. Amorette likewise had "made herself to arrive," but had not sallied forth. On the contrary she had awaited Girard's return, slyly ensconced where she

could see without being seen, and so witnessed his coming with the attractive little brunette, thereby delaying her meal in spite of an appetite that was at once lively and insistent.

Girard, descending from his room after a hurried ablution, came upon her at the foot of the stone stairs

"Ah, back so soon?" he said pleasantly. "I fancied you might make a day of it."

"I've been here the better part of an hour," she reproached. "How could you think I'd not return for luncheon?"

"I know how time flies in pleasantly congenial company," was his significant answer, and his wife did not fail to catch its significance. "I'm sure you must have had a delightful morning with Mr. Sprague. I trust it wasn't any sense of duty that caused you to shorten it."

Amorette laughed lightly—that is to say, she affected to laugh lightly, but the attempt was not altogether successful. "Oh, dear no," she disclaimed. "A sense of hunger rather."

"That's odd. For my part I had no notion it was anywhere near lunch time. Still I fancy I had perhaps better have a bite. Do you, by any chance, care to sit with me while I eat? Or is Mr. Sprague waiting for you?" And Girard moved a step in the direction of the dining room.

"Sit with you?" she cried, her temper flaming in spite of her. "I should say not. Mr. Sprague and I are going on the river. I hope you and ——" But Girard broke in with:

"By all means. I wouldn't detain you for worlds, darling." And he was off before she could fling him another word.

But if, deep down, Girard experienced the least uneasiness over this little passage at arms, it was speedily relieved by an incident that occurred while he was lunching. The hasty preparation of a tray well stocked with edibles went on directly before his eyes. It might, of course, be for Madame Bougereau; but she was doubtless still waiting for her Paul. Therefore it was much more likely for his wife, who was not going on the river at all. To make sure, however, he said to the girl who was dressing the salad:

"Remember, Madame Girard takes only very little vinegar, Marie."

And the girl replied: "*Oui, oui, m'sieu'*; I know that very well. I use only *un soupçon*."

Then Girard smiled into his plate and thought innumerable sweet things of the wife who, hungry, had waited an hour for his coming, and for revenge merely denied him her society at table. After all, he was going to have a far easier time with the final stage of her taming than he had expected.

His luncheon over, he went out alone. It was a difficult thing thus solitarily to kill time, but he managed it. He made a point of returning late for dinner. But when he mounted to their rooms Amorette was not there. He dressed hurriedly and descended. She was not at the table. The Rays—none of them had seen her.

He waited half an hour. Then he asked the *portier*.

But, yes, he had seen madame go out about four o'clock. She had carried a small traveling bag. She had gone in the direction of the railway station.

Later he learned that Mr. Sprague had likewise departed—without paying his bill.

XV

THERE are very few persons who cannot put two and two together. At the Inn of the Golden Pelican that evening everybody was engaged on this easiest of problems. Yet, strangely enough, the results were not in every case the same. Very far from it. In truth Girard was the only one who arrived at the correct answer. And he, the one who should have been most perturbed, was to all appearances the most content.

Madeleine Ray, who was bent on sympathizing with him, veered to reproaches and finished in a maze of perplexity. Later she said to her husband: "The man is either demented or a born imbecile. From the day he married Amorette he has persisted in throwing her at her old loves and encouraging new ones as well. Jealousy—too much of it—is reprehensible, but indifference is a thousand times worse. It's a knife at the throat of love. Girard deserves everything he is getting."

"He was a fool to marry her," observed the artist. "If he'd known her as well as I do he never would have thought of it. She's a born coquette. She lives on admiration and she wants a new brand every day." Then Gilbert Ray swore openly. "But I do wish to heaven she'd have postponed her elopement for twenty-four hours. It might have made a big difference in our fortunes. I had about persuaded that fellow Sprague to turn over to me a quarter interest in one of his Tonopah gold mines."

Suzanne Bougereau was wishing precisely the same thing, but for a very different reason. With a hand on each shoulder of her "Paul *le bon et le brave*," and her great brown eyes in closest communion with his snapping blue ones, she was bemoaning "*le désastre terrible*."

"If only she wait one little time she might make the elopement with the cadaver," she concluded.

"Never mind, sweetheart," said Burrows, holding her close. "Two persons are very much easier to trace than one. I have chartered a fast automobile and will be in Paris as soon as they."

Then he bade her a touchingly affectionate *au revoir* and was gone. And Suzanne retired to her room to weep and to pray for the success of her hero's murderous expedition.

Girard, meanwhile, having gathered Ray's companionship, sat on the terrace of a café in the moonlight, smoking innumerable cigarettes. Incidentally he regaled the artist with some ingenious fiction spontaneously invented:

"Now that we've all had our little surmises and several of us have expressed our views, more or less wisely and well considered, I may as well tell you that Amorette left me a note explaining everything."

Ray started so suddenly that he narrowly escaped overturning his beer glass.

"Left you a note?" he questioned in astonishment. "Then why did you ——"

"Make inquiries?" Girard supplied. "I'll tell you Very simple, indeed, my dear Ray, when you know. In my anxiety I overlooked it, although it was pinned to a pincushion on my dressing table and must have been directly before my eyes all the while."

"And what did the note say?"

"It said that she had had a letter from a cousin in Yorkshire—a favorite cousin. She made it very plain that it was a favorite cousin. She had the word 'favorite' underscored twice."

"Well?"

"Cousin Martha—her name is Martha, I forgot to say that—wrote that she was seriously ill; in fact death might come now at any moment; and that she must—Amorette had that 'must' underscored as well—see her before she breathed her last; because there was a family secret which she had long held—a very vitally important family secret—which would die with her unless Amorette came to claim it. Amorette couldn't bear to think of Cousin Martha and the secret both going out at the same time, so although she was desolate at the thought of leaving without kissing me good-by, she just had to take that four-nineteen train."

Ray drained his glass, looked puzzled and not a little incredulous, and asked: "But why a note? Madeleine wasn't out of the inn all the afternoon. Couldn't she have told her?"

"There wasn't time. You should see how that note was scrawled. It was almost undecipherable. Besides ——"

"Besides what?" Ray growled.

"Besides, there was the secret."

"Well, what of that?"

"She probably didn't wish anyone to know that her family had a secret. It might be taken as a reflection. Of course I can depend on you to preserve this confidence. Possibly I shouldn't have spoken of it; but I don't want you to get a wrong impression. I'd rather you knew about the secret than think Amorette and I haven't got on as beautifully as we really have. I want you to understand that her going was not in any sense of the word an elopement. We trust each other implicitly."

"It seems to me," ventured Ray, "that you trusted each other too much."

"Not a bit of it," Girard protested. "We have the most perfect mutual confidence. I am going to stop right on here, and as soon as Amorette gets the secret and folds her Cousin Martha's hands for her last sleep she will return."

The artist looked more incredulous than ever; but Girard's face was very grave and there was even a catch in his voice when he spoke of Cousin Martha's last sleep. Still Ray felt that he must sift the affair to its dregs:

"Then Sprague's disappearance at the same time was only a coincidence?"

"Sprague didn't disappear at the same time."

"Didn't?"

"No—that is, not exactly. Amorette added a postscript about that. I can give it you verbatim. It was just this: 'P. S. Mr. Sprague gone to Blois. I lent him your car.'" Then Girard leaned back with an air of great satisfaction, as if to say: "There, doesn't that clear up everything nicely?"

Continued on Page 49

On the Paper Were Two Words Printed in Capital Letters: "On Guard"

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What They are Fighting For

THEY all say they are fighting for existence; but, with the possible exception of Belgium, none of them is. Of all big nations Austria-Hungary is least strongly bound together by racial ties. With its various peoples and bitter racial jealousies, it is only a sort of political convenience, which has survived because it was finally more convenient than any other practicable arrangement. It is badly governed and has been defeated in three modern wars; yet it stands to-day very much as it stood before the French Revolution.

To suppose that Great Britain, France or Germany will cease to exist as nations, however the fortunes of battle go, is absurd. It is within the bounds of possibility that a triumphant Germany, having torpedoed the British Navy, might annex Belgium. A victorious Russia might carve some Slav territory from the Dual Monarchy. A victorious France would get back Alsace and Lorraine. But where there is real nationality among the Powers that launched the war there will be a real nation when war is over.

Much more strangely, they say they are fighting for civilization. Each, pointing to the other, cries: "The Hun is at the gate!" If the Hun were within the gate he would be doing substantially what these defenders of civilization do. The Slav, who serves as Germany's bogy, would do no worse to civilization than Germany is doing.

The old civilization was not destroyed by Huns. It decayed. European civilization's danger is not from any horde of invading barbarians, but from a Europe turned barbarous. No war ever had less valid excuse.

The Plight of Socialism

THE German Government and German Socialism, we hear, are now on the best of terms. The great Socialist newspaper of Berlin, far from being frowned on any longer by officialdom, is now circulated, even in the army, with officialdom's benevolent approval.

Certainly the German Government has changed no whit since last July, when Socialism confronted it with unflinching devotion to the social revolution. The Government has not even dreamed of brightening its Ethiopic skin or of rubbing out a single leopard's spot. What, then, has Socialism yielded or compromised?

Of course it has yielded antimilitarism and internationalism—two principles by which it formerly set great store and which in great part constituted its basic distinction from every other party. With them gone, it is really only our progressive movement or British liberalism—a party, that is, of reform, of even radical reform in certain details, but in big things quite committed to the present social constitution.

Six months after the war is over, no doubt, German Socialism will resume its old stand; but for long thereafter its declarations of internationalism and antimilitarism must have a strange sound in view of the events of this fall.

Not that we are blaming German Socialism, however. Undoubtedly it will be as useful in the future as it has been in the past by criticizing details and by securing certain reforms in details. That it contained within its bosom a dynamic promise—or threat—of upsetting the entire social constitution we never believed. When the constitution really needed its aid it responded with a loud *Hoch!*—as we supposed it would.

Our National Defenses

ONE taproot of this war runs back to 1870, when Germany forced France to cede the essentially French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. That was an unjust, ruthless act, accomplished by sheer brute force. France has hated Germany for it ever since and bided her time for vengeance. After the war between Japan and China, Germany intervened against Japan overbearingly. Japan has nursed that grievance and seized the first opportunity to settle the score. Undoubtedly the two other members of the Triple Alliance counted on Italy's support; but the Italian people hated Austria for long oppression. Weighed against volumes of Austrian wrongs the Alliance counted for nothing.

There are no forts on Mason and Dixon's Line. The South is not looking back to 1860 and asking herself how many army corps and siege guns she can muster against the North; nor is the North counting its security against Southern aggression in military terms.

For four thousand miles on the north a mere chalk mark separates us from the British Empire. Nobody on either side of the line is uneasy about that. Years of fair dealing, mutual respect, courtesy and good will make infinitely stronger defenses against war between North and South, or between the United States and Canada, than if we had all the Kaiser's soldiers or all the King's ships.

The relations between this country and Central America and South America are probably better at this writing than they have ever been before. The moderation, patience and convincing proofs of genuine good will that we showed in the Mexican affair are the reasons for this. We could have driven Huerta out of Mexico at the point of the bayonet and thereby earned a quantity of Latin-American suspicion, irritation and hatred, which, in turn, would have made it advisable for us to strengthen our army and navy.

Our most dependable national defenses against war are justice, moderation and good will. This war is not an argument for another army corps or a new stride in navy building. That is the road Europe has traveled. In Northeastern France we see its goal.

Where We May Gain

THAT the population of this country, since 1840, has been multiplied by six, and the wealth by twenty-five, is due in no small part to bad conditions in Europe. Since that date we have received thirty million immigrants from Europe. Famine, rackrents, bigotry and oppression in Ireland started the stream of emigration which in less than a generation transplanted two million inhabitants of that country to our soil. Repression and reaction, following the liberal movement of the forties, assisted powerfully in sending us almost a million Germans in a single decade. From the United Kingdom and from Germany we drew over ten million settlers between 1840 and the end of the century. Their value to this country is incalculable.

Latterly immigration from the most advanced countries of Western Europe has been on a small scale. In 1913 we got less than ten thousand from France, only thirty-five thousand from Germany, and eighty-eight thousand from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combined. As between those countries and the United States, the balance was so nearly even that we had no particular advantages to offer.

Directly and immediately we shall lose a great deal by this war. We shall lose international trade. Probably money will be dear and enterprise checked for a time. The warring nations, however, are piling up a colossal bill to be footed after the peace treaties are signed. Industry will be decimated, taxes multiplied; there will be few households but will have poignant memories of what it means to live in the shadow of the sword. To the most intelligent, enterprising and energetic, the United States may again be the country of distinctly superior opportunity.

Shopping Early

A DOZEN or so years ago nearly every retail establishment in the country remained open in the evenings anywhere from one to three weeks before Christmas, and the Christmas-week rush of buyers made the holiday season a misery to thousands of salespeople. There has been a great improvement. The better city stores now close at the usual hour during the period just before Christmas. Every year more and more buyers do their shopping early.

We are reminded, however, that a great number of retail merchants still generously make themselves Christmas presents of their employees' time. They say they must keep open in the evenings in order to accommodate their trade, which is another way of saying that they find it profitable; but they do not pay their employees for the extra hours. From every employees' Christmas they cut a slice in order to fatten their own stockings.

We wonder what a shopkeeper would think of himself if he found out how many pennies his cash girls had saved for Christmas and made each of them turn over part of the savings to him! The cash girl's time and health and spirits are as much a part of her Christmas as the pennies are. When an employer raids her time and health and spirits, without compensation, he is robbing her of Christmas.

Mere supper, or supper money, is no compensation. If all merchants paid fairly for the extra labor they exact by keeping open in the evenings the profits of the arrangement would be less attractive to some of them.

The Vanishing Correspondent

FROM the point of view of a newspaper reader we approve the rigorous censorship of war news and the absence of correspondents at the front. We get now official and colored reports from headquarters. By means of them newspaper readers have been able to trace the main courses of the fighting in Belgium and France with substantial accuracy. In that vast mêlée, involving two million men and spread over a hundred-mile front, battles like Shiloh and Antietam, and even Gettysburg, become mere incidents. Fighting as hard and bloody and on as big a scale as that of the Wilderness makes a mere detail of the picture and may have very little bearing on the general result.

Any possible individual reporting might give us dramatic incidents, but it could not enlighten us at all as to what we most want to know—namely, whether the Germans or the Allies are gaining. A host of individual correspondents, with free command of the telegraph wires, would have buried us in hopeless confusion.

The war correspondent's occupation is gone—not so much because of the censorship as because the enormous extent of fighting in the Russo-Japanese War, and still more in this war, makes any individual reporting impossible. With war correspondents as numerous and as free-handed as they were during our Civil War, we should know less of how the war is going than we know from the brief and more or less colored official bulletins.

A Better Outlook

IT TOOK a world-war to stop the pork barrel. No less terrible object lesson could have accomplished it. From that reaction of the war on Washington we draw hopeful auguries. Our Government has been the spoiled youth among the nations. For years no responsible person has denied that it is conducted with gross waste. The party now in power cannot deny it, for the Democrats solemnly affirmed it in their last national platform; but not a finger was lifted to stop the waste. So far were the Democrats from reducing it that they even exceeded the Republicans in squandering public money. The spendthrift habit was so chronic that the public accepted it pretty much in the resigned spirit of the indulgent, busy and careless father, who sputters a little now and then, but goes right on footing his young hopeful's outrageous bills.

A great jolt was needed to shake us out of this lazy indulgence—how great may be judged from the fact that, with the European world at war and our revenue suddenly cut by a hundred million dollars, Congress for a time went cheerfully ahead with its pork-barrel Rivers and Harbors Bill—that is, a conflagration was raging two blocks away, and we had lost our bank balance and were borrowing money to pay the cook; but the young hopeful proposed to go right ahead with his purchase of a couple of automobiles, a flying boat and a string of polo ponies. Something terribly real is happening across the water. It may shock the spoiled youth into a sober sense of responsibility.

The Rich Man's Tax

OUR income tax, we believe, is a unique thing among modern fiscal systems. The tax on individual incomes yielded the first year twenty-eight million dollars; but less than thirteen millions of this was derived from the normal tax—that is, from the tax on incomes between three or four thousand dollars and twenty thousand a year.

The remaining fifteen millions—more than half of the total—was derived from the surtax on incomes above twenty thousand dollars a year; in fact the surtax on incomes above one hundred thousand dollars a year yielded nearly ten million dollars. Persons having incomes in excess of five hundred thousand dollars a year paid nearly three million and a half dollars of the income taxes.

These figures are surprising. Accepting them at their face value, we should have a picture of a country divided very sharply into rich and poor. Incomes of the five, ten and fifteen thousand dollar classes are apparently very few. On the other hand, anybody with an income in excess of a hundred thousand dollars a year may fairly be classed as very rich; and there are so many incomes in that class that, as a whole, it yielded more than a third of the total produced by the tax. Judged by the first year's results, the income tax is decidedly a tax on the rich; but we do not believe the returns show the true condition of incomes in the United States.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Was Head of the Suppress Bureau

SOME men are born to trouble; some men achieve trouble; some men have trouble thrust on them. Galloping Freddie Smith got his all three ways—which may be called the generic manner of acquiring tribulation—and various new and improved methods of handing affliction to him were invented and devised by those who were responsible for his former situation, and for those who were supposed to be benefited thereby, the same comprising the press and the public. Galloping Freddie was by way of being the head of the Press Bureau, which a few days after the war began was established in London by the government for the purpose of supplying accurate information to the papers and the people as to the progress of the war, or for the purpose of not supplying the same, as the case may have been—and, it seems, has been and is being.

There is no word the British press and the British public love so dearly and revere so highly as the word Official. Tack that word Official on anything—from tidings of how Rushby got nineteen in one over in a cricket match just previous to the luncheon interval to how the Queen, attended by Lady Isobel Ganthorne-Hardy, visited the Royal Needlework Guild; from the hour St. James's Park closes to the sinking of a ship—and the British are strong for it.

Hence G. Freddie Smith began his work as head of the Press Bureau with happy prospects of its immediate and loyal recognition, albeit it was well enough known that there might be nothing happy about some of the information to be disseminated. He was the official mouthpiece of the government. Nothing was to be true until he told it and everything was to be true that he told.

This seemed right enough. Here was Great Britain at war, and here were Britons waiting to be told what was happening. Naturally the Britons at war desired official information, which was the sort of information Mr. Smith was setting about to provide.

His chief dealings were to be with the press, of course, for the press is the connecting link for information between the government and the people—at least that is the popular fiction about it, or the unpopular fiction, as it may happen. His job was to get from all available sources such news as it was deemed expedient to present, and present said news concretely, in order that all might know of the events on land and on sea. Inasmuch as he was in touch with all sources it seemed that there would be presented a modicum of news.

However, it so happens that the fearsome person at the head of the War Office at the present time—one Earl Kitchener—has rather set notions about what the public should be told in emergencies of this kind. Wherefore Galloping Freddie did not gallop so much as he and others might have anticipated; in fact he did not gallop at all. His gait, as chief of the Press Bureau, was a slow and sedate walk.

Earl Kitchener, as it appears, has no idea that the public has any further concern in a war than to respond in great numbers to his demands for recruits. The earl is not what might be called a publicity seeker; in fact the earl is firmly convinced that when he tells his countrymen to go to war they should go to war immediately, and not bother about the trifling details of what they are going to war about or when or where.

Hence the Press Bureau presided over by Mr. Smith was not so much of a press bureau as it was a suppress bureau. From time to time a thin stream of information trickled out from it; now and then Mr. Smith presented a few drops of news from the vast ocean of knowledge within the confines of the War Office and the Admiralty; but mostly he was both restricted and constricted.

Putting a Checkrein on Galloping Freddie

IT IS plain to be seen that even the British public may desire to know a little something now and again concerning events afield and on the seas, especially in circumstances like those prevailing at the time of this writing—a little something besides the cheerful information that if they do not hurry to the colors the iron heel of the Prussian will be on their aggregated necks; that they are doomed to be slaves—slaves!—in exact contradistinction to the well-known British obsession that Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!—or words to that general effect.

Not daring to take it out on Earl Kitchener, who did not and does not care a filbert whether they try to take it out on him or not, the press and the public turned unanimously to Galloping Freddie, and took it out on him. I have heard of various thankless tasks in my time, but of none, I think, that compares with the task of Smith; who, on the clamoring one hand, was trying to tell the British something official about what was happening to them; and, on the reserved other hand, was in constant abrasion with Earl Kitchener, who does not concede that what is happening is the concern of anyone outside the War Office.

Smith is not of the majority party. He is a Conservative and sits on the Opposition benches in the House of Commons. However, the government felt that he was just the chap to meet the emergency. Smith was the Precocious Young Person in Politics. He was the Smart Boy of the Minority. He was not susceptible.

So they took him—these wise old owls of the majority—they took him and set him at the job wherein he had not a living chance to please anybody; for if he gave out any news he would vex the government, and if he gave out no news he would vex the press and the public.

They knew—these government persons—that the chief of the Press Bureau would be a harassed and harried man. They knew that, in the modern scheme of war, the plan concerning the dissemination of news is twofold: Its first and most important phase is not to discourage enlistment by the spreading of bad news; and its second and almost as vital phase is not to foster false confidence by giving out too much good news.

Though it is perfectly true that, up to the present moment, there has not been enough good news to cause much discussion as to what its effect would be if promulgated, it also is true that it takes a Smith to keep the British public in absolute darkness for more than a week concerning the fortunes of their soldiers.

This was written on a Thursday. On the Sunday previous there was an official statement that brought things somewhat vaguely down to the Wednesday of the week before—that is, for a day more than a week there had been nothing but trifles. But Smith was the boy just the same! He sat up in his Press Bureau and was a glutton for punishment. He took all his troubles as his sponsors knew he would.

You couldn't phase Smith. The novelists, and the poets, and the pro-bono-publico boys, and the editors, and the pamphleteers, and the essayists were all thundering at him; and the newspapers were growling and grouching; and the public wanted to know. Smith took it all as a part of the day's work, and carefully labeled dispatches that were submitted to him:

"The Press Bureau has no objection to the publication of this dispatch, but has no confirmation of it."

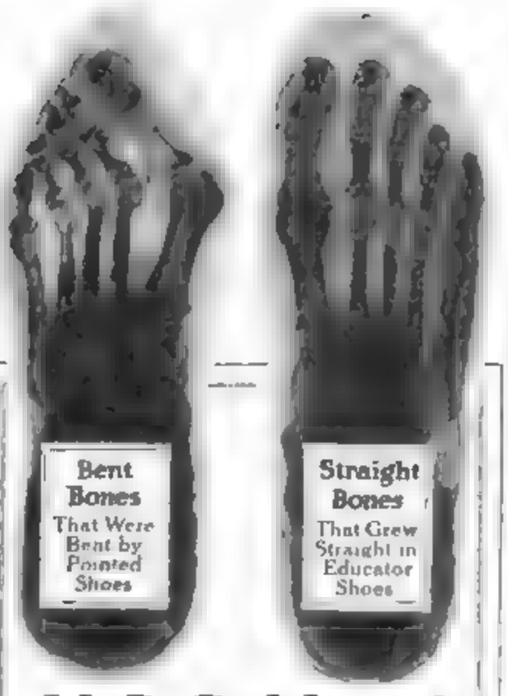
Likewise, when the Times had a story one Sunday that was alarming, Smith edited that story and passed it—and then stood up in the House of Commons like a little man and said he had done this after the Premier had denounced the publication. Smith has a gift for wallowing in trouble.

He came from Liverpool and is one of the leading barristers of England. He has been in the House of Commons for some years, and has a deserved reputation as an effective public speaker. He is a great campaigner and always has an eye to the main chance. He has been a strong Conservative, and has methods of his own that nicknamed him Galloping Freddie.

He is an incessant grandstander, but he has ample ability to back him in any play he makes; and there never has arisen a situation that he has not exuberantly tackled.

And now he is going to tackle a new situation. For word has come that the English Government has ordered him to new fields of usefulness, and another censor reigns in his stead. There may be things Smith can do even better than censoring.

"Here Fido! Nice Doggie!"



U.S. Soldiers' Feet
Mustn't Waste Energy

IT took a special U. S. Army Board *four years* to thrash out the shoe question. And after testing all kinds they ended by adopting permanently a shoe identical with the Rice & Hutchins Educator!

They found out that unnatural, narrow, pointed shoes actually waste 20% or more of bodily Efficiency. Because such shoes bend bones and cause corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, falling arch, etc.

Will it take *you* four years to come to a decision, after you examine the above X-Rays?

The Educator is a good-looking, broad-toed shoe, made scientifically to give just the right foot space—minus ugly looseness. Lets the foot "grow as it should"—"shoos" away corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, etc.—restores wasted Efficiency.

Made for men, women, children; prices $1.35 to $5.50. Famous for quality of material and workmanship—plus long wear

When you buy your next shoes, try on Educators. But see that EDUCATOR is branded on the sole—else it's not a genuine *orthopaedically correct* Rice & Hutchins Educator. If your dealer doesn't sell them, write us. Write anyway for interesting Free Book—

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

in which famous orthopaedic surgeons tell how to walk, how to have straight, boned healthy feet, etc. Send post card today.

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Misses' Extension Dull Calf Blucher Same style for Infants, Children, Boys' Misses' Also a heavier shoe on same pattern for Boys and Little Men.
"Lets the foot grow as it should"

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World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family
14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

The Unemotional Frenchman

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

II

FOR our *laissez passers*—papers of identity—the police chief of Saint-Gaudens explained we should need photographs of ourselves. We left him, therefore, to find a photographer and lodgings. Never could a barracks have been more deficient in either. Our first photographer had gone to the war. The second sold only picture postal cards. Then, however, to our good fortune a handsome young lieutenant, who had been leaning from a window watching my efforts to handle our very big car in the exceedingly small street, came down and offered to help us. In three minutes he had found the man we wanted—a little old artist at the top of a ramshackle flight of stairs.

At the hotel, where next we turned, we met with confusion for the first time. The conscription had already made its inroads into the hotel force and those who remained were so dazed by the military that they apparently did not care what we did, and left us to find our own rooms above the quartermaster's department of the barracks.

From our windows we could look down on a yard heaped with many boxes of hats, coats, trousers, shoes and other equipment. Here each reservist from the surrounding country, after he had registered, went and helped himself at haphazard. From our Yankee point of view a more impossible campaigning outfit it would be difficult to imagine. The heavy blue coat and baggy bright red trousers, rolled up at the ankles, in no case ever constituted a fit or gave the slightest suggestion of comfort beneath that hot August sun. Cruel-looking shoes, pounds of equipment and a commonplace visored cap completed the outfit; yet the French soldiers accepted their uniforms as cheerfully as the nation accepted every detail of this great mobilization. They never appeared in any makeshift costume or with their coats over their arms; and I cannot but believe that the French Government had equipped them with an economical eye for all conditions.

Not far from the hotel stood the ancient red sandstone church sanctified long ago, according to legend, by the gladsome boy martyr who made the ultimate sacrifice for Christian faith in this his name town. We entered its doors understanding that there was no service and that we might with propriety visit it. We stopped at once. In the shadows of the heavy Romanesque arches were many women kneeling, black-gowned, black-veiled, facing the dimly seen effigy of Mary. There was not a movement in the dusk, not a sound. They were those who had given their sons. Nothing remained to them but prayer. The shadows were dark among the stones where they knelt. One little light burned over the altar and it was good to pray to.

Soldiers Made Overnight

Even war days have their reliefs and contrasts, however, and our night at the hotel proved anything but solemn. The dining room was full of reservist officers, whose immediate presence in their unaccustomed uniforms gave us a new realization of how speedy and how thorough had been the response to the call of the day before. We knew these men to be prepared; yet beneath those uniforms was still plainly visible their civil and mercantile calling. One in particular, who attempted to hide this fact, amused us as, arrayed in the smart pale-blue uniform of the crack light cavalry, he made a valiant attempt to swagger to his seat. Alas, his horse had evidently led him a gay life that day, for his stride was as one unaccustomed to earth! And, last touch of all, at his belt he carried a change of hats tied by a string to what appeared to be to-morrow's luncheon.

For the most part, however, the officers were by no means as self-conscious as would have been their Anglo-Saxon counterparts if placed in similar circumstances; and, for all their boots and spurs, they addressed themselves to the excellent meal with great satisfaction. Even our appearance, so obviously English, made no difference. Their attention was fixed on that good dinner—probably the last for months.

Nor did their conversation lack the national chaff. One man, a stout one, obtained so much satisfaction out of his food that the others, as they filed past, took him to task for remaining so long at table. He returned as good as he received, and his parting shot to a palpable hit at his weakness was:

"Tell the *patronne* that I am now a resident here; that I shall remain until after the French win their first six victories."

Bibulous patriotism is assuredly not a French characteristic. But single men in barracks are apt lightly to regard the conventional; and that night, emancipated from the restraints of civil life, they let loose in the restaurant below us their patriotic ardor, which had been fed by more or less alcoholic fuel.

It was near midnight. After that day of motoring, arguing, telegraphing, no beds could have felt better. Yet scarcely had we found the sheets when some lad, with soul aglow with thoughts of his nation's distress and former glory, began to render the Marseillaise—I will not say he sang it. In the courtyard directly below us was a dog of confused lineage, but also with a soul aglow. He caught the refrain and it woke in him thoughts demanding expression in melancholic cadence. Farewell to sleep!

Pouring Water on a Troubled Dog

The singer's comrades helped him. Music, I understand, has charms that soothe the savage breast. Whether the four-legged thing in chains had too much or too little of the savage in him is immaterial; his outpourings denoted only pain. Then came a variation of the Russian National Anthem, with cheers; a new rendering of God Save the King; once more the Marseillaise—and all the time the sensitive soul below, tossed to and fro by the tones of those rural harmonies, made noises still more hideous.

I rose and deliberately sought the washstand. My aim was true. Bruno, Prince—whatever may have been his name—checked his vocal outrage in a measure. Now he only wept. His pride was hurt. He sobbed through the long night. They were short, moist, choking sobs, scarcely to be heard when the songs were loud, but all-pervasive in the lulls. I saw that dog in the morning. He was a common, everyday canine, big and black-faced, and his features were still wet.

After breakfast we were eager for news. Much could have happened in the darkness. I went to a newspaper store. No paper had come. When did the proprietor expect one? His reply was a mild shrug and a mild "Who knows?"

His tone and his shrug were picturesquely and eloquently expressive of the attitude of the French people and press. They accepted finally and cheerfully the fiat of the government on what should be printed and when the printed page should be delivered to the public. The philosophic temper was general. National unity made men patient. Never have I seen scantier information about stupendous events, or the lack of it, more equably accepted. Indeed the newspapers carried each day a notice to their readers that their columns were under governmental censorship; and at this supervision there was no complaint, by either press or readers, but rather an expressed determination to submit to it and to abide by it.

From the news store we went to keep our appointment with the police chief. We were somewhat ahead of him at the office, which gave us once more an insight into the timing of the official notices. With a brisk good morning he went to a locker, picked out a well-sealed package, opened it and spread before us the order concerning the circulation of strangers, which the afternoon before he had stated would be forthcoming on the morrow. He gave us the gist of its contents. We produced our photographs, which fully answered the exigencies of the situation, for we were at least recognizable. He made out our *laissez passers*, and with a handshake all round we said good-by and betook ourselves to the local garage for gasoline.

Madame was desolated, but she had no "essence." All had been requisitioned by the military. Here was a pretty how-do-you-do! We were about to start on a ride of more than three hundred miles, with only sufficient power in our tank to move our two-ton green elephant a sixth of that distance. We slid out of town in gloomy silence. We asked here, we asked there. Invariably we met the same answer, "Requisitioned by the military"—with once, by way of consolation, a "God save the King!" sung out after us by a boy of eighteen.

At length we saw a maiden sitting in the shade of a deserted street on one of those familiar green boxes that should hold ten of the crowded *bidons* in which you receive gasoline in France. Innocent she must have been of passing events, or dilatory the military in her village. Yes, she had "essence." With stealthy glances up and down the street we poured that evasive fluid into our tank and purchased all the tins she had to spare. From that moment *bidons*, full *bidons*, were as jewels of gold to be hidden in lunch baskets and under cloaks, lied about, stolen or cuddled in our laps and crooned to.

It was not long after our initial encounter with the gasoline problem that we were first asked to show our papers at a tiny village evidently ready for business. The authorities had erected across the street a barricade of packing boxes and flagpoles. It was surrounded and surmounted by the mayor, the chief of police, the local customs official, a gendarme or two, several deputies with green badges on their sleeves, a squad of soldiers and half the women and children of the town. The other half were at the other end of the street waiting for other spies to be trapped in that direction.

Obviously I must stop; but on doing so good-naturedly I met, as always, with nothing but courtesy as they asked for my papers. Were we English? they inquired hopefully. No, from the United States. They concealed their disappointment politely and adjourned to the *octroi* to register the number of the car, all the time apologizing for the delay and explaining that it was needful to take precautions.

Peaceful Tourists on the Warpath

I could not blame them. In the first place, vehicle traffic had virtually stopped. There were no carts on the road, and ours was the only automobile that I saw in civil use that day. In the second place, my being stopped was simply one cog in the great wheel of mobilization that had been set in motion without a jar. When a nation within twenty-four hours patrols every foot of its railroad lines with soldiers in sight of one another, guards every bridge, closes all telephones, has paper currency ready to meet the hoarding of gold and silver, censors its press, forbids the sale of absinth in large towns, and refuses to allow even its own inhabitants to use the roads between six o'clock in the evening and six in the morning—a stranger can hardly object to showing his papers on demand, even if the demand is repeated at every bridge and in every second or third village.

Luckily for us our examination was seldom so strict as in the first instance. Yet, however perfunctory it might become for a time, some incident was sure to arise to impress us with the fact that we were continually under the official eye. For instance, one morning in Carcassonne I had not even finished my coffee when two frock-coated men appeared and with the gentle courtesy of undertakers requested me to withdraw with them to an adjoining room.

Who was I? Whence had I come? Whither was I going? I satisfied them on all diverse points and they bowed themselves out, murmuring regrets at the annoyance given me. Being a stranger in France just then had its disadvantages.

From that first day out of Saint-Gaudens men in uniform began to be in evidence. We could see them patrolling the railroad tracks. They rose from eating luncheon beneath the bridges and ingenuously went through the form of inspecting our papers while black-bloused children peered from under their arms at our unflattering photographs. Soldiers were camped by the roadside. They thronged about the mayors' offices and at the railroad stations—lads of eighteen and men of over forty. As we sped along the highways we overtook trainload after trainload of them, crammed like cattle into third-class carriages or packed in

freight vans. Poor devils! They seemed very hot and very bewildered in their huge, ill-cut blue overcoats, buttoned back at the knee to give a little more freedom to the legs enveloped in baggy red trousers.

Otherwise, however, as I have said, the roads seemed abandoned. Nothing now remained to move on them, for everything save the donkeys had been requisitioned by the military. These little animals, of course, realized that they must do it all. So they puffed themselves up with true Gallic importance and gripped their bits in their little furry mouths, and with eyes on the ground and tiny hoofs going fast they hauled crops, pans, vegetables, father, mother and the children.

In the fields the women, with their boys and girls and the older men, who were not to be called for several days, worked ceaselessly at harvesting the crops. By the end of the mobilization, a little more than a week's time, every able-bodied male between the ages of eighteen and fifty-six would be in the service. The best that could be done was to reap as much as possible and to conserve where conservation could be effected; so with true national thrift they wasted no time in conversation, but worked to the last possible limit set by the authorities. Did we not see a shoemaker sitting cross-legged at his final pair of boots after having donned his uniform?

We had planned to make the run from Saint-Gaudens to Toulouse in the morning, as Toulouse not only was on our way but also had been appointed as one of the chief concentration camps, where we felt we should find the true aspect of the country. We arrived there without difficulty; but the life had gone from the city. Even the troops, of whom there must have been thousands, were little in evidence. Houses and stores stood closed, the restaurants half-peopled.

Since the scene in the church at Saint-Gaudens I had felt a sense of oppression that seemed akin to some like experience of years before. At last I recalled the terrible Slocum disaster, at the time of which I had been a reporter in New York and was assigned to cover the streets about the Lutheran Church whence were buried the hundreds of victims of that catastrophe. These houses of France were hushed as had been those at home. Here, as there, men and women stoically faced the inevitable—here what might come; there what had been.

In one particular alone did we find signs of activity at Toulouse. It was on the outskirts of this city that we first saw what later became a common sight: the bringing in from the country of horses and mules for military service. One of the more distant squares of the town was packed with them, being inspected and branded by the army veterinarians, while along all the roads leading into the city came files of animals. They were for draft service, and their requisition by the military was obviously the reason for the almost complete cessation of agricultural work which we had noticed, and which meant a great financial loss that could not be repaired by any sum the government might rob from Peter to pay Paul. Yet here, as elsewhere, the sacrifice of the private weal for the public good was made with patriotism.

Passing Out of France

From Toulouse we sought Carcassonne, arriving there late in the afternoon. We entered the city by way of the railroad station. As we crossed a bridge over the tracks we heard the crowd that lined the sides cheer, and from below a cheer struggle upward above the din of the locomotives. We joined those along the rails. An interminable troop train rolled through the cutting, all the windows massed with the blue overcoats and red hats of the boys who were going north. It seemed so pitiful and yet so much worth while.

We drove slowly up the narrow streets of the ancient city. Soldiers, women and children swarmed about us; yet not a store was open, hardly a word spoken. It seemed impossible that two weeks before we had rambled through Paris on the night of its National Fête Day, when almost every street corner had its lights and throng of dancers.

Narbonne, our next stop, like Carcassonne proved to be a center for troops; and in our efforts to obtain a new military pass we saw most of the town. That we succeeded in our quest as quickly as we did was due solely to the grace of a soldier boy, who good-naturedly enough climbed into the front seat to show me the way.

At the Place, or the Bureau Militaire, which is what they call the office I sought, the chief official was away. The corporal in charge expressed his regrets.

"I cannot give this gentleman his permit. He must wait for *mon colonel*," he explained to a well-fed friend near by.

"That means a delay, and I should leave your country at once," I interrupted.

The friend agreed that it was too bad to detain me. The corporal reached for pen and paper.

"Where do you wish to go?"

"To Mentone—to Italy."

"But I can give you a pass only to the next military district—to Marseilles," he objected.

At this point his friend became my friend.

"If you cannot give him a pass anyway, what hinders you from giving him one for the whole distance?"

The corporal mused an instant, shrugged his shoulders and presented me with a very officially stamped and sealed and perfectly irregular permit to travel to Mentone in an automobile.

While searching for this military document I had also been to the mayor's office, where my civil papers were viséed. I had told the officials there that I wished to leave town at once; for they were invariably most particular never to stamp papers until the actual moment of departure. However, we met with so much trouble immediately afterward that we decided to stay for luncheon. Therefore it must have been an hour and a half later when the chief of police found me by the sidewalk, making an adjustment to the car. He had a word or two to say in passing. Five minutes later he returned.

"I only wished to tell you that you need not report to the mayor again before leaving," he explained.

Giving "Mon Colonel" a Lift

From Narbonne to Montpellier little broke the monotony; but the latter city furnished us with a bit of drama. As we drew into the chief square we heard voices in the distance. With the rest of those about us we turned toward the street that led from the railroad station. Up it, on their way to the barracks, came a body of recruits singing the Marseillaise.

We had seen recruits before, mostly huddled together like cattle driven to the slaughter. We had heard the Marseillaise sung before, especially in that maudlin fashion in Saint-Gaudens. These men were neither cattle nor maudlin. They were unkempt and they perspired. They were dirty. They smelled of garlic and their bundles were awry. But they were sober, and they were proud as they passed up the hot, sunlit street; and they sang the song of their land and marched it as their fathers must have marched and sung it when first it was written, as the Reds of the Midi sang it, marching north. The crowds sitting in front of the cafés and the mob that had been reading a fresh proclamation by the mayor, applauded; and we three Yankees applauded with them.

That night we planned to reach Arles and therefore were soon rolling down one of the endless straight roads, lined by huge, regularly planted sycamores, when we met *mon colonel*. He was a fatherly, elderly, lank, long-nosed, beuniformed colonel. He was standing nervously in the middle of the road, watching three of his devoted *enfants* wrestle with a tire. They were quite purple, for they would not part with their overcoats and the thermometer stood higher than I like to think about. I took pity on him.

Yes; he wished to go to Lunel, twenty kilometers beyond, and he would be glad if I would carry him.

My driving speed on French roads rarely exceeded thirty miles an hour, and at that pace we rambled on. For a time the colonel gossiped politely concerning the impossibility of settling difficulties by messenger or telephone. Then the conversation flagged. His abstraction grew on him. He pulled at his gray beard and settled his spectacles. There was a fly in the ointment.

"Shall I go faster?" I asked.

"That is as you desire," he replied politely.

I took the hint. The car shot down the stretch and the colonel was happy.

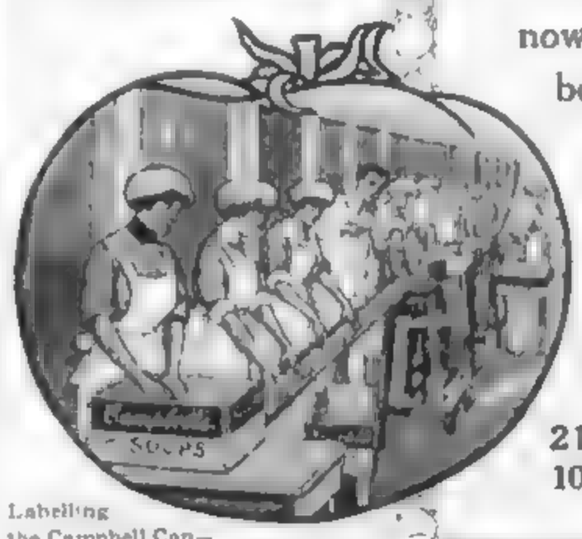
Hitherto we had invariably met with difficulties in making our way through crowds. We were often asked for our *laissez*

Potting the young plant.

Setting it out in the field

Gathering the perfect fruit

Delivering it at the Campbell Plant



Labelling the Campbell Can—One machine labels 17,500 cans in one hour.

The HISTORY of the FINEST TOMATO in NEW JERSEY

(As told by himself)

"MY ancestors were the aristocracy of their race—developed through years of cross-breeding in the Experiment-Station of the Campbell farms.

"The parent-vine on which I grew was nurtured and cultivated with unceasing care until I with my brother-tomatoes arrived at complete maturity—red-ripe, juicy and of a most enticing flavor.

"Then we were gathered at early dawn, carried in baskets on wagons direct to the Campbell plant, plunged into a refreshing bath of crystal-clear water from artesian wells, and finally transformed into the most famous and popular of all the Campbell kinds—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

"Is it any wonder that we now commingle at the festive board with the best society of our native land?"

21 kinds
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MAKERS
"Keep the Quality up"

THE higher you rise the more conspicuous your feet. While they are beneath you don't overlook them—it's your feet that are elevating you. Step by step they come before more critical observers. The last step to general approval is the

American Lady Shoe
Three-fifty to Five Dollars

American Gentleman Shoe *Four to six Dollars*

It is also the last step to shoe satisfaction. Nearly half a century of expert shoe building experience has gone into making that last step. In style, quality and fit, it is a step ahead of everything of its kind.

Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

You can get the American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes in any style, size or width, from Narrow A to Wide E. Usually the best dealer in each place sells them. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want he will quickly get it for you.

Our little book, "Stylish Footwear," will post you on the latest fashions in footwear for Fall and Winter. Let us send you a complimentary copy.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company
St. Louis Boston

passers. Grade-crossing gates parted with masterly deliberation; but at the magic of that gold-braided cap beside me the road opened before us as a sheet of paper torn in two. Soldiers saluted. Mules pranced into the ditches. Children and gendarmes ducked into stores and on to narrow sidewalks. Railroad gates flew wide. In no time we had made the barracks and *mon colonel* had vanished.

I had promised to take my passenger back to his automobile, which by that time would be repaired. Therefore we waited outside the barracks, where at twenty minutes to six a thin little professor of English in the local college he could not serve in the army because of bad eyes, but he was going as an interpreter and his English wife as a trained nurse—and the regimental fencing instructor came up to warn me that no one might circulate on the highways after six o'clock at night, save on a military errand, without permission of the military governor of the district.

Moreover, the authorities were strictly enforcing the rule. Last night my professor friend had seen several automobiles stopped by the roadside and the passengers forced to spend the night at the nearest farmhouse. My face must have shown my despair, for when the colonel appeared he remarked it, and I explained my difficulty. I must not feel anxious, he assured me. Even if we met his own car he would stay with us until we entered Montpellier again, in order that we might be saved a roadside night. And, though we quickly did come on his own machine, and though I could see he was anxious to converse with his aide in it, he sat patiently by my side while we tore back to the city we had recently left.

We easily reached Marseilles the next day, and from there the escape into Italy seemed so simple that we decided to spend a little extra time by following the coast road all the way east. As a natural result, of course, we lost our way on leaving the city, and consequently it came about that on crossing a miniature mountain pass to return to our beloved sea we overtook a tiny, wizened grasshopper of a man, plodding cheerfully up the hill. Indeed he would be glad to accept a seat in our automobile, for he had ten kilometers yet to go to his mobilization center.

I looked at him in astonishment. He was surely sixty years old. I did not see how he could be called; in fact I said so. Oh, no; he had not been called. That, however, made no difference. It was the duty of every man to enlist. He could walk and shoot as well as the youngest; and, moreover, he was too thin to be hit.

Shortly after leaving him we came on a little group tramping our way. It consisted of three plump, middle-aged men, two women and a child. The men wore their uniforms, with full equipment and rifles. The women appeared quite up to their weight. As usual the southern sun was very hot. Wherefore they accepted my offer of a ride gratefully, though confusedly. Such was their embarrassment, indeed, that one citizen soldier nearly forgot his rifle by the roadside wall.

No More Baths for San Raphael

I thought it bitterly pathetic that this man, who knew so little about things military as to leave his rifle, must be called away from his little business, his plump and helpful wife, his children, and his neat round of daily comforts, to brave sun and rain, disease and bullets, while he had probably never so much as infringed even on the rights of his neighbor's fox-terrier. But the soldier accepted the situation with equanimity, and seemed much pleased with a newspaper account we read to him of a German prisoner who had said that this was not a folk war but an officer war.

At San Raphael we spent the night. A more charming remote spot it would be difficult to imagine, with its white-flecked sea, its red rock cliffs, its tidy hotel and bathhouse and its promenade. Yet the pathos of the war lay even here. The landlady, in tears, came to us at our simple dinner and explained that it had not always been like this. One son had gone. The other would soon go. The cook had gone. Formerly they had a little music. There were no more musicians. Was I sure the Allies would win? I was sure. That seemed to comfort her a little.

At the bathhouse, also, we met with the same tale. Three brothers had run it. Two had been called. The last was forty-five years old. In five days he would lock the doors, for then it would be his turn. There could be no more baths that summer.

Cannes, which we passed through the next morning, seemed a dead city. Nice, on the other hand, an intrenched camp, was filled with people—that is, filled with the military, for few stores stood open and only one restaurant, though carts laden with equipment and trolley cars crowded with soldiers were passing to and fro across the open square.

Monaco and Monte Carlo, however, presented quite a different appearance. Here, though not nominally French, French sympathy ran riot and brilliant flags hung from every window. The answer was plain enough: the principality enjoyed all the excitement of the struggle, with none of the responsibility.

In half an hour we had reached the French customs on the Italian border. Certainly we could cross the frontier, but our car must stay behind. It made no difference that it was American-owned and American-built. Automobiles, being contraband of war, could not cross; and, moreover, though the authorities desired to put their guests to as little inconvenience as possible, the car might be requisitioned at any moment.

It is useless to argue with French officials or to attempt to bully them, but I never failed to find that a polite "What am I to do?" would elicit both an equally polite response and the official's best efforts in my behalf. Now, therefore, as always, my bewildered plea brought advice. Only one kind of pass would allow the car to cross; that came from the Governor-General of the province, who was in Nice. We must return there, ask our consul to obtain such a pass for us, and meantime place the car out of sight.

French Cooking in Camp

Money, gasoline and a pass over the frontier, then, were what we needed in Nice; and an anxious, sweltering, footsore week we passed there before even the most efficient of consuls, Mr. Harry A. Lyons, could obtain them for us. Meantime we learned that Italy also had mobilized, that all steamer sailings from there had been canceled, and that we must turn southwest to Spain if we wished to leave France.

Nice, indeed, bore out its name of an intrenched camp. Soldiers swarmed in all directions. They outwashed the washerwomen in the tiny stream that ran through the town. They bathed with and without various and assorted types of underwear on the pebbly beach of the Mediterranean before our hotel. They were quartered everywhere—even almost in the rectory of the American church, a building the consul saved only at the eleventh hour.

Before the consulate itself, on the Boulevard Victor Hugo, were tethered long strings of hospital mules that, with their straw litter, their equipment, their attendants and flies, reminded me of the circus. Near by was the garden of a fashionable hotel—a carefully tended collection of date palms and bamboos and semitropical plants; at least it appeared that way when we arrived.

Then a portion of the commissary train settled down. In two days the mules had relished the bamboos and the soldiers had chopped much of the shrubbery and date palms into firewood. Yet their act was not bred of malice or confusion, but came about as a matter of course—a necessity which no one resisted. The flower beds made the stable yard. The curbing of the steps was torn up to make a fireplace.

The arbor shaped itself into a kitchen, with subkitchens on the sidewalk. It seemed strange to see the soldiers frying and boiling their food in the street; but in our frequent visits to the consulate we passed them often, and I must say their food looked and smelled most appetizing. Frenchmen, even when soldiers, remain good cooks.

A block beyond stood another hotel—now a Red Cross hospital. Through the windows we saw rows of white cots in gruesome readiness, while all day long in and out of the doors came Sisters of Charity, surgeons and orderlies. They were prepared.

Nor did any doubt linger, even in my mind, that the hospital would be filled. Not alone bullets would send their quota to those white cots. In the hotel yard, where I kept my car stowed away beneath a canvas awning, stood a pump. Above this pump the proprietor of the hotel had posted

Some Day You Will Wear These Soft Knit Socks.

For Your Comfort—Begin Now

SOFT KNIT is the big *idea* behind IPSWICH 15c SOCKS. "Soft knit" does two things—gives a lesson in Ease, a lesson in Economy. Soft twisted yarn of IPSWICH 15c SOCKS is a foe to corns and calluses. And the softer the finish the greater the *wear*. Don't forget this: We promise you more wear and more comfort in IPSWICH 15c SOCKS than you think it possible for any sock to give.

IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS 2 for 25¢

are good looking enough for anybody.

Best staple cotton; absolutely fast dyes; reinforced heel and toe. To get the finest uniform yarns we do our own spinning—on the oldest and one of the largest hosiery mills in the United States.

Every man should give IPSWICH 15c SOCKS a *trial*. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c for two pairs or $1.50 for a dozen, state size, color desired and name and address of your dealer. Prompt delivery, postpaid in the U. S.

After you have realized the good looks, the long wear, the extraordinary comfort of these socks, you will wonder why you didn't begin wearing them long ago.

IPSWICH MILLS, 17 River St., Ipswich, Mass.

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This convenient, practical "Emeralite" Lamp fits any bed post—round, square, vertical or horizontal. Will not mar bed's finish. The emerald green glass shade with white glass lining protects the eyes and concentrates a soft, restful light right where you want it.

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BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

Big Weekly Income

Introducing our Home Study Music Courses for Beginners, Advanced Students and Teachers. Highly endorsed by Paderewski and other famous musicians. Over 100,000 students enrolled. Big permanent fall for ladies or gentlemen and women of high character, to devote part or whole time. Remarkable Special Introductory Scholarship Offer makes work easy. Write today for catalog, terms and full details.

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FORD TWO COMPRESSION STARTER
Differs from all others. Positively guaranteed to start. Write for circular
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a sign to the effect that the water was not fit to drink. Yet at least fifty times did I see soldiers come into the yard and either drink from the pump or else fill their canteens from it; and all the while there stood just across the street a public drinking fountain.

For some time we had been much puzzled by the absence of any drilling of these countless soldiers; but one morning, about four o'clock, we were wakened by a sharp order and the clatter of rifle butts on the street below. We tumbled out of bed and hastened to our window, which looked across the Promenade des Anglais to the sea. Below us a regiment stood at attention.

It seemed uncanny, with the true mysteriousness of war, to see them there at that hour. The thin blue sea washed the pebbly beach with an anæmic swish that gave the only sound. A pale yellow dawn reached out beyond the promontory of Villefranche. High up in the midst of it lay the even paler streak of a huge mountain-capping fortress away toward the Italian frontier. Below us, between the lines of the palms, the shadows were still blue-gray. We could see the white-haired colonel looking nervously at his watch. He called an aide. In a moment the color guard, with the furled flags, marched up the hotel steps, turned and marched back to the regiment, which presented arms as the men went through the color drill. They were men past middle age and their drill was very bad, for their days of service they had thought to be long behind them.

As the color squad reached the regimental line half of the men executed one movement, the other half another. They tried it again, with only a little better result. The colonel dispensed with the ceremony. Then followed the manual of arms. There was no precision. The rifle butts dribbled on the pavement. They did not drop with a single crash. Yet the men were pathetic in their awkward eagerness as they went through the routine movements again and again. They fixed and unfixed bayonets, fumbling the process.

The Gendarme's Joke

We could see Jean, the grocer, asking Henri, who clerked in the bank, how it was done; and Henri whispering to Jean his best misleading advice. They were trying with all their hearts to please *mon colonel*. And *mon colonel*—bless his gray head! was endeavoring to be patient with *mes enfants*. At length they shouldered arms and marched up the street in their heavy uniforms. There was no note of music. In all the time we were in France we heard not so much as a drum. This was war!

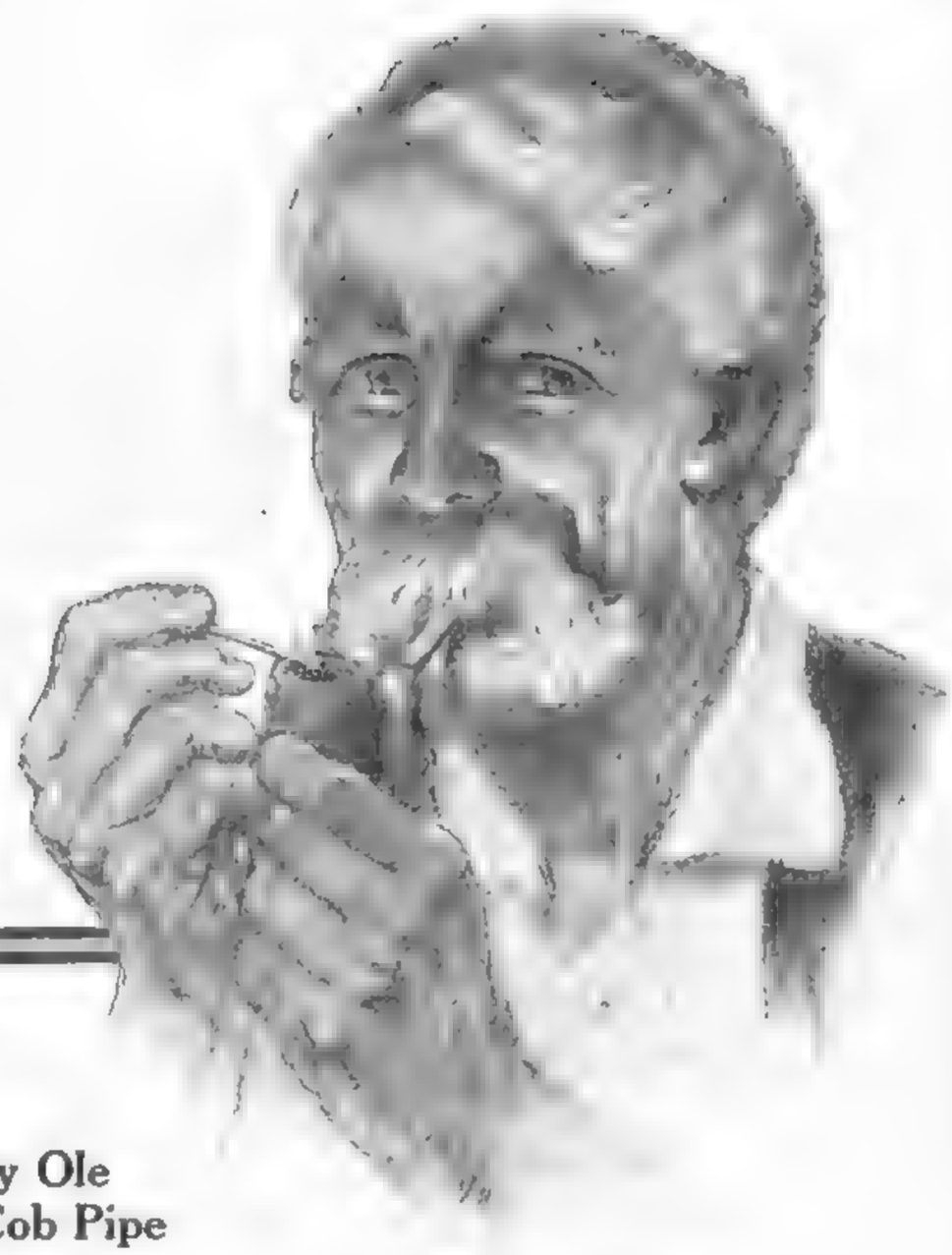
After that morning we learned to expect troops each day at that hour, which we soon found to be popular because of its coolness. Nor were they ever the same soldiers. Perhaps a regiment of Alpine chasseurs would come past, singing over and over a simple country melody. More seasoned soldiers these—quick in their drill, efficient to the eye in their tam-o'-shanter caps, their neat dark-blue blouses, their knickerbockers and puttees. Now a troop of cavalry clattered by. Again a battery of artillery halted before our windows, the long gray guns streaking the shadows with their malicious simplicity.

At last we were free to repatriate ourselves, as the French express it. Of the money secured for the assembled Americans at Nice by the consul we received our share. Of gasoline the military kindly gave us sufficient to reach Marseilles. Our passes were provided and we started on our way to Spain, back over a portion of the same ground we had crossed in the trip from Saint-Gaudens to Mentone.

Now, however, there were not even soldiers in any numbers along the road, for the mobilization had been completed thoroughly three days ahead of expectations. Nor did an unusual incident occur to us until some distance outside Béziers, where we were planning to spend our last night in France.

It was half past five when we reached the village of Pézenas. I was running rather fast in my anxiety to reach our hotel at Béziers before six o'clock. At the center of the town the road forked. Often in such cases the inhabitants are so accustomed to showing the way that they point out the road without so much as a request. Therefore I was not surprised to have a gendarme, standing at the fork, point to my right in reply to my inquiring gesture. I ran up the street and in a moment was stopped before

KING
KING
The purpose of this advertisement is simply to persuade investigation.
—A thorough examination and testing of the KING by all prospective purchasers of moderate-priced cars
—A careful matching of its specifications with those of other cars in the $1100 to $1500 class
—A trial of its riding qualities after trials in competing cars
—A deep, searching inspection of the stripped chassis, if possible with an experienced motor car mechanic at your side, and after you have viewed competing cars in the same manner.
The intelligent spending of over $1000 demands shopping around thoroughly and systematically—You risk disappointment if you fail to include the KING in your itinerary.
We are confident of how the KING will stand in your estimation if you give it the chance asked for here. We know what we're putting into it, and we know that the KING needs only the opportunity of a point-by-point comparison with all other 1915 offerings of like price.
Model "C"—Touring Car and Roadster—30-35 Horse Power
$1075 WITH EQUIPMENT
Famous Ward Leonard starting and lighting system $90 net additional.
Prices F. O. B. Detroit
America's Original Cantilever Spring Car
Eliminates motoring fatigue
In seeking agencies, we avoid "sky rocket" generalities—the Dealers cry for our cars' style. We show to prospective agents original telegrams, letters and orders from owners and dealers to prove the high value of a KING connection. Model "C" has already achieved a most signal success. The public was evidently waiting for just such a car. Your opportunity to secure territory for this successful, well advertised, and financially solid proposition is NOW
TO DEALERS
KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
New York Agency and Showroom, Broadway at 52nd Street
New York Service Department, 244-252 West 54th Street
The Car of No Regrets



My Ole Cob Pipe

Han'some is as han'some does, in pipes as well as men,
An' what you lack in beauty you make up in sweetness, fren'.
Yo' bowl is just a corn cob and yo' stem is just a reed
But when you're full o' Velvet, I never feel the need
Of a better fren' beside me to help an' cheer an' soothe—
It's fren's like you an' Velvet that make Life's rough road smooth.
Ev'ry single day I've known you, I have loved yo' mo' an' mo'
Ev'ry day I find you better, sweeter, kinder than befo'.

Velvet Joe

WOULD that all our friends were as genuine as our old pipes that grow better, sweeter, kinder every day. Would that they demanded as little and gave as much.

A homely old cob or a polished meerschaum needs only friendly VELVET to become a firm, lasting and ever closer friend to you.

5c Metal-Lined Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

And as a pipe improves with age, so does VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. As the largest buyers of Kentucky Burley in the world, we get our *de Luxe* selection of the Burley crop. By long curing the famous VELVET flavor and fragrance are brought out to the full, with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

½ Actual Size

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

a public square, where the mayor and those who were left of the townsfolk were enjoying their evening chat.

My friend in our car produced our papers automatically; but for the first time in France they were not satisfactory. We must descend. The authorities inquired whither we were going. To Béziers. That was not the road to Béziers and they evidently disbelieved my story about the gendarme. Meantime a crowd collected—a crowd that seemed so especially eager for a victim that the polite officials had considerable difficulty in keeping them away from the machine.

Some bright patriot remembered having seen the car before. Suspicion rose rocket-like. I admitted the fact and exhibited the *laissez passers* that had carried us through the town ten days before. Suspicion was still aloft. I had maps—quite bad ones—but covered with a series of dots. I explained that the marks indicated our old route. In vain. It was a field day for the populace and the one instance in all our experience of the French people's losing their heads.

A gendarme held the maps dramatically between himself and the sunset. I surrendered the keys to the car. An aged concierge of some self-importance began to disembowel it. Jack, tools, spare cans of oil, dirty overalls and rags fell on the roadside. My friend's bag they opened on the running board and exposed to view a portfolio of papers. The crowd gave an "Ah-h!" of excitement. The papers contained some few hundred receipted hotel bills and our other accounts; also a month-old telegram. Another "Ah-h!"

By this time the mayor was becoming both bored and ashamed. "*C'est inutile! C'est inutile!*" he kept repeating to those behind him; but the concierge now appeared with a handful of spare spring bolts. What devilish things were these?

Safe in Spain

Then luckily two smiling, English-speaking priests came to our aid and that of the mayor. Matters began to be more affable, in official circles at least. The priests explained that the Kaiser had sent a protest to our President concerning the tone of the American press, and that our Mr. Wilson had replied with a cable protesting against the tone of such a protest.

The crowd laughed with us. Also the concierge found that it was a very large car, full of very many things that would take endless disemboweling which might degenerate from drama into work. So he gave it up. Glory was hidden too far beneath piles of weighty facts.

At last all seemed happy. The crowd helped to pick up the odds and ends, and withheld not one for a surreptitious keepsake. We left, with smiles and good wishes from every one.

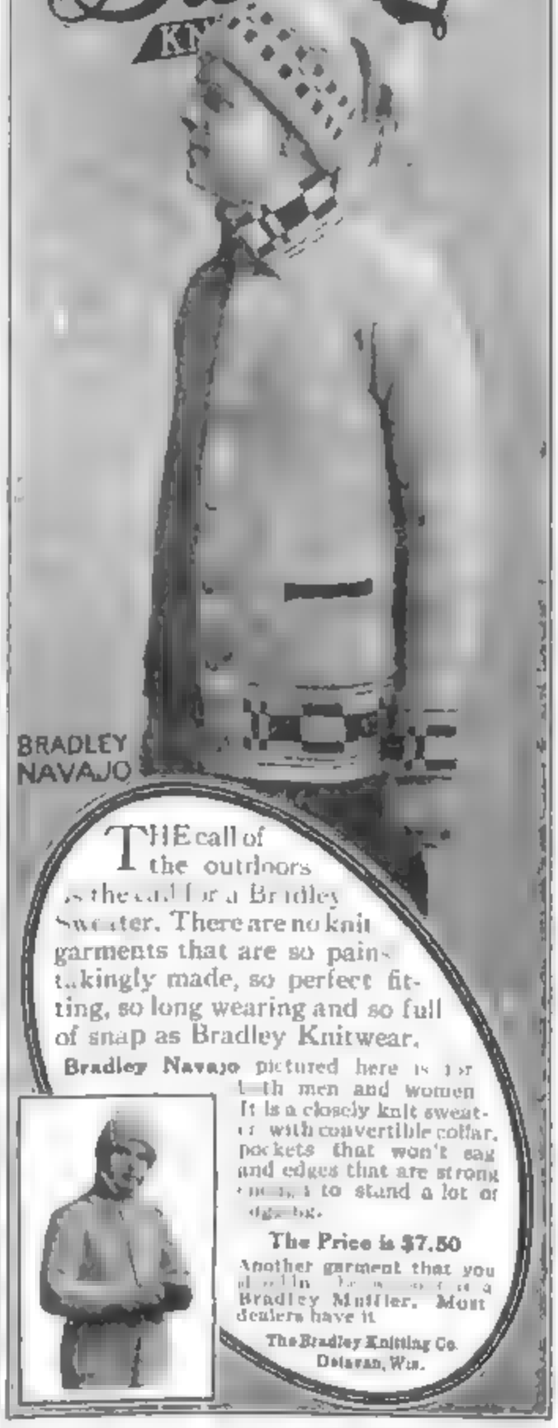
In time of peace, as I have said, the French are not concerned with other folks' affairs; but now, at the whiff of a stranger, they would come as chickens come to be fed. Never had I seen them gather more quickly than in Pézenas, however—even on one night in Montpellier, when I had inquired the way to La Place, Le Bureau Militaire and La Mairie from some idiot who took so long to tell me he did not know that we found ourselves the center of a curious mob which gathered to inspect these *étrangers*, who might prove to be spies—German spies.

Such crowds rarely did more than stare; but I always had a feeling that they were unlighted tinder, and that we must at all costs remain good-humored, polite and sober. Once one of our party laughed at the suggestion of a local customs official that there might be food in our lunch basket at three o'clock in the afternoon. In a moment he ordered every speck of baggage out on the road—the first time an *octroi* man had so much as lifted a cover.

This one incident at Pézenas formed the total extent of annoyance of that sort we suffered in France; and even this would have been spared us if our practical joker of a gendarme had not given us the wrong road.

The final trip from Béziers to the frontier we made without incident. Our car rose quickly over a superb French highway, across a masterpiece of a bridge, to the tiny frontier town. The customs official signed our papers. The car slid forward into Spain. Behind us lay France, ready once more to struggle for its life; but this time calm, hopeful, prepared.

"THE Bradley" KNIT



THE call of the outdoors is the call for a Bradley Sweater. There are no knit garments that are so painstakingly made, so perfect fitting, so long wearing and so full of snap as Bradley Knitwear.

Bradley Navajo pictured here is for both men and women. It is a closely knit sweater with convertible collar, pockets that won't sag and edges that are strong enough to stand a lot of digging.

The Price is $7.50

Another garment that you should own is a Bradley Muffler. Most dealers have it.

The Bradley Knitting Co.
Delavan, Wis.

Two Dollars an Hour to College Men

Kenneth Baker didn't like the idea of waiting on table or beating carpets, but he had to pay his college expenses. He took up the Curtis proposition last fall and cleared $56.00 in twenty-seven hours by pushing the Curtis subscription business at Dartmouth College. He says:

"Your special offer to students anxious to defray college expenses has made an education possible for me. Our students and faculty want THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My commissions and salary on this business are paying my way through."

We want a special subscription representative at your school or college. If you need money let us show you how to earn it. A postal card will bring full particulars.

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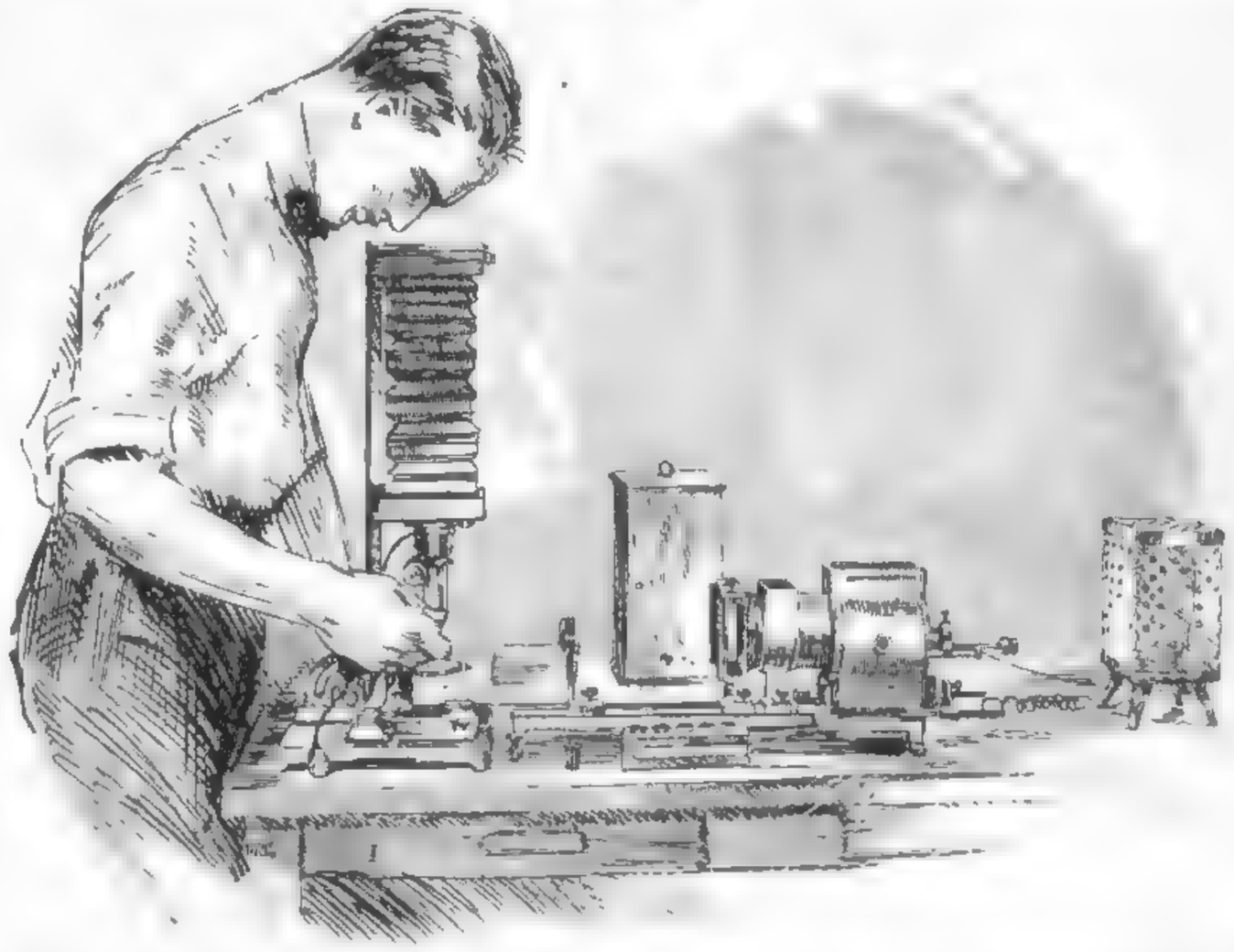

ROMANCE AND FICTION ARE OUTDONE AND UNINTERESTING, COMPARED WITH THE FACTS REVEALED BY SCIENCE

The most delicate of instruments and operations of science tell tales of the tremendous strength or weaknesses of materials. At will, the metallurgist of today can temper, soften or strengthen metals with pre-determined precision.

To insure proper service in automobile bearings, a thorough knowledge of the minute structural formation of the steels used is absolutely necessary.

In the Hyatt Laboratories, samples of every lot of steel are photographed with special cameras that magnify several thousand diameters. These photographs tell the characteristics of that lot of steel, the degree and depth of the hardening—the changes in formation due to the different heat treatments; in fact the metallurgist knows just what it will do in the part in which it will be used.

This definite knowledge of the steel used in them shows in the wonderful service rendered by Hyatt Roller Bearings in every kind of motor vehicle.

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.

DETROIT, CHICAGO
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ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

Every Mother Owes Them to Her Children

California's Sun-Made Raisins

Grown and Cured in the Open Vineyards by California's Glorious Sunshine

California's sun-made raisins, madam, form the most nutritious fruit-food that any home can serve. Do you know the many ways of serving raisins?

Children love them; and children ought to have them, for nothing that they eat is better for them.

Little folk need sugar. Here is the purest of all sugar—wholesome *sun-made* sugar from delicious amber-colored California grapes.

Give them these clean, healthful raisins after school in place of questionable candy. Serve raisins in some tempting way at least once every day. The entire family will find an added zest in countless dishes. And there are few foods that produce equal benefits.

"The Gems of Food"

Note that one pound of these raisins equals in food value 1⅓ lbs. of beef; 1 lb. of bread; 2 lbs. of eggs; 4 lbs. of milk; 4¾ lbs. of fish; 4½ lbs. potatoes.

Yet the cost per pound, considering food value, is lower than for any of these foods except bread and potatoes. Cut the cost of living every day by serving some nutritious delicacy made with raisins.

Try These—Send for Free Recipe Book

We have prepared at great expense a beautiful book in four colors containing 52 prize recipes. We will send a copy free to any housewife who writes for it.

Here are dishes you have never tasted—delicious foods the whole family would enjoy. Serve a raisin-dainty once each day for ten days as a test—see what your folks will say.

Your Dealer Has Them

Your dealer can supply you with California's sun-made raisins. He sells them under several different brand names. Three varieties: Seedless, for making cakes and cookies; Seeded (seeds extracted) for ordinary cooking purposes in raisin bread, etc., and Layer (loose and in clusters, containing seeds) to serve as a dessert with nuts.

Send for the recipes—see how to use these raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN COMPANY
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Ask Your Baker for

California Raisin Bread

Thousands of bakers and confectioners are now baking California raisin bread according to a famous recipe furnished them by us. Go try it. See what this bread is like. Then serve it with the white bread at every meal.

Children and grown-ups, both, need such bread. There is no better food. And it provides a healthful, mild laxative quality.

Don't miss all the benefits that California's sun-made raisins can bring into your home.

California Associated Raisin Company

LIBERTY

(Concluded from Page 13)

bullying, emphatically did impose on France the Russian alliance. Germany's attitude toward France rendered it imperative that France should be able to count on the cooperation of a power with a great army. Outside the Triple Alliance Russia was the only such power. It is the intolerable arrogance of Germany, and nothing else, that has brought into existence the coalition against the Teuton empires, and the remarkable character of the coalition is yet a further proof of the tremendous resentment which that arrogance has aroused.

But Great Britain, in taking arms for Belgium's, France's and her own preservation against Germany's repeated and explicit menaces, has also taken arms against the whole conception of war as preached and exemplified by its latest and most terrific exponent. The Kaiser himself, head of the German army, and many of his responsible officers, had fairly warned us that Germany's notion of war was a new and larger notion than any hitherto known, a notion that added all the resources of science to the thievishness and the sanguinary cruelty of primeval man. War, when they made it, was to be ruthless to the last extreme. And as an earnest of their sincerity they showed us for many years in peace time how surpassingly inhuman they could be to their own conscripts. Germany has kept her word. She has changed the meaning of war. She began the vast altercation by a cynical and overwhelming wickedness garnished with the most nauseating hypocrisy. To gain a preliminary advantage over France she ruined a whole nation.

And while doing it she has broken every one of the principal "Regulations Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land" which she had solemnly signed at The Hague in 1899. She has not broken them once, but again and again, in pursuance of a definite policy. As regards the regulations for war at sea, the German representative at The Hague in 1907, in response to a British proposal to prohibit floating mines, declared that "the dictates of conscience and good feeling would afford better security than written stipulations." . . . Ah! . . . The Hague gathering did leave this particular matter to the dictates of conscience and good feeling, and Germany did not bind herself not to use floating mines. And many other matters were as a fact left to the dictates of conscience and good feeling.

The German for War

The Hague Conference, for instance, made no rules as to the use of the press, and when the German Press Bureau caused to be inserted in a serious newspaper like the Frankfurter Zeitung a long speech by a prominent English statesman—John Burns—which was pro-German, but which was also entirely imaginary, it broke no Hague rule. And it would be difficult for the Belgian women and children, who were often driven before German regiments as a screen against Belgian fire, to quote any Hague rule specifically in their favor.

Nor did The Hague Conference prescribe the conditions of travel for noncombatant prisoners of war. So that when German soldiers packed twelve hundred male citizens of Louvain—engineers, merchants, lawyers: living and civilized men just like you and me—into a cattle train at the rate of ninety to a horse truck, standing jammed and immovable in several inches of animal filth, and shut the trucks up and kept the victims without any food or any drink during a fifty-four-hour journey to Cologne, and then turned them out to be baited by the populace in the Exhibition Gardens, and then after the baiting gave them each a small piece of black bread, and then drove them—the sane and the insane—into another train, and for two days and three nights during another train journey again kept them without food and drink, and then loosed them—all except the suicides—into a turnip field at Malines and told them that they were free—even the Belgian males, like the Belgian women and children, could not easily refer German jurists to The Hague Conference, for The Hague Conference had left such details to the dictates of conscience and good feeling.

Let us note in passing that after the Louvain episode, and after Belgium stank from end to end with the odor of corpses and of stale powder, the Lokal Anzeiger, one of the most conscientious and right-feeling newspapers in Germany, referred to Belgium as "*this quarry*, which has been laid low by the German Army and which now belongs whole and undivided to the German people." And a major-general, in the same paper, dotted the i's thus: "All Belgium must become German, not in order that *a few million rascals* may have the honor of belonging to the German Empire, but so that we may have her excellent harbors and be able to hold the knife under the nose of perfidious, cowardly England."

The story goes that a few weeks ago, when a Belgian princess personally remonstrated with a certain German officer-prince about some outrage or other, the latter shrugged his shoulders and replied in excellent French: "*Que voulez-vous? C'est la guerre.*"

It is. It may not be magnificent, but it is war. It is what we have been warned to expect. It is war completed and made perfect.

A Strong Preference for Freedom

The German military caste is thorough. On the one hand it organizes its transcendently efficient transport, it sends its armies into the field with both gravediggers and postmen, it breaks treaties, it spreads lies through the press, it lays floating mines, it levies indemnities, it forces foreign time to correspond to its own, and foreign newspapers to appear in the German language; and on the other hand it fires from the shelter of the white flag and the Red Cross flag, it kills wounded, even its own, and shoots its own drowning sailors in the water, it hides behind women and children, it tortures its captives, and when it gets really excited it destroys irreplaceable beauty.

These achievements, which have been responsibly and utterly verified, which will become historical, and which I feel sure no member of the general staff worthy of his post would wish to deny, undoubtedly correspond to a logical conception of war. The conception is based upon the great principle that while a war is being fought out every other consideration whatever must be subordinated to the consideration of victory. War must be its own law and morality, and the highest virtue is to win. Such a conception of war is quite comprehensible, and it can be supported by argument; indeed has been so supported—for example, by the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag. It is a conception that must assuredly triumph by its own logic if war is to continue as an institution for regulating human affairs.

The one flaw in it is that we do not care for it and we will not have it. We don't want to argue about it. We want to fight about it. And we are fighting about it. Said one of the greatest Americans: "War is hell." We consider that war, in addition to being hell, is idiotic. We declare it to be absurd that half the world should be overrun with ruin in order that a great race may prove its greatness. We admit that in the process of evolution rivalries between nations are not merely unavoidable, but excellent in themselves. What we deny is the assumption of the German military caste that these rivalries must necessarily take the form of homicidal war. We maintain that artistic, scientific and industrial Germany has superbly proved during the last forty years that nonhomicidal struggles against other nations may be waged and may be carried to brilliant success, without bloodshed, without dishonor, without weeping. And though we have to acknowledge defeat in certain of those struggles, we wish for nothing better than that such struggles should continue.

We are convinced that our new ideal is a finer one than the ideal of the German military caste, that the two ideals cannot flourish together, and that therefore one of them must go down. If Germany triumphs her ideal—the word is seldom off her lips—will envelop the earth, and every race will have to kneel and whimper to her: "Please may I exist?" And slavery will be reborn; for under the German ideal every male citizen is a private soldier, and every private soldier is an abject slave—and the caste already owns five millions of them. We have a silly, sentimental objection to being enslaved. We reckon liberty—the right of every individual to call his soul his own—as the most glorious end. It is for liberty we are fighting. We have lived in alarm, and liberty has been jeopardized too long.

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NEW FACTORS IN WAR

(Concluded from Page 21)

doubt it. I know something of the preparations Germany made for this war. For example, I know that some German chemist invented or compounded a gas similar in its effects on human beings to the gas that is liberated in an inclosed space when a modern projectile bursts therein.

I also know that in gunnery practice on the German ships, from time to time, the man in charge of the turrets on the ships liberated a quantity of this gas, and that the effects on the men were apparently the same as though a projectile had exploded in the turret. The men had the same sensations, felt the same pangs, minus the wounds that might come from the bursting shell; and they were thus hardened and trained to this possible contingency should such circumstances arise when the ships were in action. Wherefore, I do not doubt that the Germans have a new high explosive. Why not? They have everything else.

I heard a story, when I was in Paris a short time ago, about a French invention—a fatal and deadly gas. I was told that a Frenchman had invented almost the identical gas that the imaginations of various novelists have invented for use in war fiction—a gas that is so frightful in its effect that when it is liberated all human beings and all living things within a large radius are instantly asphyxiated.

I was told further that the French Government had the secret of the composition of this gas; that it had been proved out on sheep and cattle—that, at about the time I heard of it, a shell containing it was dropped two hundred feet from a flock of sheep, and that the sheep died instantly when the gas reached them.

Another and remarkable factor in modern warfare is secrecy. In the House of Commons on the day before this was written a member asked Mr. McKenna, Chief of the Home Office, whether the regulations in regard to war correspondents going to the front were about to be relaxed.

Mr. McKenna replied: "I cannot say when our allies will permit correspondents to be present in the military zone. As our army is operating in their country, and in close conjunction with their forces, it is proper we should be guided in this matter by their wishes."

Passing the Buck

Thus, adroitly and diplomatically, Mr. McKenna passed the buck to the French; and in France the French are claiming that the English do not want war correspondents at the front. Meantime, the men designated to go with the British Expeditionary Army are, as this is written, and have been for five weeks, waiting for permission; and as yet they seem to be as far from the front as they were before war began. In the meantime the news of the war—the official record of what has been happening—is obtained from day to day by the English newspapers and by the American newspapers from *communiques* issued by the French Government.

The loyalty and patience of the British press have been marvelous. There has been no disposition to print any single word that related to or would discover military movements, or any other matters that might be useful to the enemy in preparing for either offense or defense.

For example, it was perfectly well known by every newspaper man and every editor and every correspondent in England that the English troops were being sent to the Continent; but not a word was printed until the government gave permission. It was perfectly well known what the great assembling of the warships at Spithead meant; but nothing was said. It was universally known that part of the Canadian troops and a part of the Indian troops were here; but nothing was printed until the news was released. And so it has been with every bit of information of similar nature. The newspapers have been loyal and patriotic.

Notwithstanding that, a censorship has been established, and is still in force as this is written, which not only has been exasperating but has been stupid and silly. Retired army and navy officers were made censors. They used their powers arbitrarily. For example, the speech of Premier Asquith, and the speech of Sir Edward Grey, made in the House of Commons in open session, were held up four days before they were sent to Canada, a dominion of the British crown; and, as I am told, they were censored even then.

The official report of the naval battle at Heligoland, which was hurried to the cables by the American correspondents exactly as it was issued by the official British Press Bureau, was thrown away, censored out of existence for every correspondent and press association except for one paper. Some censor of the lot had the sense to let this official report go through, and one paper in the United States had a beat on official news.

Yards of Red Tape

There are numerous instances of this kind. Apparently it makes no difference to the censors whether news is officially promulgated or not. They are supreme. In fact, in the view—apparently—of these retired army and navy officers who have been acting as censors, American correspondents and news associations are suspected; and even when they have not thrown away official news entirely they frequently have delayed it for from ten to forty-eight hours.

However, it is now announced that the censorship and the Press Bureau are to work in conjunction; and it may be that the United States will be allowed to know something from England about Great Britain and the British soldier and the fight for life Great Britain is making.

So far as private cablegrams are concerned, no person has any assurance that any message he may file, though complying with the strict regulations against code, and giving full addresses and full signatures, will go anywhere except into the wastebasket; and no person has any recourse for the money he pays in in an endeavor to communicate with his family or with friends.

As it stands now, it costs from eight to nine shillings—because of the full addresses and signatures required—to send a cablegram of one word—two dollars or more—from London to New York; and, so far as any knowledge that the cablegram will go is concerned, one might as well have filed the message in a fire-alarm box. If a British censor does not think the message should go, it does not go.

There has been a great protest against this kind of censorship in the London papers and also, I assume, in the American newspapers. The London Times, the Mail, the Chronicle, and other papers have complained bitterly over the operations of the Press Bureau and the censors. Often, on the probable theory that the Germans were not to be informed where the Germans themselves were, references to German movements have been cut out in the most senseless manner.

So far as the United States is concerned the difficulties of the men trying to get news to the papers of the United States have been enormous, and usually needless. Though it has been recognized that the two countries where the British case should be told fully and freely are the United States and Holland, it is admitted by the men in the Government that the censors have seemed to take exceptional care that the transmission of news to these two great neutral countries should be made as difficult as possible.

In speaking of the censorship the London Chronicle said:

"Profound dissatisfaction still exists with the methods of censorship of the press in connection with the war; and this will assuredly find expression in the House of Commons to-day"—which it did, I may add parenthetically.

"There are three quite separate grounds of complaint: 1—The refusal to allow war correspondents to accompany the Expeditionary Force; 2—The meager supply of official news, in such contrast with German abundance; 3—The arbitrary and unintelligent manner in which the censorship is exercised.

"The most amazing instance of censorship ineptitude was the holding up for four days of the important speeches on the war delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey; and then, before dispatch, these memorable utterances were actually censored! We may mention, too, that the important dispatch in our columns one day last week describing the operations in the north of France, where the British army showed so much valor and resource, was not allowed to be cabled to America.

"A more senseless piece of red-tapeism than this refusal to allow the Americans to know how gloriously the British army behaved can scarcely be imagined. The censorship is worked in an utterly wrong spirit. While the British Government suppresses news, the German Government feeds the whole world's press with extraordinary zeal."

Every newspaper in London has its individual complaints of the censorship, and American or Canadian correspondents have been unnecessarily and exasperatingly hampered. Some day I shall write an article telling the amazing story of this business; but at this time I want to point out the remarkable fact that the censors seem to be blind to the British necessity for American friendship and understanding, though all the English newspapers and weeklies, and periodicals of all classes, and orators, as well as the government itself, are using every effort to gain just those things.

I quote from an editorial article, headed "The Judgment of America," printed in the London Times of September tenth:

"We have always counted on the support of American opinion in the war that has been forced on us. We counted on it so securely that we at first neglected means which perhaps in prudence we should have taken to secure it. . . . We prize, above the approval of all other neutral nations, that of our own kinsmen, who share our ideas and who speak our tongue."

The Times feels that approval has been secured—and maybe it has; I do not know at this distance. But the point I want to make is that, apart from the many obvious attempts to be friendly to the United States by the English since this war began, there was back of that a realization of what it means to Great Britain and the Allies to have the moral support of the United States. Everybody knew that but the censors. Apparently they knew nothing but red tape.

Waiting in the Dark

However, it was announced on the day before this was written that Mr. McKenna, chief of the Home Office, has been placed in supreme control of the Press Bureau; and that will mean what it means. It seems to me that neither the British press nor the British people will submit much longer to finding out about this war, which means the destruction or the continued life of the Empire, from French *communiques* and the tales of stragglers and camp followers—supplemented, every fortnight or so, by dry-as-dust official dispatches from the front. But perhaps they will! Respect for constituted authority in England amounts to veneration.

Apparently the whole theory of the government is that the business of war is the business of the warriors, and nobody else's; and this obtains in France, also, for there are no war correspondents with the French army—nor are there likely to be any. General Joffre has the same ideas about secrecy of movement that Lord Kitchener has.

It is, of course, perfectly true that much aid might come to the enemy by a premature publication of the plans or proposals of an opposing army. Still, there is no danger of that. Nobody wants to print anything prematurely. For example, not a British paper mentioned the fact—nor an American correspondent—that Lord Kitchener spent some time in France recently.

It is not that. Premature publication is not desired. What the people want is news that is not so long delayed; that, instead of being either premature or fairly coincident, is not needlessly posterior.

However, as I have said, secrecy is one of the new factors of war. It is so decreed by the Powers. And when the Powers decree a thing in a city that is under martial law in reality, as London is, or in a country that is under martial law, as France and Germany and Belgium and Austria and Russia are, the Powers are in a position to get that thing and to enforce their demands.

The individual has ceased to exist as an individual in those countries for the time being. Every one is a servant of the state; and that is another factor of modern warfare which, though not new in theory, has never before been so thoroughly put into practice.

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

IT LOOKS to me as though we had got round to a time when investors with a little experience in choosing securities, or with reliable guidance, could mark their minimum interest rate well up toward six per cent. In other words, I believe capital for permanent investment is worth one per cent more than it was in July.

In September the city of New York borrowed one hundred million dollars on one, two and three years' time, and paid six per cent for the money. Its last borrowing on long-time bonds was at four and a half per cent. True, this September loan was under very unusual circumstances and could by no means be taken as an accurate measure of the municipal bond market in general; but it does show that anybody who wants to borrow now must pay a round price.

The city had sold abroad some eighty million dollars' worth of short-time obligations, which would mature in the last four months of 1914. The European war both paralyzed the investment market on this side and demoralized the market for foreign exchange. Consequently in August the city faced the problem, first, of raising a great sum of money under exceedingly unfavorable conditions, and, second, of getting the money over to London and Paris when exchange on those cities could be bought only at ruinous premiums, and the banks were exerting themselves to prevent exports of gold.

In this dilemma J. P. Morgan & Company and Kuhn, Loeb & Company undertook to form a syndicate comprising practically all the banks and trust companies in the city, which should buy at par one hundred million dollars of six per cent city obligations, and provide out of the proceeds eighty-odd million dollars of foreign exchange at the fixed rate of five dollars and three cents a pound sterling and twenty cents a franc, with which to pay the city's obligations in London and Paris as they matured.

Saving a City's Credit

The bankers charged no commission, but it was agreed that they might retain any profit that accrued on the foreign-exchange operations involved up to two per cent. If the exchange profits exceeded two per cent the excess was to be turned over to the city. Moreover, the city agreed to deposit the proceeds of the loans with the banks and trust companies that joined the syndicate, the depositaries paying the city two per cent interest until the funds were used.

Thus, on the exchange operations and by getting use of the money at two per cent until the city used it, the syndicate might make a very fair profit over and above the six per cent interest. On the other hand, if there should be a loss on the exchange operations that loss would fall exclusively on the syndicate. On this basis about one hundred and forty banks and trust companies joined the syndicate.

In view of the probable course of the foreign-exchange market the terms of the loan might be regarded as six per cent interest plus a commission of one or two per cent, plus whatever the city lost by getting only two per cent of the deposited proceeds while its obligations drew six per cent. The conditions were so exceptional that this could not be taken as a measure of interest rates on municipal obligations in general; but it was a very impressive illustration of what it meant to be caught this fall with heavy debts maturing, especially if they were maturing abroad.

And, in spite of the terms offered, this was a sort of forced loan—that is, the banks did not subscribe to the syndicate because they really wanted the investment, but because they wanted to save the city's credit; and the contract between the city and the syndicate provided that until 1917 the city should issue no more long-time bonds for new public works.

That the present investment situation will greatly restrict permanent improvements, both by municipalities and by big corporations, and thus cut down the supply of new bonds, is quite certain. Nevertheless, a great deal of borrowing must be done, both to carry on work already under way and to fund maturing indebtedness.

In September a committee of railroad men reminded President Wilson that at least five hundred million dollars of railroad obligations would mature and have to be refunded between that time and the end of 1915; and, even with construction work cut to the minimum, the roads will need some new capital.

Nearly all Europe is now busy creating prospective demands for capital at a rate never before heard of. It took the German Reichstag, for example, only a few minutes to vote a war appropriation of five billion marks. Proportionately huge sums were promptly appropriated by Great Britain, France, Russia and Austria. Voting the credits is as simple as making an entry in a ledger, but the greater part of these huge sums must finally be covered by bond issues.

The British Government quickly marketed two issues of short-time obligations—amounting to seventy-five million dollars each—merely, as one might say, to raise the curtain on the war drama. Roundabout advices from Berlin early in September said that the first war loan was soon to be offered, the amount being one billion marks, the interest rate five per cent, and the price to subscribers ninety-seven and a half cents on the dollar. This loan was to be in the form of serial bonds, maturing at six-month intervals beginning with October, 1918.

It might be expected that this loan, like the first comparatively small war loans of the British Government, would be quickly subscribed for, and even largely oversubscribed. Patriotism, heated by the war fever, could be relied on for a prompt response to these first demands; but a billion marks is only the beginning of Germany's fiscal needs. Undoubtedly she has spent more than that already. The last demands must be met also. That the money for them can be got at five per cent interest plus a discount of two and a half per cent seems improbable.

Certainly the warring countries will be bidding high for capital wherever it is to be found. And three of those countries—Great Britain, France and Germany—have been the great sources from which all the newer countries have derived capital. Brazil and Argentina, for example, are in much need of money now. The European supplies on which they have heretofore depended are cut off and will not again be available for a long time. They will probably be looking to the United States—in other words, competing with our cities, railroads, public-utility companies, and so on, in the investment market. Quite aside from the direct losses of the war in Europe, there will be a demand for capital over there to get trade and industry started again.

When Capital is Dear

With the exception of the extraordinary New York City loan mentioned above, there has been no test of the investment situation in this country from July thirtieth to this writing. The security exchanges closed then and investment business came practically to a standstill. In the month of August only twelve million dollars of new securities were issued by all the larger corporations in the country, and only half of that total represented a call for new capital.

Since July thirtieth the price of securities has been held nominally at the closing quotations on that day. If a man wanted a railroad or public-utility bond he could probably get it from his broker at or above the price at the end of July, but not below that price. Naturally there will be a great effort to hold prices at that level. The banks have hundreds of millions of dollars loaned on securities. If prices fall the loans will have to be adjusted to the lower level of quotations, which is a painful process for the borrowers.

Very naturally brokers, generally speaking, are interested in holding prices to the level of July thirtieth, and many of them are averse to opening the exchanges until there is reasonable assurance that there will be no material decline; but trading in securities must be resumed sometime, and it would be odd if, in view of the enormous destruction of capital in Europe, capital in this country were worth no more now than it was in July.

Undoubtedly money that is available for investment has been accumulating ever since the beginning of August. Brokers and bond houses find their business greatly reduced and their incomes correspondingly diminished. They would like to see the buying of investments resumed in a broad way. A good many suggestions have been made looking to resumption of the investment business, but always under conditions that were expected to prevent a decline in prices. In short, there is a desire for a market with a big string tied to it.

In London, where the same condition obtains, they are talking of holding auctions periodically for the sale of gilt-edge securities on a cash basis; but brokers oppose it, partly because they have some four hundred million dollars of bank loans on securities that would have to be remargined if a lower range of quotations were established.

It is certain that the investment business must be resumed, and it is doubtful whether it can be resumed on a broad scale unless there is practically a free market, in which the present value of capital may be determined by the play of supply and demand.

It is difficult to see how capital can be cheaper under present conditions. That it will be dearer seems a reasonable presumption—which would mean, for the same grade of security, a higher interest rate than we have hitherto seen.

A Living Drug Store

A HEALTHY cow can be turned into a quick-service drug store, manufacturing and delivering remedies for a great number of diseases at a few hours' notice, according to the findings of a New York physician whose studies and reports on the subject have attracted wide attention among doctors in the last year or two.

When a person is ill with some disease caused by a well-understood infection—blood poisoning is a simple example—some of the poison is fed to or injected into a cow, and she promptly produces in her milk some substances that will fight that very poison. Then the person who is sick will be helped materially by drinking that cow's milk liberally. Autolactotherapy, the doctor calls the process. He is urging its adoption by his fellow doctors so confidently, and presenting so many cases as examples, that the idea is likely to have a thorough trial by many physicians.

The doctor's theory is based on the protecting powers of mother's milk. When any infection attacks a mother substances are supposed to appear in the mother's milk that will aid the offspring to combat that infection. Such substances might be called antitoxins, acting like the well-known diphtheria antitoxin.

Hence, if a man has blood poisoning or lockjaw, or one of a great number of infections, the proper dose of that infection given to a cow ought to produce some antitoxin in the cow's milk. The physician's theory is very strong that such antitoxins are produced immediately in the milk, and probably do not last over many milkings unless further doses are given to the cow.

His oddest case was one of very severe illness from poison ivy. A college professor who was susceptible to poison ivy became infected during a trip in the country, so that he was dangerously ill; and even an automobile ride through a section where poison ivy existed seemed to rouse the poison effect. Accordingly a cow was fed a quantity of poison ivy, without any apparent ill effects on the cow. The milk was then given to the professor, and, whether or not there really was an antitoxin in the milk, as the physician believes, the professor improved rapidly in a few hours. And once cured, he remained cured.

With the milk treatment the doctor combines the new method of making the patient himself manufacture antitoxin to fight the infection. For instance, if a person receives an injury that may develop lockjaw or blood poisoning, drainage from the wound is used every day to make the patient manufacture antitoxin in his own blood, and is also used to get antitoxin in a cow's milk.

Thus if infection does develop in the wound, even though it is not quickly detected, the daily use of the milk from the dosed cow will, according to this theory, provide the proper antitoxin at the earliest possible moment, and so help in the fight of the body against the infection.

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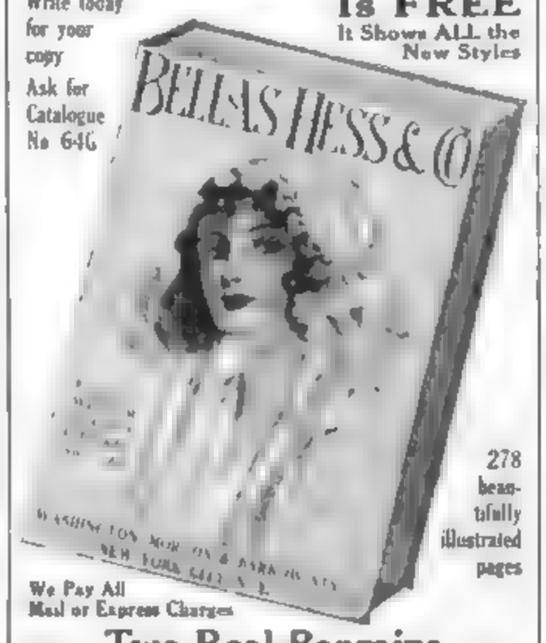

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How This Car Compares with the Average of 39 of the Leading European Models!

39 European Models, Average Wheel-Base 112.2 Inches —Average Cylinder Capacity 2324 c.c.

Peerless 4-Cylinder Model, Wheel-Base 113 Inches —Cylinder Capacity 3615 c.c.

Wheel-Base Almost Identical but 56% More Power

(The Wheel-Base of the 6-Cylinder Model is only 8 Inches Greater than the 4-Cylinder)

Formerly in Europe, as in America, automobiles were used mostly for touring. Today in Europe, and in America, for one day of touring, over twenty days of utility work is done by the average automobile.

Europeans no longer buy heavy, long wheel-base cars. They buy a new "all-purpose" design that turns entirely around without backing in city streets and can be run for less than half of the tire and fuel expense of the old touring type—yet equally comfortable for touring.

For the Peerless Spring Suspension combined with location of rear seat produces riding ease equal to the long wheel-base cars. Yet the gain in economy, running and tire cost, and ease of control, is almost unbelievable!

Think of an automobile running over 300 miles without refilling its ordinary-size gasoline tank! Yet this is what the Europeans now *demand* of this type of car!

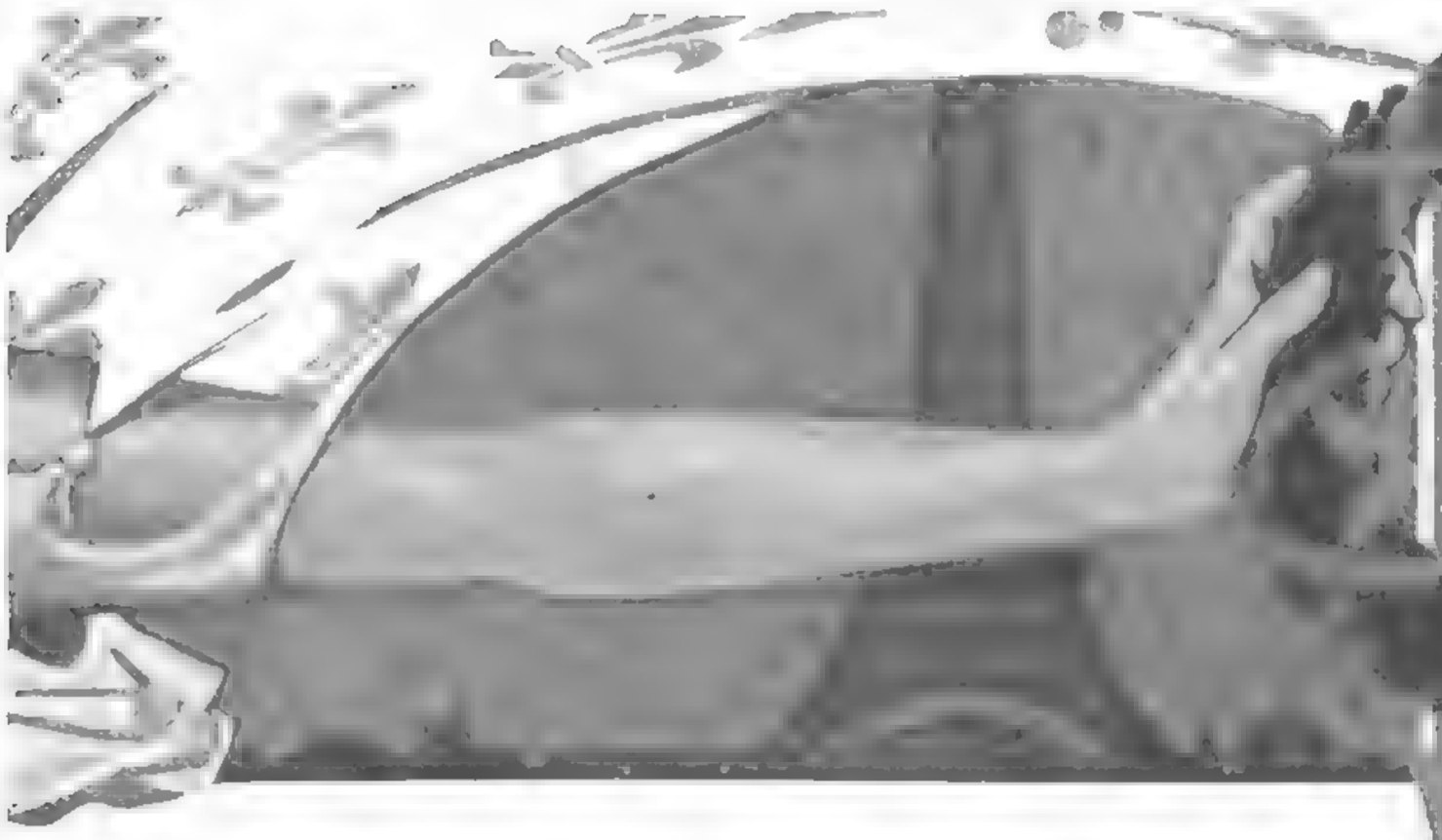
Think of a high grade, spacious, durable car that complete, ready-to-run, weighs less than 3,000 pounds! Judge what the tire saving must be!

Think of a car that is easiest riding for touring, yet can twist and turn in a city street, where to use an old-style, long wheel-base car would be impractical, if not dangerous!

The New Peerless "All-Purpose" Car

(Made in 4 and 6 Cylinder Models)

The Model That is Displacing All Others in Europe!



39 of the Leading European Cars!

Makers' Horsepower Rating of Thirty-nine Leading European Light Cars

ALBION	Scotland		15 H. P.
ARGYLL	Scotland	12	18 "
BAGULEY	England	5	20 "
BENZ	Germany	12	20 "
BERLIET	France		15 "
BIANCHI	Italy	12	18 "
BRASIER	France		12 "
CHARRON	France		15 "
CLEMENT	England	12	16 "
CROSSLEY	England		15 "
DARRACQ	France		12 "
DE DION	France		12 "
DELAGE	France		14 "
DELAHAYE	France	12	6 "
DELAUNAY BELLEVILLE	France		17 "
ENSIGN	England		18 "
FIAT	Italy	15	20 "
FN	Belgium	12	14 "
HISPANO SUIZA	France	15	25 "
HOTCHKISS	France	12	16 "
ROMBER	England		14 "
ISOTTA	Italy	14	18 "
ITALA	Italy	14	20 "
LANCIA	Italy		5 "
LORRAINE DIETRICH	France	12	6 "
LEON BOLLEE	France		4 "
MARTIN	Switzerland		15 "
MERCEDES	Germany	12	15 "
METALLURGIQUE	Belgium	15	30 "
MINERVA	Belgium		14 "
NAPIER	England		15 "
OPEL	Germany	8	30 "
PANHARD	France		12 "
PEUGOT	France		12 "
RENAULT	France		13-9 "
ROCHET SCHNEIDER	France		15 "
SINGER	England		14 "
SIZAIRE NAUDIN	France	10-	12 "
STRAKER SQUIRE	England	15-	20 "

The cylinder capacity of the Peerless "All Purpose Four" is 56 per cent above the average of these 39 European cars. The average of the 39 European wheel-bases is 112 2 inches.

The Situation in Europe!

In Europe an over-powered car is now avoided by experienced buyers. Europeans know it uses unnecessary fuel, creates tire expense. Such heavy cars must necessarily have a long wheel-base.

When a way was discovered of producing equal ease of riding on a shorter wheel-base, all Europe turned to the short wheel-base car. Note these specifications of 39 of the leading European makes ☛

For the saving in weight, tire and fuel expense—to say nothing of the greater ease and comfort in operation—is remarkable. Note how in Europe this model is now displacing all others.

Note These Unusual Features in This New "All-Purpose" Car!

The New European Wheel-Base, enabling a complete turn (without backing) to be made in the average city street, yet with complete ease of riding.

Remarkable System of Spring Suspension on Chassis produces an ease of riding heretofore found only in the longest and heaviest cars made.

$5,000 Equipment!—such as tire pumps, mohair top with cover, two-unit lighting and starting system, ammeter, dash light, speedometer, rear gasoline tank and tires, one-man top, divided front seats, full-carpeted floor, all regular Peerless quality.

Style and Beauty Only Obtainable in Aluminum Bodies—as used in the Peerless "48-Six" and all other makes of $5,000 cars. The first car of its price in which this material is used.

Spiral Bevel Rear Axle Gear—the same as used heretofore only in the highest priced cars sold in America, identical in design with the 1915 Peerless "48-Six."

Divided Front Seats—with full-carpeted floor from dash to rear seat, improving ventilation of front compartment, gives more room for driver's right arm, promotes sociability and convenience.

Extra Large Wide-Opening Doors—Three-Abreast Rear Seat—and many other comfort features found heretofore only in $5,000 cars—Actually duplicating in comfort the Peerless "48-Six."

This Peerless "All-Purpose" Car is designed to interest experienced buyers familiar with and desiring all the improvements and comforts of a $5,000 car for $2,000. It is not a $1,400 car built to supplant a $1,600 car.

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MINNEAPOLIS, T. M. Anderson.
NEW ORLEANS, Fairchild Auto. Co.
NEW YORK, C. T. Silver Motor Co.
PHILADELPHIA, Peerless Motor Car Co.
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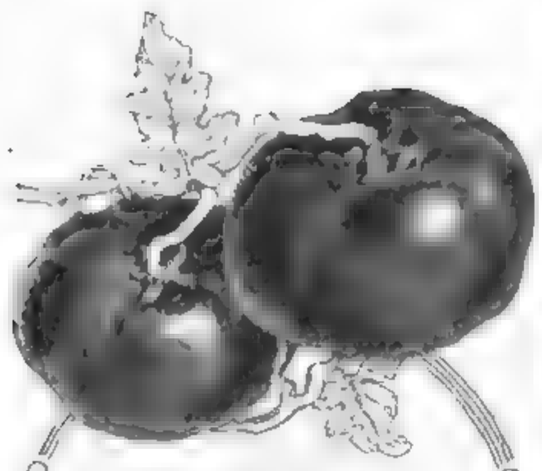
If you are a progressive dealer and are located in a town where the Peerless is not now represented, write for the details of our plan of unusual co-operation on first car sales.

The Latest European Specifications and "Peerless" Quality —for $2,000

This New Peerless "All-Purpose" Car is Made in 4 and 6 Cylinder Models



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All prices—nearly all stores. Look for the name on the package and see that the seal is unbroken.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO., N. Y.

THE KRIS-GIRL

(Continued from Page 19)

"Why did you not hurry with your confounded dive?" he yelled. "I have cut myself abominably."

It did not seem a very bad wound, all the same; the bleeding had almost stopped.

"Come on in; the salt water will do it good," I said. I was paddling about in my own unskillful way, rather enjoying it, now that I was in the warm, pleasant water.

"I won't; it will smart horribly," he said.

He sat down and began to bandage the foot with his handkerchief. Oddly enough he did not look at the foot, but at me. He watched me. I saw that his face—for the first time in my recollection of him—was not pink at all, but yellowish pale. I thought him a coward to make such a fuss about a little cut.

"It's a nice pool," I spluttered, trying to swim trudgen.

"Can you swim to the other end?" asked Schintz. His foot was tied up now, and he stood on the rocks, an ill-shaped, shrimplike creature.

"He's ten years younger than I am," ran my thoughts; "but if I looked like that I'd keep my clothes on. . . . Yes; I think so."

I headed for the far end. It was at that moment I heard the whistle of the launch. Long, short; long, short—it was blowing continuously and oddly.

"Is he mad, that engineer?" cried Schintz, listening, but never taking his eyes off me as I swam. His face was yellower than ever, and—a strange thing—I could see that his pinkish neck and chest were also turning pale.

Something like an electric shock went through me. It was not the engineer—Cristina was signaling.

I let my legs drop down and paddled, listening, sick with the thumping beats of my heart. Was she in danger? What in the name of ——

Long, short; long, short—the whistles came; and I read them: "Don't swim! Don't swim!" Then: "Death! Death!" Then there was a sudden long wail of the whistle, ending in a screech—that and silence.

I have said I was not a good swimmer, and it is true; but if any one had been near with a stop watch just then I fancy a record of twenty yards or so—if there is such a record—would have gone by the board, for I covered that distance in something like three jumps through the water.

I did not aim for the place where the pink toad was squatting; I made for a spot that had a projecting tongue of coral, scrambled up on it regardless of cuts and punctures and went for my clothes.

In the midst of making a Laocoön of my person and my hastily gathered garments I was suddenly struck as still as the stone Laocoön itself. I had seen something in the water.

The long trails of seaweed were coming out of the clefts in the coral and floating toward my end of the pool. And they were not seaweed!

You must remember I was new to the tropics. I did not understand what I saw—at first. When the long trails of seaweed that were not seaweed floated nearer and still nearer, and I saw that they were like elephants' trunks—tapering, gray, twining and wreathing—I could not guess what it was I was looking at, though the hair seemed to crawl on my head as the thing came closer. I stood my ground on the edge of the pool and stared.

Not even when I caught a momentary glare from a platelike eye of sheer white and black, buried among the writhing elephant trunks, did I guess; but when one of those trunks slowly lifted itself from the water and began creeping over the coral to my feet—when I saw that it was studded on the livid-gray underside with countless white sucker-cups—then I knew. I sprang to the cleared path in the coral and ran.

It was unnecessary; the long gray arm of the octopus sank back into the pool as soon as I was out of reach. Panting, the sweat streaming down my face, I stood where I could get a foothold and hastily tossed on my clothes. Then I went back to the edge of the reef, keeping well away from that deadly pool, and hallooed for the launch.

Up to this moment I had forgotten Schintz; the sight of his scattered clothes recalled him to my mind. I looked about, and, behold, the Pink Beast was stumbling over the coral reef toward the house clad only in his bathing trunks and a pair of shoes!

Just to accelerate his movements I took the revolver—which had been in my pocket all day—and sent a shot up into the air. He howled at that and skipped faster.

I heard the launch coming now. In another minute it had run to the edge of the reef. Cristina and Mrs. Ash were in it; two perfectly dry bathing dresses were folded up on a seat. The Malay engineer was now here to be seen.

"Where's the launch driver?" I asked as the vessel stopped clumsily a good way from the reef.

"Threw him into the sea!" replied Mrs. Ash. "He's not drowned, but I suppose he's cleaner by this time than most foreigners usually are."

"Threw him—who?"

"I did! He was annoying Cristina. He was on the edge; so I tipped him over, and we pulled a lever and it went. Lucky we were able to stop it."

Her bonnet had not a ruffled feather. No ordinary human being could possibly have felt cool on that glaring reef at that hour of the day; but Mrs. Ash looked cool, mentally and physically.

"How dared he annoy her?"

"Foreigners will dare anything. He took hold of her arm to stop her from blowing the whistle. I don't know why she wanted to, but I wasn't going to see a heathen annoy Miss Raye while I'm her chaperon. So I tipped him—pop!"

Cristina, sitting under her parasol, looked quiet enough; but there was a sort of sparkle about her face that I was beginning to know by this time.

"I congratulate you, Kris-Girl," I said. "I haven't time to talk about it though. I wonder whether we can get the launch back to where you left the Malay?"

"What for?" asked Mrs. Ash.

"He's got to run it and us through the reefs and over to Wangi before sundown to-night. We can just about do it. There's a township there—Dutch Government—but better than none. I don't think Pulu Panas is healthy for any of us just now."

I may have spoken quietly, but I did not feel quiet. Since I had seen the pink toad hopping over the reef to his house I had realized that the minutes of safety for our little party were running out like the sand in an hourglass when some rough hand takes it up and shakes it. Schintz' plan had failed and—we all knew too much.

"He won't drive the launch. He's his master's servant," said Cristina contemptuously. "Mr. Garden, if I had not seen one of those awful things creeping on the reef, looking like—like the devil would if he turned himself into a spider; if everything hadn't jumped together in my mind like the filings in a wireless coherer when the spark comes through, you—you would have got into that pool. Tell me: Is there anything ——"

For answer, I went over to the edge of the pool—not without a qualm—and sent four shots from my pistol right into the mass of writhing tentacles. They thrashed out of the water at the first shot and continued to beat the air, a horrible mill of whirling arms, until the fourth bullet had crashed home. Then they sank back and this hideous thing sank down into the indigo caverns below, where the silver of the reef showed dimly through deep overlying water. I sent one more shot into it as it sank, and reloaded the revolver. When I looked at the launch again Cristina was crying.

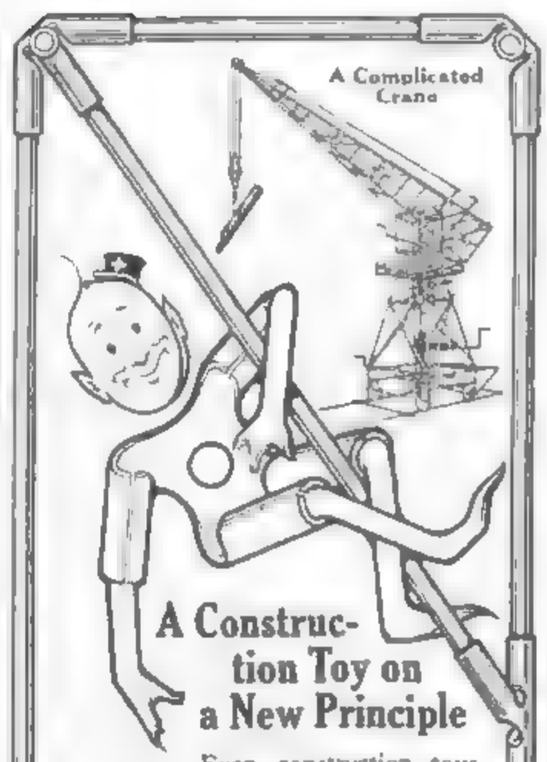
"I don't mean it!" she flashed. "I am just—upset." She scrubbed her tears mercilessly away. "It's upsetting to have been almost too late. . . . You won't get that Malay to drive you; he wouldn't dare."

"Let me in! We've no time to lose," was my reply.

I jumped the gap between the launch and the coral reef and set her off as well as I could. The steering was not difficult and one could see how she was stopped.

"You can't drive her to Wangi; you don't know the way," objected Cristina.

"I know the way to drive a heathen, though," I said, laying the pistol beside me on the seat, as we came in sight of a damp and miserable Malay, who was walking slowly through the shallows of the reef water.



A Construction Toy on a New Principle

Even construction toys often limit a boy's ingenuity and are cast aside after the novelty is gone. His creative faculties are not sharpened to the utmost as they are in a child contentedly playing for hours in the seashore sand.

But here's one on a new principle.

BILL DEEZY
BUILD EASY

is adaptable to the usual designs prepared for similar toys as well as anything else a boy's imagination can picture. The rods, light and easily handled, can be *bent* and *cut any length*. Flexible joints connect them *at any angle*. No set lengths of girders lessen a boy's inventiveness; he is as unhampered as a carpenter with his pile of lumber.

Go to your dealer's and see what Bill Deezy gives a boy to interest. Sets cost from $1.00 to $5.00. If your dealer doesn't carry it, send me his name. Enclose fourteen cents in stamps, and I'll send you a sample box.

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That night, on the deck of a rough little steamer bound from Wangi to Thursday Island, we had time to talk at last. Many miles behind us lay Wangi and her Dutch Resident, the fat, pyjama-clad man who was so certain that nothing could be proved against Schintz, so doubtful of the truth of most of what we said, and so obviously inclined to think that the whole affair was nothing but an accident.

Many, many miles away lay Pulu Panas with all our luggage—alas!—in the bedrooms of the palace owned by the Pink Beast. We calculated that the Malay must be about reaching home by now with the abducted launch—that is, if he ever dared to go home at all, a thing of which I am not sure.

Mrs. Ash—for once—kept out of the way, and Cristina and I, at a comfortable distance, had our bit of the deck to ourselves. She did not want to talk about the morning.

"It depresses me," she said. "I feel my little powers, such as they are, must be going. I count that affair a failure."

"But I don't see how ——"

"Oh, yes, it was only accident saved you. I should have known. How I could have been so —— Why, I knew all about those things—how they are found on just such reefs; how they live for years in one cave or pool; how they need food—ever so much food—and like it high if it isn't alive. . . . And I never guessed until just that last minute!"

"I don't see how you could have," I said.

"Of course you don't," she answered with a flash of amusement. "If you could But that isn't your job, Mr.—what was it he called you?—Guardian."

I think any man who has been in a similar position can guess what I said next.

"No, no, no!" said Cristina, bending over the rail with her face in her hands; and for the second time that day she seemed to be crying—Cristina, who feared nothing! "It isn't possible. If it were ——"

"If it were?" I echoed eagerly; but she only lifted her head and her hands from the rail and went down into the tiny cabin.

And the night wind blew up as we rolled on our way to Australia.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Beatrice Grimshaw. The fifth will appear in an early number.

Tube Lighting

TUBE lighting is now coming into use with striking advertising effects; for it is possible to have a brilliantly glowing glass tube of mellow colors, two hundred or three hundred feet long, looped into a written word or stretched up and round a building front.

The new Moore tubes, with a slightly orange tint, or neon-gas-filled tubes, with a reddish tinge, are the ones used rather than the familiar greenish-light mercury-vapor tubes. The glass tubes are usually less than two inches in diameter and of not very heavy glass; if they are broken a patch of glass can be welded in to cover the break.

Each end of these long tubes is usually concealed in a box, where is located the somewhat elaborate apparatus for taking electricity and causing a glow throughout the whole length. An effective use of such tubes has been made in England. A long tunnel, with moving stairways and other passageways connecting an underground railroad station with the street, is lighted from end to end by one long tube attached to the ceiling of the tunnel.

Locating Vacant Seats

BOX-OFFICE diagrams have been devised to show at any moment just what seats in the theater are vacant, so that the ticket seller of a continuous-performance moving-picture or vaudeville theater can indicate to patrons where they will find vacant seats.

The seating plan in the box office is illuminated from beneath by tiny lights, one for each seat in the house. When a seat is turned down the light for that seat, under the plan, goes out; and when a seat is turned up the light comes on again.

A more elaborate arrangement would make it unnecessary, in working a diagram of this kind, to depend on the turning of the seat, for the weight of a person in it would control the switch. Of course, wires run from each seat to the box office.

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With a little time, a very little effort, a correct selection of Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes, it is really a simple, easy matter to make things look beautifully bright and new.

Well worn furniture takes on a new lease of life when Acme-ized with the proper Acme Quality Stain or Varnish. Acme Quality Varno-lac makes a wonderful improvement in dulled floors, stairs and window sills. Acme Quality Enamel makes old woodwork, cupboards, ice chests resplendently new. Dingy linoleum is brightened into fresh life with Acme Quality Linoleum Varnish.

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Write for the Acme books—"Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." We will tell you the name of the Acme dealer in your town.

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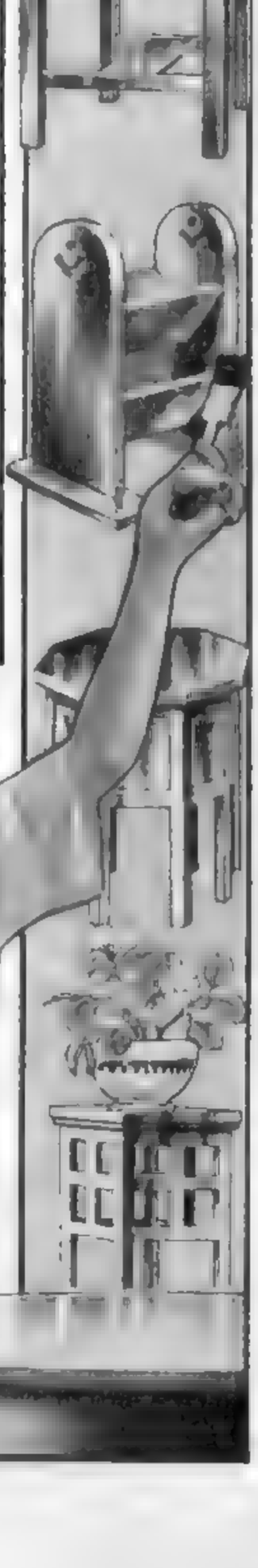

SEVEN FORTY SEVEN THREE HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS

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NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS

The Danger of Un-Protected Checks

It is easy to "raise" the amount of an unprotected check—make it read for a larger amount, over the genuine signature.

Most anybody, with a few strokes of the pen, without even rubbing anything out, can change small checks to large ones—and the bank won't detect it.

Here's the rub in case your check is raised. How are you going to prove it? You can't deny your signature. The amount can be so skilfully changed that there is absolutely no trace by which to prove to a judge and jury that it has been raised. Many good business men have learned this to their sorrow.

Check raising goes on every day, everywhere. The newspapers are full of it—and yet, not one case in a hundred ever gets into the papers. The ease with which it can be done, the small chance of detection until long after the fraud is committed, the tendency of the victims to hush the matter up—all tend to make this, as detective agencies admit, the most dangerous form of swindling.

Most of the check-raising loss falls on bank depositors, not on the bank. You rarely see a bank giving out an unprotected check or draft. *The banker knows*, and he protects himself.

Because you never *have* lost on a raised check is no guarantee for the future. You insure against other losses. How about your bank account? One little check raised to a big one at the wrong time can cause more loss than a fire. And remember this, the Todd System not only insures your loss, but *prevents* a loss. You can send your checks anywhere, freely, if they are protected with the Todd System of protection, the only one that has stood the test of time on the world's largest bank accounts and has never been successfully altered.

The Protectograph
Check Writer

★★★ THREE HUNDRED FIFTEEN DOLLARS TWENTY SEVEN CENTS

(See Illustration on Opposite Page: Writes Denominations in Red; Amounts in Blue)

Our new model that writes and protects the full amount, in the body of the check, exact to the penny, in two colors, all at one operation—a complete word to each stroke of the handle—the fastest method of writing known.

It "shreds" each letter and forces acid-proof ink through and through the shreds (Todd patents). It combines the perfect protection of the Protectograph shredding system (famous for years) with greater speed in check writing than you ever dreamed of.

The Protectograph Check Writer insures a beautifully legible line for the amount; clean and businesslike. The Two-Color system of writing gives vivid contrast between Cents and Dollars, insuring against mistakes in reading amounts.

It adds uniformity and neatness to the appearance of your checks. It enforces system in the check-writing. It insures you that every check is positively protected *before it is signed*.

This beautiful instrument is very simple in construction; no experience at all is needed to operate it rapidly. Simply set the pointer to the desired word, turn the handle, and you are ready for the next word.

Speed, time-saving and efficiency have made the wonderful demand for the Protectograph Check Writer. In any office it saves at least one-quarter of the time formerly required to write and protect the checks; in big Government departments, banks and corporation offices where the writing of dividend and pay checks is a big task, it has relieved the whole office force.

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Todd Service

Protectographs are built for service, to stand up and give satisfaction to the owner for a business lifetime. We are proud to say that in 15 years, selling over 300,000 Protectographs, we have never yet rendered a bill for ordinary repairs or replacements to any original purchaser.

There are 600 trained Protectograph men, in 65 branch offices, covering the entire United States, Canada and Great Britain, ready to give service to any Protectograph user. No matter where you are, the Protectograph man will help you if you need him.

"Todd Service"—taking care of customers *after* we have received their money—has built the biggest check-protector business in the world, by making satisfied users who recommend the Protectograph to their friends.

The Protectograph
Model K—Self-inking

An improved model of the famous "Not Over" Protectograph. It stamps the familiar Limiting Line (Todd patents) in two colors, like the Protectograph Check Writer. [illegible] adapted to all requirements where the speed of the Check Writer is not required.

For samples of the Two-Color Writing of the Protectograph and Protectograph Check Writer, with confidential information on Check Raising and Check Protection, mail coupon on next page.

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS

(Words in Red; Figures in Blue)

FIVE TEN THIRTY EIGHTY

TWENTY SEVEN FIVE HUNDRED EIGHTY

Todd Insures the Loss if your Check is Raised

We Are Now Ready to Take Out an Insurance Policy for Each Customer

Arrangements have now been made to issue an iron-clad insurance policy to purchasers of the Protectograph and Protectograph Check Writer, covering all theft by check-raising. This policy will be issued under the stringent insurance laws of New York, by the General Indemnity Corporation of America, with a paid-up capital and surplus of $300,000 available for the protection of policy-holders on policies in this Corporation taken out and paid for by G. W. Todd & Co.

This insurance positively and plainly covers your loss up to the face of your policy in case any of your genuine checks are fraudulently raised in amount—provided, of course, that such checks are properly protected by the Todd System.

Mail the coupon below for complete particulars.

The Protectograph Check Writer and the Policy Behind It

During the past 15 years we have sold over 300,000 Protectographs and Protectograph Check Writers, to protect the checks of banks and business men against fraudulent alteration.

Nearly all of these 300,000-and-more purchasers have at some time asked: "What guarantee do you give that your machine will not be beaten?"

And we could only answer that the Protectograph System never *had* been successfully altered—although it is estimated that perhaps fifteen or twenty millions of dollars is lost every year on checks, drafts, promissory notes, etc., *not* protected with the Protectograph. But we had no way of issuing a guarantee for the future that would be legal under the laws regulating insurance. (No personal guarantee equivalent to insurance can legally be made except by a corporation organized under insurance laws and subject to insurance-law supervision.)

Under our arrangement with the General Indemnity Corporation of America, however, we are able to take out for each and every purchaser a bona fide, iron-clad insurance policy covering each of our machines sold on and after October 1, 1914, under our insurance plan.

To the man who asks: "What guarantee do you give that your machines cannot be beaten?" this Policy is our answer. And this answer is backed by the resources of a big Indemnity Corporation.

Frankly, the Protectograph System has never been successfully altered, and we do not expect it to be; but we are determined to place every Todd customer in a position where he *knows* that he is protected, and to insure our banker friends against the bother of litigation with depositors over raised checks.

With this form of insurance, we insure not only the Dollars, but the Peace of Mind of everyone concerned, the banker as well as the depositor, and we make it certain that loss will not fall on either party through any check protected with the Todd System.

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In line with our aim to give fullest protection, we have extended the Todd System, under this plan, to embrace a special form of Registered Check, not procurable anywhere else at any price. It will be made like your present check, if desired, but designed exclusively for you, registered and safeguarded like a U. S. Bank Note, thus making it impossible for anyone outside of your own office to prepare a forgery of your check that could possibly fool your bank.

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Mail this coupon for full details of the Todd Insurance and Anti-Forgery System, with samples of the Todd-System checks, etc. This will prove very interesting to any banker or business man who signs checks. *No attention paid to inquiries not accompanied by letter-head to show inquirer's business connection.* The information we propose to send includes confidential facts relating to check-raising, and banks naturally expect us not to send this information broadcast.

FREE

Send to address on attached letter-head the Book on Modern Check Frauds by Detective Wm. J. Burns, with specimens of Protectograph Two-Color Check Writing and particulars of the $300,000-Bonded Insurance and Anti-Forgery Plan.

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MAJOR MILES' CHICKENS

(Continued from Page 16)

"He didn't tumble to nothin', Majah," laughed the boy. "I jes' had to run outside fo' fear I'd bust when he commenced to tell yo' what a good chicken was."

"Jodey," returned the Major philosophically, "as yo' journey through life yo' will discovah that th' difference between a smart man an' a cunnin' man lies in th' fact that a smart man is too clever to be cunnin'. That little old mental misfit is a thief at heart. He'd hold up a hearse an' rob th' corpse if he thought he could get away with it. He comes as near to bein' nothin' in particular as a plate of boardin'-house hash."

"There ain't no use talkin'—three thousand is plenty to bet on a chicken fight. Why, Belcher, you prance round like a man who gathered his money off th' trees. In th' first place I didn't aim to do nothing but bet a few hundred just for th' sake of th' spoat; and now here you have juned me along till I got three thousand up and you folks seem to think I'm a piker. That's a whole lot fo' anybody to lose."

Major Agamemnon Miles was protesting volubly as he swayed somewhat uncertainly against the bar. "You mustn't think, Mr. Belcher," he concluded, "that I'm a common gamblah. Why, if my folks at home evah thought I was bettin' like that they'd have a conniption fit."

Belcher laughed in a patronizing way. "Oh, I don't know," he replied; "I don't know about that. From the way Schnitzer here talked I figured I was hookin' up with a real sport. Of course you understand, Major, none of us gentlemen make a business of cock fighting, but when we talk about bettin' money we refer to something that sounds like the real article."

"Ain't three thousand real money?" queried the Major. "Why, that would buy a farm back where I live."

"That all depends on where the farm is located," retorted his companion; "but whenever I think I'm right I back my opinion. A main for ten thousand don't earthquake nobody round here. Of course, if you want to stand pat it's all right with me. But I'm a sensationalist, Major. This kind of little old money wouldn't make me turn a hair."

"Yo' bin drinking, Belcher," hiccuped the Major. "That's all's the matteh with yo'. You've just had one toddy too many. Yo' know in yore heart of hearts yo' don't care about bettin' that kind of money. I wouldn't want to see yo' lose it myself, even if I was th' winnah. Let th' match go as it is, and you'll feel bettah about it in the mawnin'."

The gambler looked the Major over contemptuously. "I thought you was game," he retorted. "You was all right when you was winning mine, and you ain't like a man that couldn't afford it. I mean every word I say. Even if I do make a mistake I won't play the baby act. I just think that I have a mess of chickens that can make yours take to the tall timber, an' I think so for ten thousand or any part of it. Nobody will ever scrape enough yellow off me to paint a lead pencil."

"Yo' ain't got no cornah on courage, Belcher," responded the Major with a suspicion of warmth. "I've stated my case plainly. I think I'm in ordah. An' so far as bein' liberal is concerned in the matteh of makin' th' match, I can't see that I've done anything the most captious critic could cavil at. I have as much confidence in my birds as yo' have in yores, although my knowledge concernin' them may be mo' limited. Still, I don't want you to go away and brag about having made me take watah. I flattah myself that few men have evah been able to do that. So I'm just going to act on your suggestion. Take th' bridle off."

The foregoing dialogue occurred in the hotel where the high-contracting parties had gathered to consummate the conditions of the match. Al Runyon was on hand to hold the stakes. The ceremonies were supplemented with several drinks. Every one concerned was slightly mellow, the Major visibly and audibly so. Belcher was evidently taking advantage of this. The attitude he assumed was that of one who regarded his opponent as a timorous disciple. The liquor was evidently doing its work. The Major began to manifest resentment.

"Just make th' stakes whatever you like," he babbled. "Make 'em a-plenty, Belcher. I won't have no man callin' me a piker. As I told you, I don't care about puttin' up a million, but I'd much rathah lose it than have yo' go away thinkin' yo' have scared anybody. Crack your whip, sah, whenever yo're ready."

"No use getting mad about it," exclaimed Belcher in even tones, "but we ain't a lot of boys shooting marbles for fun. I'd as soon lose ten thousand as three. S'posin' we make it for that amount and put up the coin right here? Any one will tell you the stakeholder is good for it. Your check will answer if you ain't got the currency."

"I've got plenty of money in th' safe," retorted the Major, "plenty of it. I'm a stranger in these parts an' I always carry enough with me to see me through. Checks are mighty inconvenient when there ain't nobody round that will cash 'em. It shall be just as yo' wish. Money has talked since language was invented. Besides, it's the only argument I can use to show you that if I'm lackin' in judgment I ain't suffering from heart disease. The articles of agreement will stand just th' same. We fight to-morrow night; five birds a side, give or take two ounces. The stakes will be five hundred on each battle, and seventy-five hundred on the main. Am I correct?"

"Perfectly. That suits me," agreed Belcher as he produced his wallet.

"All right, sah," responded the Major. "We will continue this discussion to-morrow evenin' as soon after eight o'clock as it's convenient fo' you."

Schnitzer chaperoned the Major to the fight. Of the former worthy be it said that he took no further interest in the Major's chickens after the match was made and the money posted. He put in all his spare time endeavoring to persuade the Major to exceed the speed limit.

"I guess they'll be wantin' to bet a bunch to-night," he cackled as they drove along. "Did you bring your roll with you, Major?"

"Oh, I brought along a dollar or two so's I wouldn't feel lonesome if th' proceedings got interesting," admitted the Major, "but I confess I have no particulah desire to go furthah. It seems to me we're fighting fo' a mighty big stake now."

"Shucks, Major!" retorted the little barber, who never knew when to stop playing a good thing. "Shucks! Why, if I had your money I'd make Belcher climb out the window to-night and take the fire escape for his."

Immediately following the hack in which the Major and his companion drove was Jodey Beam, perched on the front seat of an express wagon which contained the chicken crates. From the time he left the home barn the little black boy never took his eyes off his charges. He was not the careless, reckless Jodey who had drifted into New Orleans a few weeks previously and had become official entertainer for his colored brethren. His whole being breathed responsibility. Jodey was weighed down with the importance of the occasion.

The preliminaries were rapidly adjusted. The cocks were shown and weighed. Half an hour after the party arrived the first brace were pitted. The fight was too brief to warrant description. The bird shown by Belcher killed the Major's champion in the first fly. The second battle passed off with the same result. The Major took off his coat and fanned himself.

"I guess this ain't yore lucky night, Schnitzer," said he to the little barber who had been handling the defeated ones. "I'm a great believer in luck, especially when so much is at stake. Let Jodey handle th' last three. We can't be any worse off than we are now."

"I'm agreeable," retorted Schnitzer, who as a matter of fact was willing to do anything that would manufacture a reasonable alibi for himself. "That little nigger is green to the game, of course, but he might switch the deal for you. Anyhow, it's your money and it's up to you to play the hand to suit yourself."

As Jodey entered the pit bearing the third bird matched, Belcher turned loose. "Here's where you want to bet, Major," he chortled. "A nigger for changing your luck! Don't forget that you're a thousand in the red now. This is the place to get it back if you want to. Make it two thousand or nothing, Major! Let's see what kind of grit you've got in your craw."

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The Major straightened up and slipped one hand into the inside pocket of his waistcoat. "Yo're on, Belcher!" he ejaculated. "That conversation is goin' to cost you something. Yo're on."

As the birds' feet touched the canvas the cock handled by Jodey gave an immediate manifestation that he was an entirely different kind from those which had preceded him. He was on top of his opponent all the time, outfighting him in the rallies and outgeneraling him when it came to sparring. In the first half minute of fighting the Belcher bird barely held his own. After that he was helpless. Belcher watched his candidate go down in defeat with mingled feelings of astonishment and chagrin. While the next brace was being made ready he sought out the little barber.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" he hissed. "You're a nice one to frame anything. I thought you said those chickens of yours couldn't fight? Why, that last was a bear-cat. I never saw one of his weight put up a better battle. You ain't doin' nothing to me, are you? If I thought you was double-crossing me I'd slit your gizzard right here."

Schnitzer threw up both hands. "Tell me where I'd win if I did anything to you? Don't you think I need the money?—and this is the softest picking we ever had. I can't help it if one of those blamed chickens came to life. They wasn't worth two bits apiece when I had 'em, and things like that are liable to happen anyway. You've been long enough in sport to know that. What's the difference? You can go on now and bet him as much as you like, and the last two fights are a cinch. The old man's fifteen hundred ahead now and you can take him for every dollar he's got if you're smart enough, but I don't want you to hand me nothing about crossing you. I give you all the money I had in the world to bet for me and I've got a bigger interest in it than you, because if I lose it'll hurt me, and to a man with the money you've got it don't make much difference."

When Belcher returned to the pit he discovered that the Major had taken the initiative so far as the betting was concerned. The victory he had just scored seemed to carry him clean off his feet. He was waving a fat roll of bills in his hand and challenging the world at large. Before the handlers appeared five thousand dollars more had been posted with the stakeholder. Any feeling of resentment that Belcher may have harbored against the barber was now dispelled. This mistake of the third battle was not likely to be repeated, and he regarded the money as good as won.

But in the fourth battle the unexpected again happened. In the first encounter the Belcher bird crippled himself, after which he was completely at the mercy of his opponent. He fought gallantly and as well as his condition would permit, but without avail. He was buffeted mercilessly until he finally succumbed to superior prowess. Jodey's war song of triumph could have been heard a block away. The Major also rose to the occasion. Schnitzer moved shiftily about, evading the baleful glances that his partner in the conspiracy sent him.

"It's even up now, Mistah Belcher," taunted the Major, "an' th' next battle will decide th' main. This is th' real spot fo' a man to show his breedin'. What? Yo' ain't ridin' chilly, are yo'? This is no place to hang out th' distress signal."

Belcher possessed all a gambler's superstition, together with an unqualified respect for hunches. Something inside told him that a cog had slipped in the mechanism of the frame-up. Do what he would he could not locate it, but things were getting too warm to be comfortable. He was fully determined that he would never go into another deal with Schnitzer, who had failed so lamentably. Certain it was that no one had tampered with his own fowls, and Schnitzer had been raising games long enough to put it beyond the possibility of a doubt that he could have underrated the birds he had sold the Major. The first battle won by the latter might have been a fluke, and luck certainly was with him in the second. Still, Belcher had a hunch. Besides, he never figured on gambling—he abhorred anything speculative. A small fortune was in jeopardy. With any kind of decent management the main stake should have been won now. Belcher decided that he was in deep enough.

"A still small voice is callin' me," resumed Major Miles in a tantalizing way. "It's tellin' me that yo' is only a quartah hoss an' that yo' can't go a route. Why, Belcher, thar ain't no money hangin' on th'

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half-mile pole. They always pay off down in front of th' stand. Mingle with us once mo' an' help to pay fo' yore education. Yo' ain't a-goin' to lay down now, are yo', Belcher?"

Belcher glared at the Major. "If you knew what you was talkin' about," he hissed, "I'd make you an answer that you'd remember as long as you lived, but what's the use?—the money is up now an' you'll have to fight to win it. You are going against the best one I ever owned, and, believe me, he'll make the feathers fly. Luck won't help you this time!"

Schnitzer edged close to the Major and tugged his sleeve. "Let me handle the last one," he whispered. "There's too much at stake. That nigger of yours'll get rattled."

As a last resort the barber figured that if he could lay hands on the Major's candidate he could pinch him out of commission before he ever touched the ground.

The Major laughed. "Why, Schnitzer," he gurgled, "I'm havin' mo' real entertainment than I evah had in my life. We ain't takin' no chances, because this is th' chicken yo' claimed could lick his weight in wild cats. Didn't yo' tell me th' othah day that he was a catamount? That he was a whole team an' a fightin' fool? I believed you then, Schnitzer, an' I still hold with yo'. Jodey, gimme that bird—I'll handle him my own self."

In desperation Schnitzer advanced toward the boy. "I'll get him for you, Major," he exclaimed, but Jodey waved him off.

"Don't touch him," he growled. "Keep away from me, white man. Dis yeah is my job. Does yo' want ter put de jinx on him? Doan yo' know dat fer ter take a chicken on his way to de pit is like diggin' his grave?"

With professional dexterity the Major received the bird and held him in the hollow of his arm as he waited for the enemy to enter the pit. He stroked its feathers with a caressing hand. "This is th' time, Miltiades," he crooned. "Heah's th' place fo' yo' to show me that yo' are one of th' old blue-hen breed. Yo're a war hoss, Miltiades. Don't yo' nevah fo'get that yore fathahs befo' yo' was winnin' battles when they was layin' th' foundation fo' th' pyramids."

As he spoke Belcher appeared carrying his own bird. He was evidently going to handle him himself. "I want to introduce you to a gentleman we call Dixie's Flag," he ejaculated satirically. "He's the handiest thing with his heels we have in these parts. You have heard of him, I reckon?"

"I regret to say that th' story of his prowess hasn't reached me yet, an' I must plead ignorance," responded the Major affably, "but that ain't nothin'. I call this chicken of mine Miltiades, an' it's an even thing because yo' nevah heard of him either, did yo'?"

It was a sight for the gods as the rivals deposited the combatants in the center of the pit. Both of magnificent proportions and heroic bearing, they exemplified the very last word so far as the perfect fighting cock was concerned.

For a brief moment they appraised each other as two finished swordsmen might before engaging in mortal combat. With heads erect and gallant mien they made a half circle of the canvas, alert and at tension to take the slightest advantage offered. Then all at once, without warning but nevertheless simultaneously, two living balls of fire flashed in the air and clashed as they caromed breast to breast. Hardly had their feet touched the ground when they again rose and gave battle. Once, twice, thrice, their armed heels snapped viciously. True to the ancient traditions of their race, neither flinched or gave way. The lust of combat obliterated all fear of death. It would be the survival of the fittest, and right hotly did the contest rage, sometimes with advantage to the one, again to the other.

It was any one's fight for the first two or three minutes. Dixie's Flag was all that Belcher claimed for him—as doughty a champion as the Sunny South had ever produced. But after the first few desperate rallies the superior fighting qualities of Miltiades began to assert themselves. He was apparently the stronger bird of the two; or it may have been that he was in better condition. Dixie's Flag fought back for all that was in him. Wounded but unconquered, he fought as a gladiator might have battled in the Circus Maximus. Under the constant aggressive sallies of his opponent he rocked back but he never wavered. Whenever opportunity presented itself he sought with all the waning strength he possessed to find a vulnerable point in the armor of his foe, but the Fates had willed otherwise. In another minute Dixie's Flag toppled over on his side and lay there.

Belcher viewed the outcome as a man in a trance. He tried to persuade himself that he was dreaming. He had been hoist by his own petard. He glanced over to where the referee stood, ready to perform the closing ceremonies, when the voice of the Major roused him.

"I don't want to make any suggestions to you at this stage of th' game, Mistah Belcher," he began quietly, "but I hate to assist at butcherin' a gallant warrior. Dixie's Flag is one of th' best I evah saw. Of course yo' have a right to keep him here as long as he'll show fight of any kind, but I don't see that such a course will get anybody anything. If he was taken up now an' had th' proper care he might live an' do some good in his generation. I ain't studyin' fo' th' ministry—an' folks say that there isn't any sentiment in gamblin'—but I'd like to own Dixie an' take him back home with Miltiades. If yo' say so I'll give yo' five hundred dollahs fo' him. It ain't much, considerin' what you've lost, but it's th' top price evah paid fo' a game chicken, alive or dead."

Belcher glanced over at the prostrate bird. It was no use—he was done to a turn. Better to save something out of the wreck. "It's your funeral!" he exclaimed roughly. "Gimme the money. After that you can throw him in the soup pot if you want to."

As he pronounced the words that meant unconditional surrender, Schnitzer passed rapidly through the doorway and out into the night.

In the hotel, after the fight, the Major was holding high court when Belcher entered. His whole being was surcharged with gloom. The Major welcomed him effusively.

"Come an' join us, Brothah Belcher," he exclaimed hospitably. "Come an' join us. Th' fortunes of war nevah put a man's swallowin' capacity out of business yet, an' yo're one of the best losers I evah saw in my life. I'll have to hand it to yo' fo' being able to part with yore money as easy as any man on th' face of God's green footstool. I'd rathah picked any one else, but you know how it is yo'self; some one has got to win an' I'm not altruistic enough to tell yo' that I wanted to take th' short end myself. Come an' join us. There's nothing like a small cold bottle to sweeten up a loser."

The gambler eyed Major Miles sardonically. "You certainly put it all over me," he said, "and I fell for it, whatever it was. I ain't figured out the answer yet and I don't know exactly where to place you, Major—whether you're the luckiest man I ever met or the smartest. But being now that it's all over, I confess I am curious to know ——"

"Of co'se," broke in the Major with a genial assumption of good-natured toleration, "of co'se yo' are. I don't blame yo' fo' bein' curious. But first of all, I'd like to say, Mistah Belcher, that I nevah have subscribed to the doctrine that a sucker is born every time th' second hand makes a circle. An' I think Mr. Barnum was just amusin' himself with words when he said that th' public likes to be humbugged. But speakin' about curiosity, my dear suh, it's the most costly companion a man eveh traveled with. It's really an incurable disease. In th' main, it's an overweenin', not to say unhealthy, desire to ascertain whetheh yore neighbor keeps his gun loaded or not. It's anothah name fo' th' gaff which spurs a man up against th' shell-game an' tickles his fingers until he reaches fo' his bank-roll. Moreovah, it's the official trade-mark for spring millinery. None genuine without it. Curiosity an' conversation are twin brothers. Hitched double they'll get you 'most anywhere excep' th' place where yo' really oughtah go. Yo' will pahdon me if I remind yo' that curiosity is th' attribute of an ape, because it's generally conceded that th' monkey is th' most inquisitive animal alive; an' yo' don't look to me like a baboon, my deah fellah. If I was fo'ced to express an opinion I'd say without evasion of any kind that yo' was a very fair sample of a first-class high-toned gentleman whose only offense against th' precept fo' layin' up treasures was miscalculatin' somewhat when he figgahed that a gamecock in his manifold peregrinations was beyond th' activities of a brothah pilgrim harborin' a genuine idea."

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3—We don't operate sweatshops filled with poorly paid, inexperienced help—

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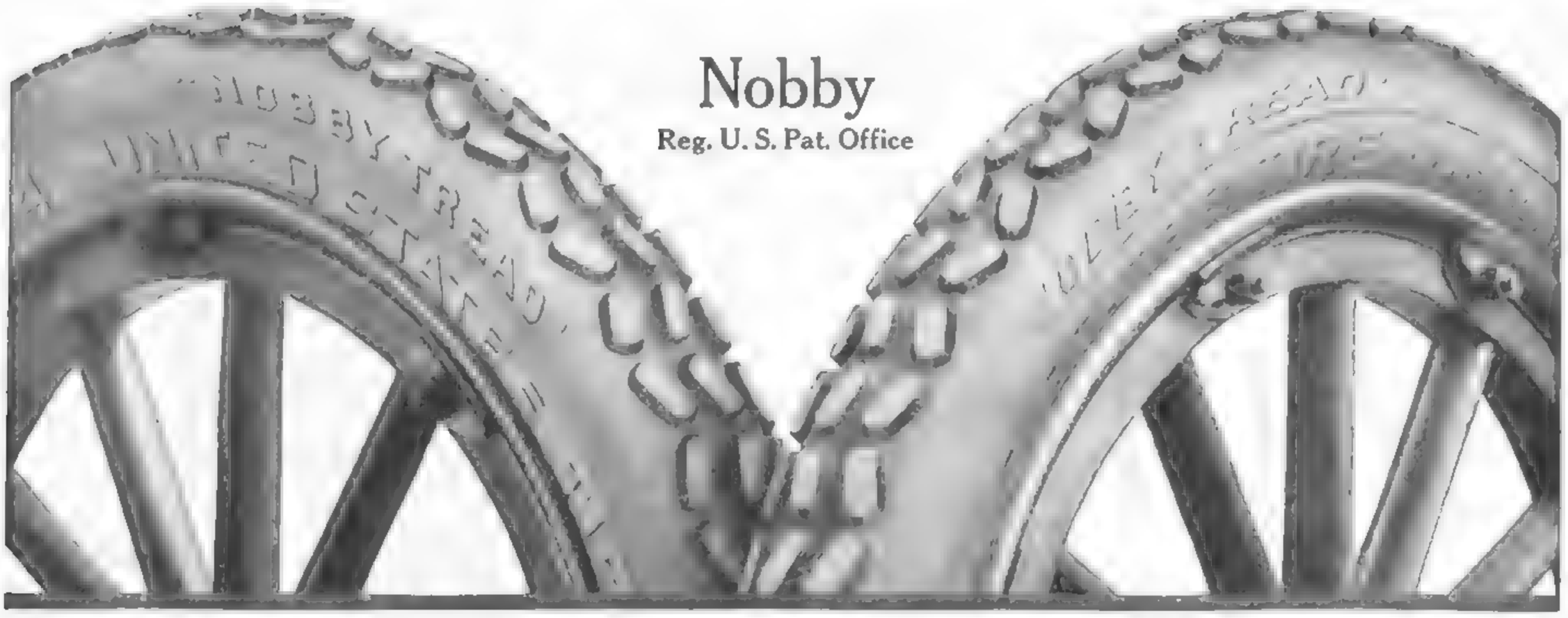

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You see "Nobby Tread" owners on city streets and country roads all the time, anywhere and everywhere,

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The reason will be the obvious reason—the simple reason—the same reason why they buy the best of other things, viz:—simply because they have learned that the best in tires like the best in everything is always the

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Automobile owners everywhere are rapidly learning to buy tires on a real business basis, viz:—the basis of ultimate economy.

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Based upon their remarkable mileage records

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are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

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Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

(Continued from Page 23)

"Then it was all a tempest in a teapot," Ray commented.

"It was a mountain out of a molehill," Geoffrey affirmed.

"And Sprague is coming back?"

"Unquestionably."

"You don't mind my telling Madeleine?"

"I want you to tell her," said Girard. But in the midst of lighting a fresh cigarette he paused to add: "All, that is, except about Cousin Martha's family secret. I depend upon you to hold that confidence inviolate."

There was silence for part of a minute. Then Ray said:

"I'm glad Sprague is coming back."

"I thought you loathed Americans," Girard reminded.

"Only in general. Sprague's the exception. He seems a generous sort."

Geoffrey was looking at the moon. "I dare say," was his rejoinder. "Which is it—copper mines or gold?"

The artist changed his position. The question disturbed him.

"Gold," he answered, not very bravely. "He's letting me into a very good thing."

"You've investigated it, I suppose."

"Investigated? How could I? The mine's in America. Your wife's an American; has friends and relatives there; visits there. She says she knows all about the Tonopah district. Besides, she's going in herself."

"The devil she is!" Girard blurted.

"Why, it's a chance in a million. I had to beg ——"

"And you'll keep on begging if you take the chance. You'll be a beggar for the rest of your days. On second thought I don't believe Sprague will be back. And you may thank your lucky stars for it."

Ray went suddenly pale. Nervously he clutched his beard.

"But I gave him my check this morning and ——"

"You've nothing to show, I suppose. My dear fellow, you should have a guardian appointed. Now I am quite positive Sprague will never be back."

It was midnight when the two gentlemen returned to the inn. For Girard two telegrams had just arrived. The first which he opened was dated Paris, signed "Burrows," and read like this:

"Distanced them by twenty minutes. Arrested my party. Yours at Hôtel de Rome, from which she sent two wires. One to Carlisle, London."

The second was likewise dated Paris.

"Love is too precious not to be prized," he read.

It was without signature.

Then he dispatched three telegrams, all worded exactly alike, and smiling contentedly went to bed and sound, dreamless sleep.

XVI

THE Hôtel de Rome, Paris, is not a garish hostelry. It is modest, quiet and sequestered. Amorette had never so much as heard of it until that particular night when the gallant Sprague was snatched from her side by the rude hands of the law and she was left cavalierless in the midst of an excited throng of voluble, gesticulating French people on the railway station platform.

Then a dapper little man who spoke English with an accent unquestionably American, and for that very reason, despite her immediate experience, was most welcomely reassuring, had put her hurriedly into a cab and named the unheard-of name as he did so. And in an inconceivably brief space she had been swallowed up within its protecting walls.

She was all nervously atremble and she was as pale as whitewash behind her veil. Never in all her life had she wished for any one nearly so much as she at that moment wished for Geoffrey Girard. Her impetuosity had served her indeed a scurvy trick and she realized it. But even in her plight she was very far from repentant. In the seclusion of her somewhat shabby room she wept bitter tears, until her eyes were red and there were ugly streaks of briny dust on her roseleaf cheeks. Yet she still believed in the justification for her act. She had been created to be happy, and she was entitled to her heritage. When it had threatened to flout her in one corner, she had merely taken matters in hand with the intention of wooing it in another. And though she had encountered misery on the way she was not to be balked in her quest.

The quiet of the hotel restored after a time some measure of her disturbed poise. She rang for a waiter, ordered a light meal, and requested that some telegraph blanks be sent up to her immediately. When two of the blanks came back with messages, Burrows, who had been lounging about the hotel lobby in ingratiating converse with the *directeur*, took them from the waiter and appropriated their addresses and subject matter before passing them on; which would tend further to indicate that the young New York man was a person of resource if not of scruples.

It would be giving a distinctly erroneous impression to say that Amorette slept well. Torn by conflicting emotions, her slumber was fitful. She dreamed a great deal and she wakened at frequent intervals. In her dreams Girard was the most prominent figure. Fresh perils encompassed her with each fresh nap, and Girard invariably appeared at the opportune minute and effected—or was about to effect—a rescue as she woke up. Strangely enough Edgar Carlisle appeared but seldom, and then always in the rôle of Nemesis.

The effect of this dreaming was present with her throughout the morning of the next day. She fancied that every step she heard in the passage was Geoffrey's. Without stopping to consider that, having failed to inform him of her present location, the odds were something like a thousand to one against his finding her, she spent all the forenoon in mentally picturing him bursting in upon her with haggard countenance and distraught manner and pleading on bended knee that she pardon his cruel and wicked defection. Of course she had never yet seen Girard in just the light of this picture, but she did not allow that fact to weigh against the realism of her imaginative *tableau vivant*.

Just what she should do when he came, knelt and begged was as yet by no means clear in her mind. It was no more than just that he should suffer. His treatment of her had been shameful in the extreme. He had humiliated her beyond all bearing. She was not certain that it was not beyond all forgiveness. If at moments now in this dreary hotel she experienced a tendency to soften, to weaken, to yield, it was due wholly to her solitude. With the coming of Edgar, to whom she had wired a hysterical command to join her immediately, her strength of purpose would no longer waver. And so she came, with the coming of afternoon, to alternate the objects of her expectancy. The lighter steps were Edgar's; the heavier, Geoffrey's. In the intervals of footsteps she addressed her anticipations in like manner to the telephone, which hour after hour irritated her by its persistent silence.

Watching, waiting, listening, the suspense grew after a time almost unbearable; yet she dared not go out. She sent for a railway guide and studied it assiduously—now trains from Tours, now trains from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe—only to become more and more confused.

Perhaps Edgar had not received her wire. Long ago she had learned that he was not altogether dependable. He might at least have had the grace to answer that he had started. Then she decided that if she could read it might hasten the hours; but when she had supplied herself with a dozen current periodicals she found that they were without interest. Concentration was impossible. Footsteps or the jingle of the telephone alone could excite her attention.

And then, at the moment of her extremity, the dumb instrument woke to speech. In her haste to reach it she collided with a chair and bruised a shin.

"Yes, yes," she answered, her voice quivering with excitement.

The response was a whisper:

"Madame Girard?" And she knew the speaker for a Frenchman.

"Yes, yes," she repeated.

"Pst! Pst!" It was most extraordinary. "Pst! Pst!"

It frightened her, but her trembling hand still clutched the instrument. She did not speak.

A second passed; two seconds; three. Silence.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" she called weakly. But there was no response. The telephone was as dumb as an oyster.

Amorette sank into a chair, more distressed than ever. The mystery of the call

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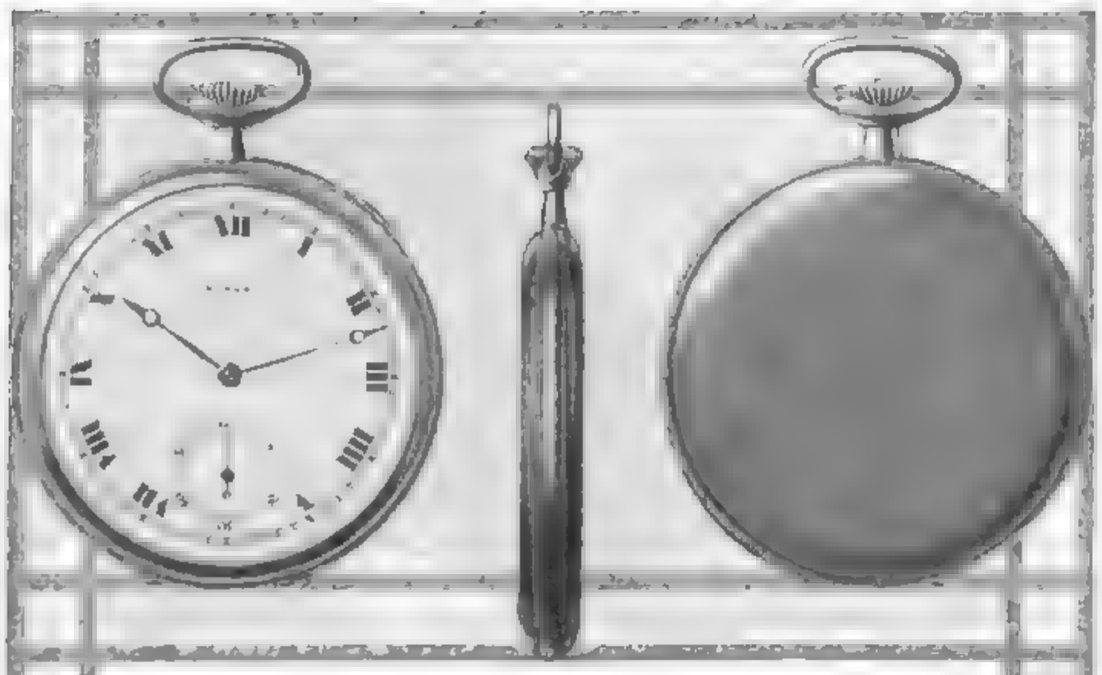

The New Howard *Ionic*

The latest achievement of the HOWARD Watchmakers and one of the most beautiful Time-pieces ever designed.

The HOWARD Ionic—12-size, 17-jewel, extra-thin, open-face, the movement adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism, cased in a single-joint gold-filled case of special design, exceedingly flat and compact—price $40.

Owing to the extreme care given to the finish and adjustment of every HOWARD movement, only a small number of these new watches will be available this year.

The more enterprising jewelers will make a point of having a few to show, and we would strongly advise anyone who is interested to see the Ionic and make reservation at an early date.

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Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD WATCH. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

This man's spare time is worth $276.00 a month.

His name is Mr. Sidney Eckley; he lives in Ohio. Not long ago an advertisement like this caught his eye. He wrote for particulars.

In reply we told him how, like thousands of other men and women, he could earn some money in his spare time. He met us half-way. His early efforts netted him only $7.00 during his first month, but opened his eyes to the possibilities ahead of him. During his third month he converted his spare time into $276.00 in cash.

During this period his regular business as Auditor and Public Accountant increased because his "sideline" had created new acquaintances and opened up new lines of approach.

If you are interested, meet us half-way. We will coach you, for the sooner we can help you to become a $276.00 man, the more quickly we will benefit through your services. Address a request for particulars to

Agency Division, Box 643

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

was most disturbing. After a little, however, she controlled herself sufficiently to call up the *bureau* and inquire. But the operator knew nothing, except that the call had come from outside the hotel.

An hour passed, an hour of dread and indetermination. The watch on her wrist told her that in three minutes it would be five o'clock. Should nothing happen in those three minutes she would prepare to leave the Hôtel de Rome. She would quit Paris. At two minutes to five there was a knock on her door. At one minute and fifty-nine seconds before the hour Edgar Carlisle stood in front of her.

"I hate you!" she cried. And it sounded as if she meant it. "You are a wretched man!"

Edgar, who showed travel stains, smiled through his grime.

"I love to hear you say it," he said. "It shows you have been impatient for my coming. It is a reflection of past moments. In another moment you will love me."

He made to take her in his arms, but she pushed him away.

"No," she insisted, "I shall never love you again. You could have wired me that you were on the way, and you didn't. You might have made me very happy with two words early this morning. Now all the words you can speak will not alter me. I shall never in all my life care for you in the least again."

He started to explain, to make excuses; but she checked him before he had fairly begun.

"I am going back to my husband," she announced.

"But you mustn't," Edgar protested. "I will not allow you to make yourself unhappy. Your husband doesn't understand you. I am the only man that does, and you are going to fly with me."

"You're altogether too slow a flyer," said Amorette. "Besides, my husband understands me perfectly. That isn't the trouble at all. It is I that don't understand him. And I understand you still less."

Edgar had ceased to smile. He began to feel sorry for himself. Irritability threatened.

"Aren't you even going to ask me to sit down?" he asked.

"I didn't intend to, but I will. There is just one thing you can do for me." She picked up the copy of the railway guide which lay on a table at her hand and passed it to him. "You can find the first train that will take me on my way to Chinon."

He took the book, dropped into a chair himself and then dropped the book to the floor.

"You're not going back to Chinon," he said firmly, "and you know you're not."

"I'm going exactly where I please, and there is no one that can stop me," Amorette retorted.

"Won't you be sensible?"

"I am sensible. I wasn't yesterday, but I am to-day. I made an insane mistake, and it only required this meeting with you, Mr. Carlisle, to make me see it. You've opened my eyes."

"I'll open them wider before you're through with me. Now listen to me, Amo——"

"I won't listen to you calling me Amo," she cut back. "I won't put up with any familiarity. If you're not going to look up that train for me I think you'd better be going. I don't wish to appear rude, but——"

And then there was another knock at the door.

"If it's Geoffrey," thought Amorette, "I'll forgive him a thousand times over."

But it wasn't Geoffrey. It was a boy with a small slip of paper.

"Where did you get this?" Mrs. Girard asked, when she had opened its one fold and examined it on both sides.

"From a gentleman," the lad answered.

"Is he waiting?"

"No, madame."

"Can you describe him?"

"No, madame."

"Didn't you see him?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then why can't you tell me how he looked?"

Slowly the boy opened his palm and displayed a shining louis.

Amorette's laughter bubbled over. "Oh, then I shan't insist," she said.

On the paper were but two words, carefully printed in capital letters with a lead pencil. The words were: "On Guard."

Having closed the door she dropped the slip into Edgar Carlisle's lap, for he had not so much as risen.

"There," she said. "That is a husband worth having." For she was very sure that Girard was waiting outside. It was exactly like him to do this. Could it, she was asking herself, by any chance have been he who so frightened her over the telephone? The whisper sounded like a Frenchman's. But then Girard's French was perfect. The incident restored her good humor. She began to feel sorry for the dejected young man in the chair.

"I know you are horribly disappointed and all that, Edgar," she said kindly; "but it has all turned out for the best. I should only be a drag on you. It was selfish of me ever to think of eloping with you. I'm afraid I'm too impulsive, don't you think so?"

Edgar frowned. "I think it a beastly low trick," he said, making no effort to curb his ill temper. "Here I've hurried all the way from London for nothing."

"'Come,' you mean; not 'hurried.'" Amorette corrected.

"No, hurried—and, what's more, at great personal inconvenience. I was to have met my fellow capitalist at the Cecil this afternoon. I had him about worked up to giving me an interest in another of his Tonopah gold mines, and——"

Amorette fairly jumped at him.

"Sprague?" she cried.

"Of course, Sprague. What of it?"

"It was he you came to meet the night I hurried you out of Paris."

"Yes. And I did meet him, at the Gare du Nord. He went to London with me that evening."

"Is he the man you invested everything with?"

"Not everything; but a great deal."

"And you're very anxious to see him again?"

"I wouldn't have missed seeing him to-day for a thousand pounds."

She had meant to jar him, to jolt him; but at the last she couldn't. Instead she laid a sympathetic hand on his dusty shoulder.

"Oh, Edgar!" she commiserated; "I'm so sorry. But I'm afraid you'll never realize a farthing. Mr. Sprague was arrested here last night and will probably be extradited to the United States. He's a most conscienceless sharper."

Edgar sank six inches lower in his chair and his chin dropped into his scarf. For the time being he was speechless.

And just then a familiar knock sounded on the door. Again Amorette opened it. It was the same boy. This time he held out an envelope.

"The same gentleman?" Mrs. Girard asked.

"No, madame."

"Then, perhaps——" she began. But once more the palm was upturned. The louis was not the same; it was less shining than the first one.

The envelope contained a sheet of paper on which there were two written lines:

"High-powered motor car round the corner."

It was large, bold handwriting. And to Amorette it appeared most familiar. But it was not Geoffrey's.

Whose was it?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

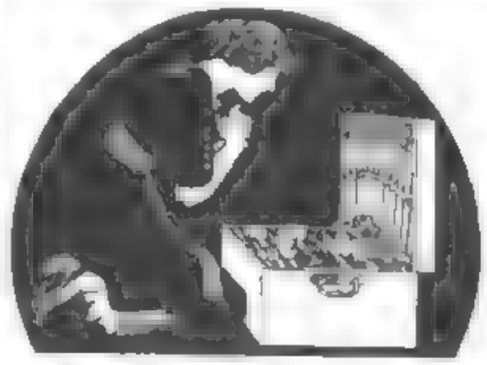
Wireless on Wheels

WIRELESS telegraph sets are now being devised for use on commercial trucks, to enable the drivers to keep in touch with the business office of the firm if drivers who understand wireless can be found. The idea is to enable the drivers to send in rush orders, or to receive directions from the office about deliveries or calls that come to attention after the truck has left for a long trip.

Such a service has been put in actual operation in England, where the telephone service has its drawbacks; but the idea has also been worked out experimentally, with complete success, in the United States, with a view to establishing the practice. Many other uses for wireless on vehicles have also been suggested, such as a wireless set on a fire-chief's wagon, through which the driver of this wagon may keep in constant touch with the fire-alarm office.

Good communication has been obtained between a wireless station and an automobile truck seven miles away in city streets. The framework of the truck acted as the earth, and the antennæ consisted of twenty-five wires strung under the canvas top of the truck.

COMMUNITY-RELIANCE PLATE



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On September 15—the day before this is written—dealers sold to users 152 HUDSON Six-40's. That is, yesterday buyers of new cars paid out $235,600 for HUDSONS.

The average has long been $930,000 per week—because that is the limit of output. We are building and selling 100 per day. That is five times as many—*five times, mark you*—as we sold at this season last year. And we had no war then. Our average sales have more than trebled since August 1st.

Means That Hudsons Rule This Field

In July—when we brought out this new model—we trebled our output to cope with demand. Thirty days later—despite our best efforts—we were 4,000 cars oversold.

We shipped by express nearly 1,000 cars to minimize delays. That is unprecedented. But thousands of men waited weeks for this car when other cars were plentiful. No other could satisfy men who once saw this new-model HUDSON Six-40.

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 5)

why I am here in Monte Carlo? Frankly, Mr. Draconmeyer, I look upon this close interest in my movements as an impertinence. My travels have been of no importance, but they concern myself only. I have no confidences to offer respecting them. If I had it would not be to you that I should unburden myself."

"You suspect me then? You doubt my integrity?"

"Not at all," Hunterleys assured his questioner. "For anything I know to the contrary you are, outside the world of finance, one of the dullest and most harmless men existing. My own position is simply as I explained it during the first few sentences we exchanged. I do not like you, I detest to have my wife's name associated with yours, and for that reason the less I see of you the better I am pleased."

Mr. Draconmeyer nodded thoughtfully. He was to all appearance studying the pattern of the carpet. For once in his life he was genuinely puzzled. Was this man by his side merely a jealous husband, or had he any idea of the greater game that was being played round them? Had he, by any chance, arrived to take part in it? Was it wise in any case to pursue the subject further? Yet if he abandoned it at this juncture it must be with a sense of failure, and failure was a thing to which he was not accustomed.

"Your frankness," he admitted grimly, "is almost exhilarating. Our personal relations being so clearly defined, I am inclined to go further even than I had intended. We cannot now possibly misunderstand each other. Supposing I were to tell you that your arrival in Monte Carlo, accidental though it may be, is in a sense opportune; that you may in a short time meet here one or two politicians, friends of mine, with whom an interchange of views might be agreeable? Supposing I were to offer my services as an intermediary? You would like to bring about better relations with my country, would you not, Sir Henry? You are admittedly a statesman and an influential man in your party. I am only a banker, it is true, but I have been taken into the confidence of those who direct the destinies of my country."

Hunterleys' face reflected none of the other's earnestness. He seemed indeed a little bored, and he answered almost irritably.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, "but Monte Carlo seems to me scarcely the place for political discussions. Besides, I have no official position. I could not receive or exchange confidences. While my party is out of power there is nothing left for us but to mark time. I dare say you mean well, Mr. Draconmeyer," he added, rising to his feet, "but I am here to forget politics altogether if I can. If you will excuse me I think I will look in at the baccarat rooms."

He was on the point of departure, when through the open doorway that communicated with the baccarat rooms beyond came a man of sufficiently arresting personality—a man remarkably fat, with close-cropped gray hair that stuck up like bristles all over his head and a huge, clean-shaven face that seemed concentrated at that moment in one tremendous smile of overwhelming good humor. He held by the hand a little French girl, dark, small, slim, looking almost like a marionette in her tailor-made costume. He recognized Draconmeyer with enthusiasm.

"My friend Draconmeyer," he exclaimed in stentorian tones, "baccarat is the greatest game in the world! I have won—I who know nothing about it have won a hundred louis. It is amazing! There is no place like this in the world. We are here to drink a bottle of wine together, mademoiselle and I; mademoiselle who was at once my instructress and my mascot. Afterward we go to the jeweler's. Why not? A fair division of the spoils—fifty louis for myself, fifty louis for a bracelet for mademoiselle. And then ——"

He broke off suddenly. His gesture was almost dramatic.

"I am forgotten!" he cried, holding out his hand to Hunterleys; "forgotten already! Sir Henry, there are many who forget me as a humble minister of my master, but there are few who forget me physically. I am Selingman. We met in Berlin six years ago. You came with your great foreign secretary."

"I remember you perfectly," Hunterleys assured him as he submitted to the newcomer's vigorous handshake. "We shall meet again, I trust."

Selingman thrust his arm through that of Hunterleys as though to prevent his departure.

"You shall not run away!" he declared. "I introduce both of you—Mr. Draconmeyer, the well-known Anglo-German banker, Sir Henry Hunterleys, the English politician to Mademoiselle Estelle Nipon, of the Opera House. Now we all know one another. We shall be good friends. We shall share that bottle of champagne."

"One bottle between four!" mademoiselle laughed poutingly. "And I am parched! I have taught monsieur baccarat. I am exhausted."

"A magnum!" Selingman ordered in a voice of thunder, shaking his fist at the startled waiter. "We seat ourselves here at the round table. See, this is how we will place ourselves. Mademoiselle, if the others make love to you take no notice. It is I who have put fifty louis in one pocket for that bracelet. Do not trust Sir Henry there. He has a reputation."

As usual the overpowering Selingman had his way. Neither Draconmeyer nor Hunterleys attempted to escape. They took their places at the table and they listened to Selingman. All the time he talked, save when mademoiselle interrupted him. Seated upon a chair that seemed absurdly inadequate, his great stomach with its vast expanse of white waistcoat in full view, his short legs doubled up beneath him, he beamed upon them all with a smile that never failed.

"It is a wonderful place," he declared as he lifted his glass. "We will drink to it—this Monte Carlo. It is here that they come from all quarters of the world—the ladies who charm away our hearts," he added, bowing to mademoiselle; "the financiers whose word can shake the money markets of the world; the politicians who unbend perhaps just a little in the sunshine here, however cold and inflexible they may be under their own austere skies. For the last time then—to Monte Carlo! To Monte Carlo, dear mademoiselle, messieurs!"

A few minutes later Hunterleys slipped away. The two men looked after him. The smile seemed gradually to leave Selingman's lips; his face was large and impressive.

"Run and fetch your cloak, dear," he said to the girl.

She obeyed at once. Selingman leaned across the table toward his companion.

"What does Hunterleys do here?" he asked.

Draconmeyer shook his head.

"Who knows?" he answered. "Perhaps he has come to look after his wife. He has been to Bordighera and San Remo."

"Is that all he told you of his movements?"

"That is all," Draconmeyer admitted. "He was suspicious. I made no progress with him."

"Bordighera and San Remo!" Selingman muttered under his breath. "For a day, perhaps, or two."

"What do you know about him?" Draconmeyer asked, his eyes suddenly bright beneath his spectacles. "I have been suspicious ever since I met him an hour ago. He left England on December first."

"It is true," Selingman assented. "He crossed to Paris, and—mark the cunning of it—he returned to England. That same night he traveled to Germany. We lost him in Vienna and found him again in Sofia. What does it mean, I wonder? What does it mean?"

"I had been talking to him for twenty minutes in here before you came," Draconmeyer said. "I tried to gain his confidence. He told me nothing. He never even mentioned that journey of his."

Selingman was drumming upon the table with his broad fingertips.

"Sofia!" he murmured. "And now here! Draconmeyer, there is work before us. I know men, I tell you. I know Hunterleys. I watched him, I listened to him in Berlin six years ago. He was with his master then, but he had nothing to learn from him. He is of the stuff diplomats are fashioned of. He has it in his blood. There is work before us, Draconmeyer."

"If monsieur is ready!" mademoiselle interposed a little petulantly, letting the

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tip of her boa play for a moment on his cheek.

Selingman finished his wine and rose to his feet. Once more the smile encompassed his face. Of what account after all were the wanderings of this melancholy Englishman? There was mademoiselle's bracelet to be bought, and perhaps a few flowers. Selingman pulled down his waistcoat and accepted his gray Homburg hat from the *vestiaire*. He held mademoiselle's fingers as they descended the stairs. He looked like a schoolboy of enormous proportions on his way to a feast.

"We drank to Monte Carlo in champagne," he declared as they turned on to the terrace and descended the stone steps; "but, dear Estelle, we drink to it from our hearts with every breath we draw of this wonderful air, every time our feet touch the buoyant ground. Believe me, little one, the other things are of no account. The true philosophy of life and living is here in Monte Carlo. You and I will solve it."

III

HUNTERLEYS dined alone at a small round table set in a remote corner of the great restaurant attached to the Hôtel de Paris. The scene around him was full of color and interest. A scarlet-coated band made wonderful music. The toilettes of the women who kept passing backward and forward on their way to the various tables were marvelous, in their way unique. The lights and flowers of the room, its appointments and adornments, all represented the last word in luxury. Everywhere was color, everywhere an almost strained attempt to impress upon the passer-by the fact that this was no ordinary holiday resort, but the giant pleasure ground of all in the world who had money to throw away and the capacity for enjoyment.

Only once a somber note seemed struck, when Mrs. Draconmeyer, leaning on her husband's arm and accompanied by a nurse and Lady Hunterleys, came into the dining room. Hunterleys' eyes followed the little party until they had reached their destination and taken their places. His wife was wearing black and she had discarded the pearls that had hung round her neck during the afternoon. She wore instead a collar of diamonds, his gift. Her hair was far less elaborately coiffured and her toilette less magnificent than the toilettes of the women by whom she was surrounded. Yet as he looked from his corner across the room at her Hunterleys realized, as he had realized instantly twelve years ago when he had first met her, that she was incomparable. There was no other woman in the whole of that great restaurant with her air of quiet elegance; no other woman so faultless in the smaller details of her dress and person. Hunterleys watched with expressionless face, but with anger growing in his heart, as he saw Draconmeyer bending toward her, accepting her suggestions about the dinner, laughing when she laughed, watching almost humbly for her pleasure or displeasure. It was a cursed mischance that had brought him to Monte Carlo!

Hunterleys hurried over his dinner and, without even going to his room for a hat or coat, walked across the square in the soft twilight of an unusually warm February evening and took a table outside the Café de Paris, where he ordered coffee. Round him was a far more cosmopolitan crowd, increasing every moment in volume. Every language was being spoken, mostly German. As a rule such a gathering of people was in its way interesting to Hunterleys. To-night his thoughts were truant. He forgot his strenuous life of the last three months, the dangers and discomforts through which he had passed, the curious sequence of events that had brought him, full of anticipation, nerved for a crisis, to Monte Carlo of all places in the world. He forgot that he was in the midst of great events, himself likely to take a hand in them.

His thoughts took, rarely enough for him, a purely personal and sentimental turn. He thought of the earliest days of his marriage, when he and his wife had wandered about the gardens of his old home in Wiltshire on spring evenings such as these, and had talked sometimes lightly, sometimes seriously, of the future. Almost, as he sat there in the midst of that noisy crowd, he could catch the faint perfume of hyacinths from the borders along which they had passed and the trimly cut flower beds that fringed the deep green lawn. Almost he could hear the chiming of the old stable clock, the clear note of a thrush singing. A puff of wind brought them a waft

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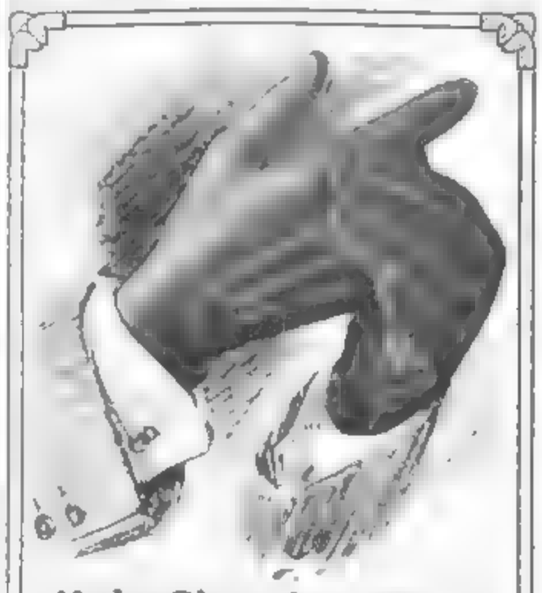

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of fainter odor from the wild violets that carpeted the woods. Then the darkness crept round them; a star came out. Hand in hand they turned toward the house and into the library, where a wood fire was burning in the grate. His thoughts traveled on. A wave of tenderness had assailed him. Then he was awakened by the waiter's voice at his elbow:

"*Le café, monsieur.*"

He sat up in his chair. His dreaming moments were few and this one had passed. He stemmed that tide of weakening memories, sipped his coffee and looked out upon the crowd. Three or four times he glanced at his watch impatiently. Precisely at nine o'clock a man moved from somewhere in the throng behind and took the vacant chair by his side.

"If one could trouble monsieur for a match?"

Hunterleys turned toward the newcomer as he handed his matchbox. He was a young man of medium height, with sandy complexion, a little freckled, and a straggling, fair mustache. He had keen gray eyes and the faintest trace of a Scotch accent. He edged his chair a little nearer to Hunterleys.

"Much obliged," he said. "Wonderful evening, isn't it?"

Hunterleys nodded.

"Have you anything to tell me, David?" he asked.

"We are right in the thick of it," the other replied, his tone a little lowered. "There is more to tell than I like."

"Shall we stroll along the terrace?" Hunterleys suggested.

"Don't move from your seat," the young man enjoined. "You are watched here, and so am I in a way, although it's more my news they want to censor than anything personal. This crowd of Germans round us, without a single vacant chair, is the best barrier we can have. Listen – Selingman is here."

"I saw him this afternoon at the Sporting Club," Hunterleys murmured.

"Douaille will be here the day after to-morrow, if he has not already arrived," the newcomer continued. "It was given out in Paris that he was going down to Marseilles, and from there to Toulon to spend three days with the fleet. They sent a paragraph into our office there. As a matter of fact, he's coming straight on here. I can't learn how exactly, but I fancy by motor car."

"You're sure that Douaille himself is coming?" Hunterleys asked anxiously.

"Absolutely! His wife and family have been bustled down to Mentone, so as to afford a pretext for his presence here if the papers learn of it. I have found out for certain that they came at a moment's notice and were not expecting to leave home at all. Douaille will have full powers, and the conference will take place at the Villa Mimosa. That will be the headquarters of the whole thing—— Look out, Sir Henry, they've got their eye on us. The little fellow in brown, close behind, is hand in glove with the police. They tried to get me into a row last night. It's only my journalism they suspect, but they'd shove me over the frontier at the least excuse. They're certain to try something of the sort with you if they get any idea that we are on the scent. Sit tight, sir, and watch. I'm off. You know where to find me."

The young man raised his hat and left Hunterleys with the polite farewell of a stranger. His seat was almost immediately seized by a small man dressed in brown, a man with a black imperial, and mustache curled upward. As Hunterleys glanced toward him he raised his Homburg hat politely and smiled.

"Monsieur's friend has departed?" he inquired. "This seat is disengaged?"

"As you see," Hunterleys replied.

The little man smiled his thanks, seated himself with a sigh of content and ordered coffee from a passing waiter.

"Monsieur is doubtless a stranger to Monte Carlo?"

"It is my second visit only."

"For myself I am a habitué," the little man continued; "I might almost say a resident. Therefore, all faces soon become familiar to me. Directly I saw monsieur I knew that he was not a frequenter."

Hunterleys turned a little in his chair and surveyed his neighbor curiously. The man was neatly dressed and spoke English with scarcely any accent. His shoulders and upturned mustache gave him a military appearance.

"There is no one I envy so much," he proceeded, "as the person who comes to Monte Carlo for the first or second time. There is so much to know, to see, to understand."

Hunterleys made no effort to discourage his companion's obvious attempts to be friendly. The latter talked with spirit for some time.

"If it would not be regarded as a liberty," he said at last as Hunterleys rose to move off, "may I be permitted to present myself? My name is Hugot. I am half English, half French. Years ago my health broke down and I accepted a position in a bank here. Since then I have come into money. If I have a hobby in life it is to show my beloved Monte Carlo to strangers. If monsieur would do me the honor to spare me a few hours to-night, later on, I would endeavor to see that he was amused."

Hunterleys shook his head. He remained, however, perfectly courteous. He had a conviction that this was the man who had been watching his wife.

"You are very kind, sir," he replied. "I am here for only a few days and for the benefit of my health. I dare not risk late hours. We shall meet again, I trust."

He strolled off, and as he hesitated upon the steps of the Casino he glanced across toward the Hôtel de Paris. At that moment a woman came out, a light cloak over her evening gown. She was followed by an attendant. Hunterleys recognized his wife and watched them with a curious little thrill. They turned toward the terrace. Very slowly he, too, moved in the same direction. They passed through the gardens of the Hôtel de Paris, and Hunterleys, keeping to the left, met them upon the terrace as they emerged. As they came near he accosted them.

"Violet," he began.

She started.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I did not recognize you."

"Haven't you been told," he asked stiffly, "that the terrace is unsafe for women after twilight?"

"Very often," she assented with that little smile at the corners of her lips that once he had found so charming and that now half maddened him. "Unfortunately I have a propensity for doing things that are dangerous. Besides, I have my maid."

"Another woman is no protection."

"Susanne can shriek," Lady Hunterleys assured him. "She has wonderful lungs and she loves to use them. She would shriek at the least provocation."

"And meanwhile," Hunterleys observed dryly, "while she is indulging in her vocal exercises things happen. If you wish to promenade here, permit me to be your escort."

She hesitated for a moment, frowning. Then she continued her walk.

"You are very kind," she assented. "But perhaps you are like me, and feel the restfulness of a quiet place after these throngs and throngs of people."

They passed slowly down the broad promenade, deserted now save for one or two loungers like themselves and a few furtive, hurrying figures. In front of them stretched an arc of glittering lights, the wonderful Bay of Mentone, with Bordighera on the distant seaboard, and higher up the twinkling lights from the villas built on the rocky hills. At their feet was the sea, calm, deep, blue, lapping the narrow belt of hard sand, scintillating with the reflection of a thousand lights; on the horizon a blood-red moon.

"Since we have met, Henry," Lady Hunterleys said at last, "there is something I should like to say to you."

"Certainly."

She glanced behind. Susanne had fallen discreetly into the rear. She was a new importation, and she had no idea as to the identity of the tall, severe-looking Englishman who walked by her mistress' side.

"There is something going on in Monte Carlo," Lady Hunterleys went on, "that I cannot understand. Mr. Draconmeyer knows about it, I believe, although he is not personally concerned in it; but he will tell me nothing. I know only that for some reason or other your presence here seems to be an annoyance to certain people. Why it should be I don't know, but I want to ask you about it. Will you tell me the truth? Are you sure that you did not come here to spy upon me?"

"I certainly did not," Hunterleys answered firmly. "I had no idea that you were near the place. If I had ——"

She turned her head. The smile was there once more, and a queer, soft light in her eyes.

"If you had?" she murmured.

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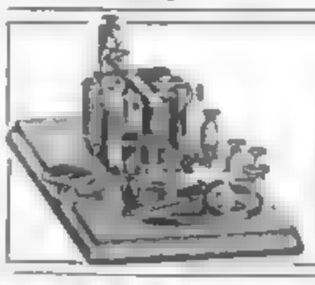

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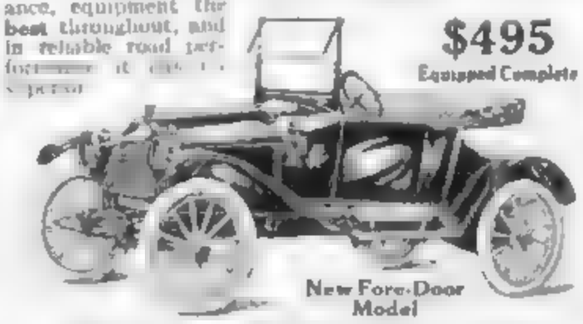


New Fore-Door Model

A Masterpiece in Automobile Design and Construction

METZ COMPANY . . . . WALTHAM, MASS.

Both Free

What Do You Know

About Your Store—positively—Besides Its Location?

Going down to the store in the morning, you don't have to guess at the street and number—that saves a lot of time. But once inside, doesn't the guesswork commence—to your danger? Don't you guess that certain lines are profitable when they may be very unprofitable? Don't you guess at the amount of stock on hand—at the actual net profit for the day, at the relative value of different clerks, at the amounts you owe and that are owing you—today?

Wouldn't you rather *know?* Then read our "Retailer's Self-Examination Sheet" and answer the questions honestly to yourself. Then you will know just how much you are guessing and just how much you actually *know* about your business. You will also get a clear idea of the appalling danger of *guessing* in business.

It's easy to know the facts about your business. Columns of figures need have no terrors for you. The Burroughs Adding Machine has taken all the drudgery out of bookkeeping and the exact compiling of daily records. With less time than is now spent on your books, you can also learn all the essential facts about your business. We show you just how to get these facts and how they may be used to protect profits. We do this before we ask you to buy a machine. When you know just what the Burroughs will do, you will not hesitate.

Send also for an invaluable pamphlet, "Stopping Store Leaks." Both are free to all retailers.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan European Office, 76 Cannon Street London, E. C., Eng.

Makers of adding and adding-subtracting bookkeeping machines, listing and calculating machines, visible printing adding and calculating machines. 25 different models in 400 combinations of features. $150 to $650 in U. S. Easy payments if desired.

ARTICLES FOR YOUR HOME

Every thrifty housewife seeks to buy at a saving. There are articles every home needs—a coffee percolator, a china dinner set, a meat chopper, lace curtains, vacuum bottles, and clocks. Through our plan the mother of any alert boy can obtain these articles, *cost free* and with little or no effort. For particulars write to *Box 644*, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

"My visit here, under the present circumstances, would have been more distasteful than it is," Hunterleys replied stiffly.

She bit her lip and turned away. When she resumed the conversation her tone was completely changed.

"I speak to you now," she said, "in your own interests. Mr. Draconmeyer is, of course, not personally connected with this affair, whatever it may be, but he is a wonderful man and he hears many things. To-night before dinner he gave me a few words of warning. He did not tell me to pass them on to you, but I feel sure that he hoped I would. You would not listen to them from him because you do not like him. I am afraid that you will take very little more heed of what I say, but at least you will believe that I speak in your own interests. Mr. Draconmeyer believes that your presence here is misunderstood. A person whom he describes as being utterly without principle and of great power is incensed by it. To speak plainly, you are in danger."

"I am flattered," Hunterleys remarked, "by this interest on my behalf."

She turned her head and looked at him. His face, in this cold light before the moon was high, was almost like the face of some marble statue, lifeless, set, of almost stone-like severity. She knew the look so well; and she sighed.

"You need not be," she replied bitterly. "Mine is merely the ordinary feeling of one human creature for another. In a sense it seems absurd, I suppose, to speak to you as I am doing. Yet I do know that this place that looks so beautiful has strange undercurrents. People pass away here in the most orthodox fashion in the world, outwardly, but their real ending is often never known at all. Everything is possible here, and Mr. Draconmeyer honestly believes that you are in danger."

They had reached the end of the terrace and they turned back.

"I thank you very much, Violet," Hunterleys said earnestly. "In return, may I say something to you? If there is any danger threatening me or those interests that I guard, the man whom you have chosen to make your intimate friend is more deeply concerned in it than you think. I told you once before that Draconmeyer was something more than a great banker—a king of commerce, as he calls himself. He is ambitious beyond your imaginings, a schemer in ways you know nothing of, and his residence in London during the last fifteen years has been the worst thing that ever happened for England. To me it is a bitter thing that you should have ignored my warning and accepted his friendship ——"

"It is not Mr. Draconmeyer who is my friend, Henry," she interrupted. "You continually ignore that fact. It is Mrs. Draconmeyer whom I cannot desert. I knew her long before I did her husband. We were at school together, and there was a time before her last illness when we were inseparable."

"That may have been so at first," Hunterleys agreed; "but how about the situation now? You cannot deny, Violet, that this man Draconmeyer has in some way impressed or fascinated you. You admire him. You find great pleasure in his society. Isn't that the truth, now honestly?"

Her face was a little troubled.

"I do certainly find pleasure in his society," she admitted. "I cannot conceive of anyone who would not. He is a brilliant, a wonderful musician; a delightful talker; a generous host and companion. He has treated me always with the most scrupulous regard, and I feel that I am entirely reasonable in resenting your mistrust of him."

"You do resent it still, then?"

"I do," she asserted emphatically.

"And if I told you," Hunterleys went on, "that the man was in love with you?"

"I should say that you were a fool!"

Hunterleys shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no more to be said," he declared; "only for a clever woman, Violet, you are sometimes woefully or willfully blind. I tell you that I know the type. Sooner or later—before very long, I should think—you will have the usual scene. I warn you of it now. If you are wise you will go back to England."

"Absurd!" she scoffed. "Why, we have only just come! I want to win some money—not that your allowance isn't liberal enough," she added hastily, "but there is a fascination in winning, you know. And, besides, I could not possibly desert Mrs. Draconmeyer. She would not have come at all if I had not joined them."

"You are the mistress of your own ways," Hunterleys said. "According to my promise I shall attempt to exercise no authority over you in any way. But I tell you that Draconmeyer is my enemy and the enemy of all the things I represent, and I tell you, too, that he is in love with you. When you realize that these things are firmly established in my brain, you can perhaps understand how thoroughly distasteful I find your association with him here. It is all very well to talk about Mrs. Draconmeyer, but she goes nowhere. The consequence is that he is your escort on every occasion. I am quite aware that a great many people in society accept him. I personally am not disposed to. I look upon him as an unfit companion for my wife and I resent your appearance with him in public."

"We will discuss this subject no farther," she decided. "From the moment of our first disagreement it has been your object to break off my friendship with the Draconmeyers. Until I have something more than words to go by I shall continue to give him my confidence."

They crossed the stone flags in front of the Opera together and turned up toward the rooms.

"I think, perhaps, then," he said, "that we may consider the subject closed. Only," he added, "you will forgive me if I still ——" He hesitated. She turned her head quickly. Her eyes sought his, but unfortunately he was looking straight ahead and seeing gloomy things. If he had happened to turn at that moment he might have concluded his speech differently. "If I still exhibit some interest in your doings," he finished

"I shall always think it most kind of you," she replied, her face suddenly hardening. "Have I not done my best to reciprocate? I have even passed on to you a little word of warning, which I think you are very unwise to ignore."

They were outside the hotel. Hunterleys paused.

"I have nothing to fear from the mysterious source you have spoken of," he assured her. "The only enemy I have in Monte Carlo is Draconmeyer himself."

"Enemy!" she repeated scornfully. "Mr. Draconmeyer is much too wrapped up in his finance, and too big a man in his way, to have enemies. Oh, Henry, if only you could get rid of a few of your prejudices, how much more civilized a human being you would be!"

The expression on Hunterleys' face was a little grim.

"The man without prejudices, my dear Violet," he retorted, "is a man without instincts. I wish you luck."

She ran lightly up the steps and waved her hand. He watched her pass through the doors into the hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Coming Back

"REPARTEE," said Colonel J. W. Zevely, of Muskogee, "is useful in its proper place, but should not be indulged in in a courtroom. Down in our country a judge sentenced a malefactor to a year in prison.

"'Huh!' said the prisoner flippantly; 'I can do that standing on my head.'

"'Is it possible?' inquired the judge. 'I am astonished. But in order that you may not be compelled to maintain that undignified attitude all the time you are in prison, I hereby sentence you to an additional year, which you may do standing on your feet.'"

Distinguished Britons

WHEN the busses were taken from the streets of London and sent across the Channel to serve military purposes in France in the present war, time was too short to allow of more than a hasty overhauling of them. In consequence when they arrived on French soil they still carried the advertising signs with which Londoners are so familiar. Most conspicuous among these signs was one advertising the production of Montague Glass' play, Potash and Perlmutter, then running in London. Immense crowds of the French people watched with enthusiasm the unloading of the English troops and their transport material, and when the busses began to rumble in a line along the street there were cheering and loud cries of "Vive Potache! Vive Perlmuttaire!"

Official reports have yet to announce the victories won by the above-mentioned distinguished English generals.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

WHEN the children came trooping into this nursery, after it had been treated with "61" Floor Varnish and Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, they said: "The Fairies have been here!"

But soon a band of brigands held up a caravan on the nursery Sahara, and "61" Floor Varnish was put to the test.

The sands of the desert tell no tales, and neither does "61" Floor Varnish—not even a scratch! The wood may dent but the varnish won't crack—mar-proof, heel-proof and water-proof, hot or cold.

Send for Booklet and Two Sample Panels

one finished with "61" and the other with Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*. The porcelain-like surface of Vitralite will not crack or chip, whether used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. Shows no brush marks and may be washed indefinitely without harm.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

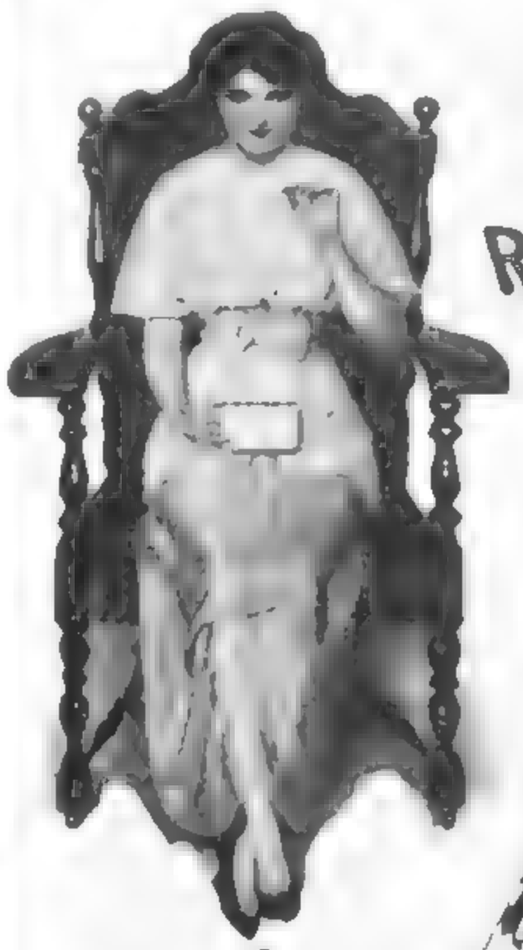
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Ardent Letters Daily Greet Charming, Dainty, Vera Sweet



A flood of letters from fervent admirers arrive daily for Miss Vera Sweet. She is loved by women, idolized by men.

Thousands of smitten hearts yearn to meet this charming, fascinating lady whose picture adorns every beautiful, bountiful box of—

RAMER'S Vera Sweet CHOCOLATES

Inside each shell of purest, freshest chocolate lie concealed delectable, alluring, rapture-giving flavors—a variety equaled only by milady's subtle, changing moods.

Ask for a box of this incomparable confection at your confectioner's. If you do not know where to find them—write to Vera Sweet and enclose a $1 bill and she will parcel post you a box of chocolates—each morsel a treat for the gods.

A. M. RAMER COMPANY
Winona, Minn.

Vera Sweet

The Motorcycle Tire Men Want

Men have long ceased buying motorcycle tires on mere "fad" and "whim." For they have come to realize the great part that good tires play in comfort, safety, service, economy.

They are buying on more than mere looks. Outward appearances don't tell much where motorcycle tire *quality* is concerned.

Three of Every Four

Three of every four new 1914 machines are on Goodyear Motorcycle Tires

Consider, you men to whom tire efficiency is vital, what this means.

It means that, by force of sheer super-service, Goodyear Motorcycle Tires have attained this great lead in four short years

In this time Goodyear tires have won men in a way approached by no other motorcycle tire.

Some Record Facts

In this time Goodyear Motorcycle Tires have also won and held every world's record for speed and durability. They are the tires Baker used in his wonderful trip across the continent.

Yet they are not "stunt" tires. The one thought in their making is super-service under all conditions of travel.

All this means that into these motorcycle tires are wrought the same master-qualities by which Goodyear Automobile Tires have won the world in their field.

Since men began to meter their mileage, Goodyear leadership has been all the more pronounced.

Cost No More

And the price of Goodyear Motorcycle Tires is no higher than for tires that do not have their Goodyear advantages. Then why consider lesser tires when Goodyears cost no more?

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
Motorcycle Tires

Goodyears are made with a thick anti-skid tread—made to sustain their quality reputation—made to maintain their world leadership.

There is a Goodyear dealer in your town. Ask him for our book which pictures and describes the making of Goodyear Motorcycle Tires—or write us. (1747)

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Dealers Everywhere Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

THE VICTORY

(Continued from Page 11)

The sample room was larger than any three of the Crockett House bedchambers and as bare as the indwellers of Eden. Usually, long tables were ranged against the walls and down the middle of the room; but they had been taken out to meet this emergency, and we had about six hundred square feet of rough boards to apportion.

"Before we go to bed," the cook announced with a kingly disregard of consequences, "I'll buy a drink for the bunch. Lemme have two dollars, Dan. Do I hear you-all say aye? The ayes have it! Let's liquor."

Probably all would have accepted the invitation had not Robitaille said meaningly: "We would be pleased to drink with you!" which clinched it for his party, but made German participation impossible. Schwartz, indeed, blurted out "Sure, Mit!" with friendly alacrity; but, on second thought, changed his mind and muttered that he was not thirsty and would join the cook some other time.

"Did you see?" asked Robitaille as we filed in to the bar. "They are surly animals. They know nothing."

"They are afraid!" asserted the lad from Auray.

"Be quiet, Jacques!" Robitaille ordered; but it was patent that he had the same notion in the back of his head.

"*A votre santé!*" said the Frenchmen punctilliously, bowing to the cook before they drank.

"Here's how, fellers!" he returned. "Throw it into you."

By the time a couple of our fellow travelers had reciprocated the courtesy Mit began to expand. Given about three drinks, the cook always thought in continents.

"This war, now," he remarked, disposing his ample bulk at ease against the bar, back to it, elbows on the rail: "What're all them people fightin' about? Who started the ruckus? And who's to blame?"

Who was to blame? Six Frenchmen laid down their glasses. Without pausing for a long breath they hurled at the cook six complete elucidations of the whole tangle. The shameless Germans, brutish in their ignorance and rendered arrogant because of the serene patience of enlightened France, had seized a pretext to unite with the perfidious and decadent Austrians to ——

"All right! All right!" cried the cook. "Don't git so blamed mad about it. You don't need to stick your nose so close to my face neither, Henree. I can hear all right without you givin' me a shower bath."

When they had cooled to a simmer the cook took a pull at his drink, wiped his sandy mustache and said amiably:

"So you boys are going 'way back there to fight, eh? Well, well!"

"To fight for France," they reminded him with kindling eyes.

"And them fellers in yonder are going back to fight for Germany, ain't it? Six of them and—six of you."

The cook's tone was casual, but the implication was so evident that it hit us like a bomb. And like a bomb he looked at me as he lounged there against the bar, a smile on his fat face; for none could guess what hellish plot was fomenting behind that freckled dome. My muscles were taut as for a jump while we waited for his next words.

"Yes," Robitaille echoed lamely; "seex." And he coughed behind his hand.

"Well," said Mit deliberately, "what the Sam Hill's the use, then, of going 'way over yonder to fight when you can do it just as well here?"

"I—I do not understand," replied the Frenchman. "What is it you have said?"

"I was just asking," the cook repeated painstakingly. "I was just inquiring of you and these other gen'lemen here where the sense was in going six or ten thousand miles, maybe, for a scrap when you can git it right in Junction City?"

"I do not understand," Robitaille murmured again; but I suspected he had a glimmer.

Mit did, too, and proceeded at once to elaborate his idea, which had the simplicity of genius. His proposition was that the French and Germans, about to sleep side by side in the Crockett House sample room, should, on the morrow, form in two lines on the outskirts of Junction City and engage in a knock-down-and-drag-out.

"Or if you'd liefer use guns, go to it—only that's agin the law. Perhaps knives'd

(Continued on Page 61)

How John B. Gibson Entered Williams College

When John B. Gibson was thirteen years old his father died.

John was anxious to help support the family. He began to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. In his home town, Waterloo, New York, he established a list of 75 customers—"*which furnished money and taught John the real value of a dollar.*"

After five years as our agent John entered Williams College His experience selling *The Post* was of value to him there. In addition to his scholastic success he became managing editor of the college daily and won other undergraduate honors. Upon graduation he became General Secretary of the Williams Christian Association; he has been reappointed for next year.

Speaking of his work with us, Mr. Gibson writes:

"Many young men have acquired their first knowledge of the value of money by being *Post* boys. That experience was invaluable to me; it placed me upon my own initiative and resources—qualities which should be brought out in every boy as early in life as possible."

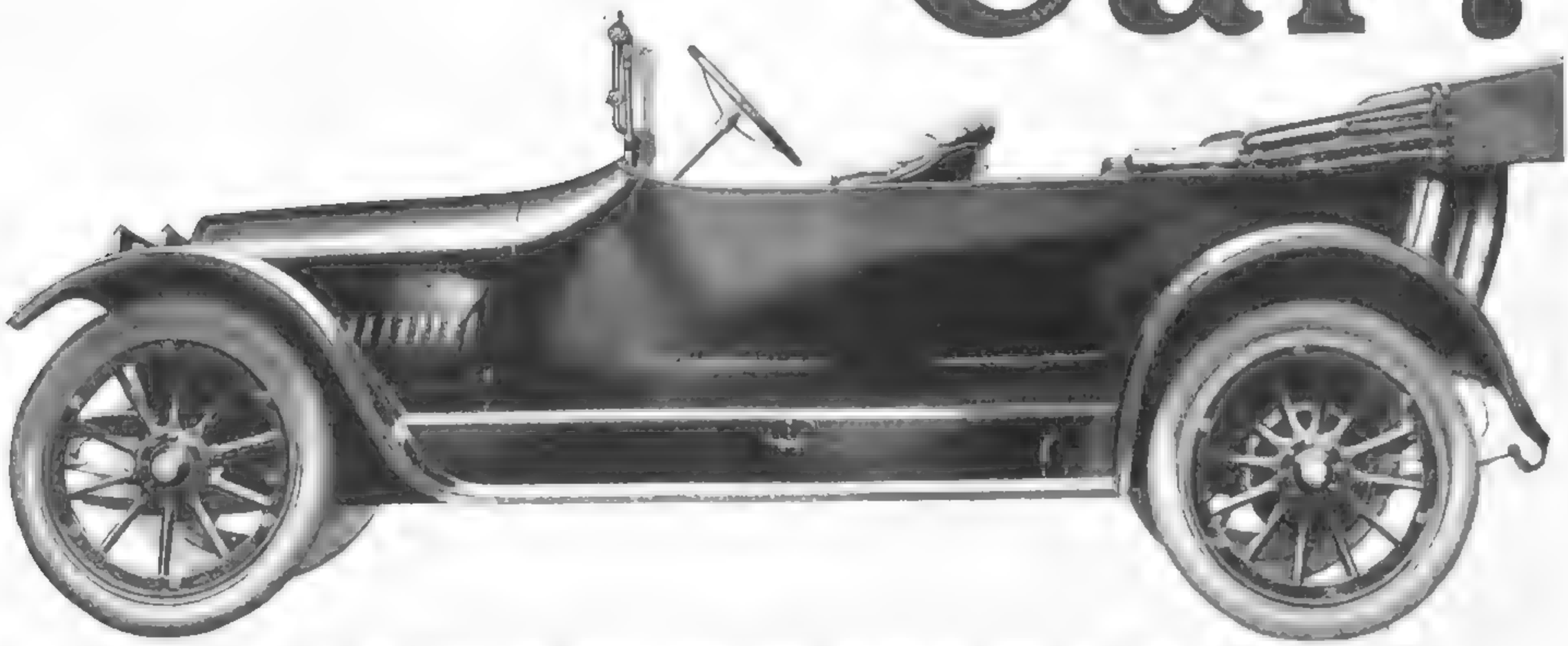
Parents, you should teach your sons the manhood lessons John B. Gibson learned. May we not send you our illustrated booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" A copy will be sent you, free of charge, upon request.

Boys, are you looking forward to becoming college men? Then write and ask us to tell you how John B. Gibson started to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*, how he entered Williams College and how he "made good" there. Write to

Sales Division, Box 648

Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The 21%-Better Car!



Each Year in Motor Cars There is One Which Stands Out From Its Class as Best, Not Alone in Material-Value But in Actual Performance. It Leads in Beauty, Power, Comfort and Chassis Construction. And That Car is Always the Shrewdest Buyer's Selection.

THAT enviable distinction in the Thousand-Dollar-Car Class belongs, we firmly believe, to the new Regal! *For, in the greatest model we ever expend per car 21% more in value giving than any other maker in this price class!* We worked two years on this model

Beauty—Leads Its Price-Class in Good Looks

And the Regal's good looks accurately illustrate the 21% Better Car. We went to Europe to get the body design—the suggestion comes from a famous $5000 foreign beauty. To preserve the wonderfully graceful lines we even place the radiator cap beneath the hood

The coach builder who makes most of America's beautiful limousines builds Regal bodies—and most critics frankly pronounce the New Regal at the head of the Thousand-Dollar Car Class in Looks

Comfort—Luxurious Roominess—Wide Doors—Lounging Space

Our rear seat is 48 inches wide. You stretch out in solid comfort on Turkish upholstery in the tonneau. Doors are 28 inches wide. Flexible construction velvets rough roads. All these things, combined, offer 21% greater value to the family that buys on a *quality ba*

REGAL

$1085 Touring Car or Roadster

Features of the 21%-Better Car

- Pure European Stream-Line Body Design.
- 39 Horsepower with 300 to 500 Pounds Less Weight
- Electric Self-Starter, Direct Drive
- Electric Lights, with Dimmer
- Long Stroke, High-Speed Motor
- Removable Motor Head
- Radiator Filler Cap Under Hood
- Extra Large Brake Drums
- Left Drive, Center Control
- 23-Inch Extra Wide Doors
- 48-Inch Rear Seat.
- One Man Top, One-Minute Inside Curtains.
- Rain Vision, Ventilating Wind Shield.
- Beautiful Crowned Fenders.
- Self Regulating Spark Advance
- Flush Cowl Instrument Board.
- Single-Adjustment Carburetor
- Low-Hung European Effect in Design.

Power—Built-in Motor Efficiency—We Make Our Own Motors

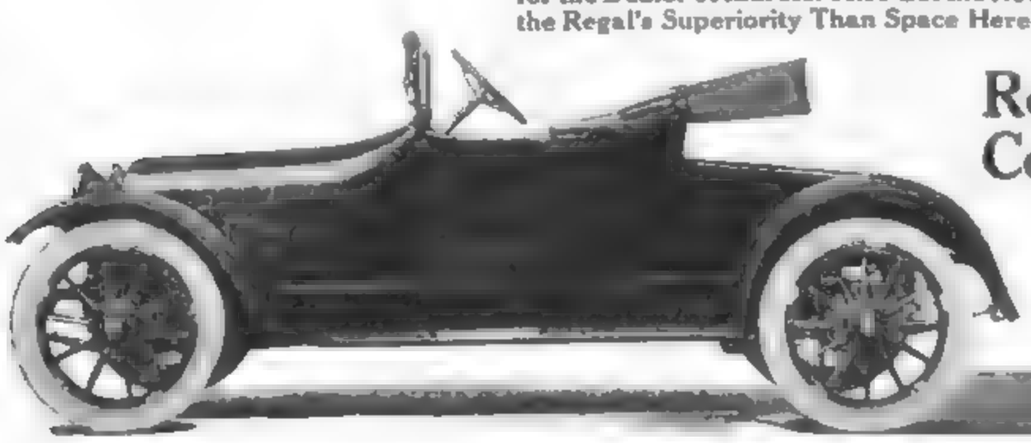
The Regal has 39 horsepower to pull 2450 lbs. of car weight Average cars have 25 to 35 horsepower to pull 300 to 500 lbs more weight than we. We could buy a stock motor at less cost but we build our own for quality's sake.

As an instance—each expert mechanic who "scrapes-in the bearings for our motors, does but six per day—bearings for two motors. This work is done by hand. We have never had a "motor foundation" go wrong, so infinite is the care we take

Our pistons have patented *overlapping rin* No power can escape down the piston sides as in most cars Extraordinary *built-in* efficiency, this extreme care, like the great European hand-made models," give untold performance Regal's motor head is made removable placing the heart of the motor at your fingers' tips If the cost of these like the Regal even though the car sells at $1085 is 21% greater than the average for a car of this class because of this extra value-giving.

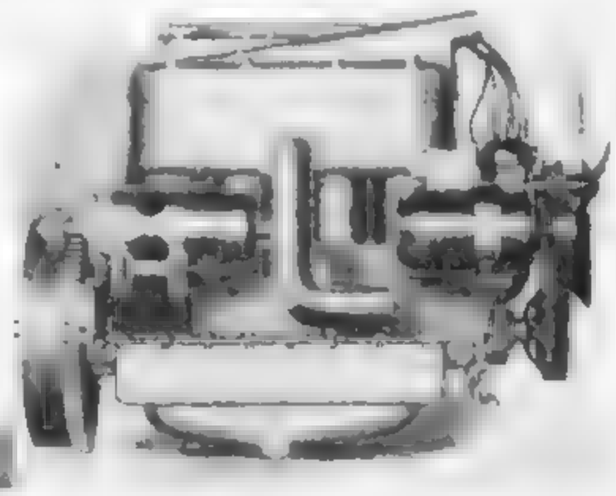
We use the costliest and, we believe, best starting and lighting system made. The Mercedes, Lancia, Mercer and others of like quality use it. But you will see it on no other cars in our price-class. This newest Regal was created with the same spirit that marks $5000 models, cost being secondary. Is it any wonder, then, that this is the 21 Better Car?

Go to the Nearest Regal Dealer and Inspect This New Model, or Write us for the Dealer's Address. Also Get the New Catalog. It Goes Deeper into the Regal's Superiority Than Space Here Permits. Write Today to the



Regal Motor Car Company Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Factory:
Canadian Regal Motors, Ltd.
Berlin, Ont.



Why Do Stores Cut Prices?

NO merchant cuts prices because he *prefers* to lose money.

His purpose is to make money. What he loses on the cut-price article he expects to make up somewhere. Now there are two ways possible of making up the loss:

(1) Charging extra profit on other articles.
(2) Getting an increased volume of business—"drawing trade."

The first of these two ways is clearly disadvantageous to the public. One customer gets a bargain; others pay excessive prices. And the excessive prices must total up to more than the bargains; else the scheme wouldn't be worth while for the store-keeper.

The second way—price-cutting to get increased volume—has been defended as legitimate advertising.

But is it?

Obviously the price-cutting is done to create an impression—an impression that the store is cheaper than others—not only on the cut-price line but on other lines. Quite generally this is a false impression. The store that sold everything at a loss would soon have to go out of business.

But the price-cutter contrives to create the *impression*.

He very often does this by trading on the reputation which a manufacturer has built up for his article. Price-cutting is of no use unless it is done on a standard article which has a well-known standard price and is known to be worth it. The price-cutter takes unfair advantage of the hard work done by that manufacturer. But by thus cutting the price, for his own ulterior purposes, he tends to make the public believe that the article is not worth the standard price.

In the same way he unfairly competes with other stores whose policy is to keep a fair, even level of honest prices on *all* goods *all the time*. He makes these stores appear to be high-priced simply by being cheaper than they are on one or two articles of known value.

The price-cutter thus, by his so-called "advertising scheme," injures the manufacturer and his own competitors. But he also injures the public, because

(1) He makes it difficult for the public to know clearly the real value of merchandise.
(2) He discourages manufacturers from trying to establish a fair, standard value.
(3) He undermines the reputable all-the-year-round stores which render real service to the buying public.

Look for the next in this series: "Good of the Greatest Number."

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 58)

be handier; but you can suit yourselves. There're six of you and six of them, and you size up mighty even except for Heffelfinger, and he's slower than a bogged cow."

"But," stammered the boy from Auray, "we have no quarrel against those men."

And Robitaille cut in with: "What of France? We go to fight for our country."

"Why," cried the cook, warming to the plan, "that's just the beauty of the scheme. If you go over there you'll be fighting in the French army, won't you? Well, those fellers yonder will be fighting agin you in the German army. You'll save time and money having it out here. No gouging or nothing—me and Dan will see fair play."

"It is not the same at all," declared Robitaille emphatically.

"Sure it's the same! Maybe you think you wouldn't do any good by it; but that's where you're wrong. Me and Dan will fix it up for whichever side wins. If you clean 'em Dan'll cable to the French president a li'l' piece; won't you, Dan? Tell 'em what you'll say, Dan."

"On August ninth a French force, operating on the line of the T. H. & B., encountered a body of German infantry near Junction City and routed them after a desperate encounter that lasted all forenoon and well into the dinner hour. The enemy ——"

"That's the ticket. That'll do fine! You fellers'll all git medals and your pictures will be in the papers. What would you say if the Germans won, Dan? Tell 'em that too."

"Why," I answered uneasily, "I'd simply cable to the Kaiser ——"

"Go on! Give it to 'em."

"I'd send a wire addressed to William Hohenzollern, Berlin, Germany ——"

"You won't need to," burst out Henri Robitaille passionately, "for we're not going to fight that way. And if we were, the cable would go to the president of France, my friend. You understand me?" He twisted his mustache fiercely.

In vain did the cook plead the soundness of his plan. They railed at him for an untutored savage. Who ever heard of such buffoonery? And when all the noncombatants joined their argument to his the reservists decided that there was a conspiracy afoot and we were in league. Sulkily they bade us good night and marched out of the bar.

We were bitterly disappointed. This sane, direct method of performing a duty held such promise—and we had a long, empty day before us; so we voted without a dissenting voice that the cook try his excellent proposal on the Germans.

"All right!" Mit agreed readily. "Let's go in there and I'll give it to them sort of careless while we're fixing to go to bed. Maybe they won't like it neither."

They did not. There was a silence you could have cut with a knife during Mit's enunciation of his plan, and more silence when he had finished. The Germans bedded close together at the north end of the room and never so much as stirred under the blankets.

"Well, what do you think of it?" cried the cook with affected heartiness.

For answer, Heffelfinger reared up from his bedding and, fixing Mit with a baleful squint, said: "Vat you trying to do? Kit me?" and lay down again. There followed indignant grunts from the Teutons and snorts of contempt from the French.

"All right!" rejoined the cook resignedly. "Have it your own way. I was only aiming to make it nice and easy for you-all."

And, with the air of a man who has been cruelly misunderstood, he pulled the blankets up over his head.

About half an hour later, just as I was dozing off, Mit shook back the covers to remark:

"All I wanted to do was to use common sense in this thing; but you fellers won't let me."

"What do you expect?" I shot at him. "If people used common sense there couldn't be any war. It's as fatal to war as a sense of humor to aristocracies. Shut up and go to sleep!"

Did you ever wake up from cold, too sleepy to reach for more covers, and lie there in misery rather than summon the energy to get comfortable? That is what I did. A chill wind blew through a window off the plains, but in preference to dragging the blankets off the cook, who had them wrapped tight round him and would be certain to resent it, I lay and shivered, with my hip bone aching against the hard floor.

Somebody on our left was restive. One of the shapeless bundles that littered the floor kept tossing and heaving.

"What's the matter?" I whispered.

"I'm sick. Cramps—here!" The words ended in a groan.

"There you go!" grumbled the cook to me, "waking a man up in the middle of the night. That's just like you."

"Something's the matter with Oscar."

"Huh?"

An agonized moan that trailed off into a prayer brought Mit out and wide awake. We tiptoed between recumbent forms to Oscar's side and the cook bent down.

"What's the matter, Ol' Settler?"

Oscar could not answer; he was doubled up by a paroxysm. The whole room was listening now. Somebody struck a match and lighted the lamp.

"Go git some whisky," ordered Mit, who knew no other remedy.

"Do you think we had better? He seems to be poisoned or something, and that whisky would kill a goat, Mit."

"Poisoned! I ain't surprised. No, sir; when I saw the way he eat that canned salmon I just naturally figured he'd be sick."

An attack of nausea left Oscar almost unconscious. We pressed round him, helpless in this emergency. None of his friends seemed to know what to do, and I was frightened.

"Here," said a brisk voice, "let me get a look at him." And Henri Robitaille elbowed in between the cook and me to Oscar's side.

"Ptomaine," he announced. "Fetch me some hot water—queeck! Is there a doctor in the town? Better bring him damfast!"

The way Robitaille poured lukewarm water into that boy made Mit's eyes bulge with apprehension. He gave him enough to drown a Texan; and Oscar obediently drank it, his head propped against the Frenchman's shoulder.

Now, the human system can absorb only so much, and nobody was surprised except Oscar when he became violently sick.

"Ah, that is good! That is fine—yas!" exclaimed Robitaille, with every indication of the liveliest satisfaction.

By the time Bill Hyatt had routed the railroad doctor from his bed the lad was out of danger. He was very weak, but the terrible pains had left him and he was able to smile wanly at his nurse. The physician shot some morphine into his arm to compensate for his trouble and we were entertained by Oscar's light-headed babbling for the remainder of the night.

Before breakfast they removed him to a bed vacated by an early rising couple and he dropped off peacefully to sleep. His comrades came to the meal with long faces, visibly embarrassed by the position in which Henri's aid had placed them; but Heffelfinger was as big as his body. Before he sat down he bowed formally across the table to Robitaille and up sprang the Frenchman to return a gallant salute.

After that it was impossible for the two parties to ignore each other. You cannot let a man save your life and then cut him on the street; and when Oscar emerged about noon a bit shaky, but able to smile, he approached Robitaille, stammered something unintelligible and grasped his hand.

"Ah, it is nothing!" cried the Frenchman airily. "You are the brave boy, yas. You feel better now, eh? The pains they are gone, to be sure? Not a word; you'll do the same for me some day when you shoot me, yas?"

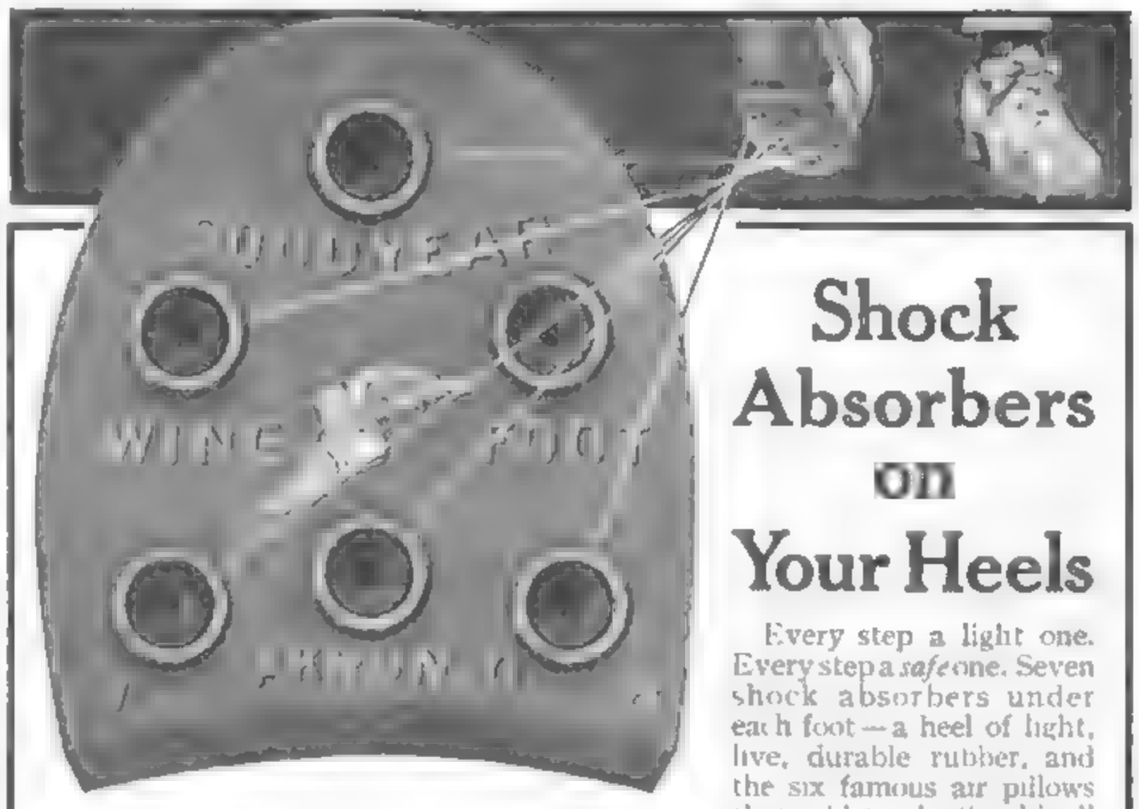
In the languorous period of the afternoon, when the eyes grow heavy for sleep, we loafed on the veranda. Bees droned amid the honeysuckle, voices came lazily, as from a distance. The sky was a pale blue void, and where it met the flat plain there shimmered a lake, edged by misty outlines of Normandy poplars and church spires.

"Gee! I wish that mirage was only real!" said Mit dreamily. "I'd go borrow me a horse and ride over for a swim."

Along the road from the west came a wagon drawn by a pair of mules. A black mongrel, with a white spot over one eye, ranged beside it, nosing at every prairie-dog hole they passed. The wagon halted in front of the Crockett House and the driver got down to tie the mules. He was coatless, of course—a very young man, with quizzing eyes and a whimsical smile.

"What's the ruckus?" he queried at sight of so many. "Circus in town?"

Then he assisted his wife to alight. Had she permitted herself she would have been pretty; but no woman can be a raving beauty who draws her hair tight up under



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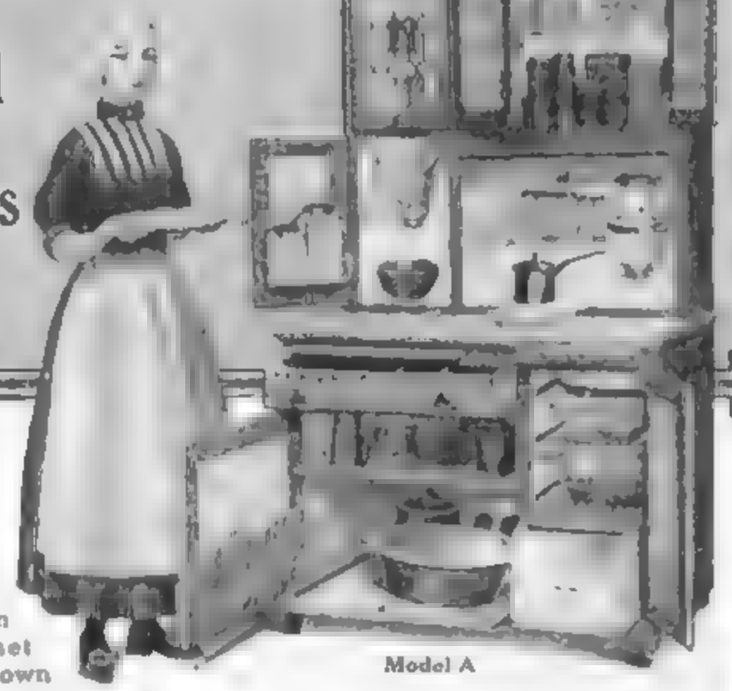

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It saves you work. It saves your back. It saves you hundreds of unnecessary steps. The Dutch Kitchenet is more than just a kitchen cabinet. It combines pantry, table and cupboard. It systematizes your kitchen without changing your regular routine. It enables you to do your accustomed kitchen work in less time. The Dutch Kitchenet is handsome in appearance and most convenient for every kitchen need.

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Sop-O-zoN is a scientific blend of finest vegetable oils, healing and soothing to the most delicate skin—ideal for [illegible] shampoo

The Sop-O-zoN Dispenser [illegible] not leak nor spill its contents [illegible] ordinary [illegible]

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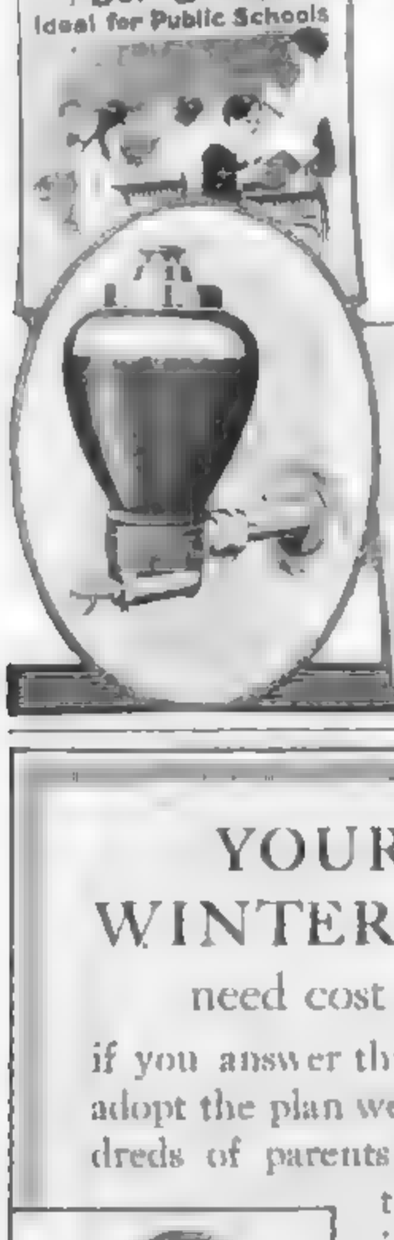

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if you answer this advertisement and adopt the plan we will submit. Hundreds of parents have already saved thousands of dollars in this way.

Without paying out a cent and with little or no effort on your part, your boy can be provided with a winter suit, a warm overcoat, a sweater, shoes and stockings.

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

the rim of her hat into a knot like a potato. However, her eyes were quite wonderful against the leathery brown of her skin. In her arms was a baby about two years old, who singled out the cook as a likely mine of amusement and flapped his arms toward him.

Unloading a crate of chickens the farmer heaved it to his shoulder and carried it to the back of the hotel. His wife went on down the street to the general store. The mules hung their heads, sighed windily and drooped, settling to a long wait, while the mongrel curled up in the hot dust under the wagon and cocked a suspicious eye at us.

Not long afterward a second wagon came along the plains road—a ramshackle vehicle that showed years of rough service. The wheels wabbled and whined; the seat sagged at one end where the springs had given. The horses that pulled it were gaunt and flop-eared, and one had stringhalt. Close under the tailboard slouched a brindled bulldog.

This, too, pulled up at the Crockett House and the owner tied his team to the hitching rail. He was stout and about forty years of age, harsh of feature, unshaved, dirty.

"Gen'lemen!"

"Howdy?" we answered.

"Goot day!" said Heffelfinger.

The man carried a crate of chickens to the back of the hotel and the dogs started to investigate each other by circling at a safe distance and growling deep in their throats. The black one scratched up some dirt and edged round a bit. In that he made a tactical error, for the movement brought him near the other wagon, which was tantamount to an invasion of territory. Instantly the bulldog let out a savage snarl and hurled himself on the black.

It might have made a very pretty fight had not the owner of the brindle come round the corner of the hotel at that moment with the landlord.

"No; I just couldn't pay thirty for them friers, Seth," Hyatt was saying. "That's all I give Bud Price for his'n. And they're half agin as big. Two bits is all — "

"Git, you dadgummed varmint!" roared Seth at sight of the struggle, and he took a running kick at the black.

It yelped, avoided the bulldog's follow-up rush, and scampered down the street, its tail between its legs.

"There wasn't no call to do that, Seth," said Bill gently.

"I'll kill the sorry rascal next time," returned the nester in a choking voice. "Him and his owner are both alike. One's just as sorry as the other."

The landlord said something to pacify him and they entered the bar together. Seth appeared to have recovered his good humor when he came out.

"Want supper before you go back, Seth?" Bill always carried on conversation in a melodious bellow.

"Uh-huh. Just put me up a li'l snack, will you, Bill? Got any ham? Fine! Make me a sure-'nough ham sandwich." And Seth went on down the street.

The landlord disappeared somewhere in the back regions, but soon rejoined us on the veranda and settled in an armchair. His pipe going freely he had leisure to observe the dogs, each of which occupied an entrenched position under his own wagon.

"Just look at those, will you?—itching for a fight right now. The only thing that keeps 'em back is one's a-scared and the other dassent. It's the same the world over. Nobody can bate like neighbors."

"How come?" murmured the cook, with a polite rising inflection to simulate interest.

"Take Bud Price and Seth Long here: They live next to each other beyond the S. M. S. pasture, and I've been lookin' for something to bust these three years."

"Been trouble?" Heffelfinger inquired.

"Oh, nothin' but a widow's quarrel. They had a dispute over a line fence—leastways that's the way it started, I heard tell; but Seth's got a mean temper—always frettin' that other folks'll give him the worst of it."

At that moment Price and his wife appeared at the door of the general store. The farmer had his arms full of bundles. One of them was a bandbox. They came to their wagon and Bud dumped the purchases in the back. Mrs. Price had a pleased look as she climbed into the seat and reached down to receive the baby.

"I do think those feathers are sort of becoming to me; and the shape is right pretty."

"You hold tight to him," said her husband, "while I go fetch something to eat. Oh, Bill!"

The landlord rose and followed him into the bar. In a few minutes Price came out with a sandwich and a bottle of beer.

"Take these." And when his wife would have protested, he said: "Pshaw! Get outside of it, honey. That'll never hurt you. It's too mild. And I'll go fetch that kerosene before I forget it," he added.

"All right! Hurry up, though. And make him give us credit for those eggs."

While he was gone about this domestic business, Seth Long returned. He pretended not to see Mrs. Price and entered the bar. We heard him call for a drink.

In about five minutes' time Price emerged from the store with a small can of oil and advanced toward us. And at that moment Long shouted for his sandwich.

"Set 'em up again, brother, and then I'll be drifting. Where's that sandwich, Bill?"

"Why," explained the landlord thoughtlessly, "I done let Bud Price have it, Seth."

"Let Bud Price have it'"

"I did, sure enough. He come in here and wanted something to eat before he hit for home, and there wasn't nothin' but that bread and ham I'd fixed for you. So he done took it. Wait a second and I'll go get you another."

"You needn't mind," Long told him with unnatural calm. "So Bud Price took my supper, did he?"

"Naw; nothin' like that, Seth nothin' like that. Don't get mad. He just wanted a sandwich and was willing to pay for it, so I done give him that one because it was ready. Wait and the cook'll fix you up another in two shakes."

"I can't wait," returned the nester, and came out on the sidewalk.

His neighbor had just deposited the can of kerosene under the seat and was walking round to the mules' heads to untie them. Long went straight to him.

"I've stood it long enough," he said in a high, cracked voice—"and longer!"

Before anyone could stir a finger he jerked a forty-five and fired into Price's body. The shock of the bullet at close range sent Price reeling against the wagon wheel.

"You'll never steal my supper again!" said Long.

Once more he pulled; but the landlord leaped on him from the rear and the shot went high. We swarmed from the veranda and bore the nester to the ground, where Robitaille and Schwartz disarmed him.

Price walked a few steps in an aimless sort of way, one hand against his neck where the band of his shirt was. On his face was an expression of childlike wonder a puzzled, questioning look. He began to grope with the other hand, as though feeling for support; but when we ran to help him he waved us back. His wife sprang to his side and he did not repulse her. Voiceless, white and wide-eyed, she put her arms round his waist and led him toward the veranda. From above the wagon-rim the baby stared at them soberly, a chubby fist in its mouth.

"Gott! Ham sandvich! Oh, Gott!" mumbled big Heffelfinger, wiping the perspiration from his lips.

Suddenly Price gave a sound between a screech and a whimper, and clutched at his collar. "Kate!" he cried. "What is it? The weight—the weight on my throat!"

Then he collapsed and slid from her grasp to the sidewalk. The cook and I tried to get her away; but she clung to him desperately.

In a few minutes there came a wheezing rattle, and Mrs. Price relaxed with a gentle sigh. We were able to move her. Heffelfinger and Henri Robitaille carried her into the hotel. Behind them moved the boy from Auray with the baby in his arms.

At seven-thirty-five that night a bus backed up to the Crockett House steps and the burly driver stuck his head inside the door to shout:

"Last trip for the Southbound Flyer! All aboard!"

There was a hurried exodus of the traveling fraternity and some married couples. Belated children were jerked fiercely across the lobby, their feet touching the floor about once every three yards.

"Come on!" cried the cook. "There's our train, men. Git a move on, you-all, or we'll be left."

Heffelfinger was buying cigars at the stand near the desk—buying, with a nice care to their selection, for eleven European reservists grouped about him. He turned his massive head leisurely and boomed at us: "The Burro Eggspress don't go back till to-morrow morning. *Auf wiedersehen!*"

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$1650

Sales Records for Seven Years Fall Before This Car

Each year Chalmers sales have mounted higher—more Chalmers cars have gone into service—as more people came to know what "Quality First" meant.

In this our 7th year the Chalmers "Light Six" has surpassed all preceding records.

It is our fastest selling car.

The Big Reason For This 7th and Greatest Success

Chalmers cars have always given big value for the money. But the Chalmers "Light Six" at $1650 is a greater automobile value than we have ever before offered.

It is, we believe, a greater value than any maker has ever offered at anywhere near the price.

The Demand Compelled Us To Build More of These Cars

The public was quick to recognize in this car the "overvalue" that we who built it knew was there. And the demand created by the road performances of the Chalmers "Light Six" compelled us to start a second factory order *a full two months earlier* than we had anticipated.

4,000 owners are now enjoying the uncommon service this car gives. Over 3,000,000 miles of roads they have found it supremely easy-riding and easy-driving.

They have found it a car they are proud to tell their friends of. It is a car whose very appearance excites interest.

Chalmers cars have always been good looking cars. They have been cars of striking style and smartness. But this "Light Six" with its *different kind* of beauty is a better looking car than any we had yet produced.

See For Yourself the "Overvalue" In This Car

Go to the nearest dealer and inspect this great car at close range. Then you won't be one of those who are today saying, "I wish I had seen this car before I purchased." Ask the dealer for a list of Chalmers owners. Get their unprejudiced story of what they think about the Chalmers "Light Six."

The new issue of Chalmers "Doings" with a beautiful color cover and photograph and full information about the complete Chalmers line will be gladly mailed at your request. Write today.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

CHALMERS · MOTOR · CO · Detroit Mich U.S.A.

Quality First

We have thousands of letters from Chalmers owners. Almost without exception they praise Chalmers cars. If you could read them all, we know you would buy a Chalmers car. But we can't reproduce them all, for lack of space. Here is one which is so typical of the endorsements of Chalmers "Quality First" principles, as expressed in nearly all the letters we have received from owners, that it is worth your careful reading. This letter was written by a representative business man of Fort Worth, Texas. *Read it.*

"Fort Worth, Texas, August 17, 1911

"What's all this talk a man hears about overhauling an automobile every so many thousand miles?

"Three years ago we purchased a Chalmers car. We bought that car because we had confidence in its builders.

"With the exception of the three weeks in a paint shop, our Chalmers has been in daily service, rain or shine, 305 days in the year, and our odometer today reads a fraction less than 30,000 miles.

"Our engine has never been taken down; our transmission, clutch, and differential housing have never been opened; the engine has never stopped except when we stopped it; it has never failed to start when we wanted to start it, in all our driving it has never yet the first time to be obliged to raise the hood on the road; our car has never been pushed nor pulled in such; we have never had to put a half dozen parts.

"For all these reasons, and because we believe in the same square deal to the same people as I want to have dealt to myself, your sale room, I am

*"Our experience with this car demonstrates that what a user gets out of an automobile depends upon what the manufacturer puts into it. The test of time and mileage have demonstrated to us that Chalmers cars are **quality** cars, built of **quality** materials by **quality** workmen in a **quality** [illegible]*

"I [illegible] you have made is sincere and [illegible]

[illegible] Owner's Name on Request

SHERMAN SAID IT

(Continued from Page 9

empty beer bottles that dotted the roadside ditches—empty bottles, as we had come to know, meant Germans on ahead; in the subdued, furtive attitude of the country folk, and, most of all, in the chalked legend, in stubby German script—"*Gute Leute!*"—on nearly every wine-shop shutter or cottage door. Soldiers quartered in such a house overnight had on leaving written this line "Good people!"—to indicate the peaceful character of the dwellers therein and to commend them to the kindness of those who might follow after.

The Lion of Waterloo, standing on its lofty green pyramid, was miles behind us before realization came that fighting had started that day to the southward of us. We halted at a *taverne* to water the horses, and out came its Flemish proprietor, all gesticulations and exclamations, to tell us that since morning he had heard firing on ahead.

"Ah, sirs," he said, "it was inconceivable—that sound of the guns. It went on for hours. The whole world must be at war down the road!"

The day before he had seen, scurrying across the cabbage patches and dodging among the elm trees, a skirmish party, mounted, which he took to be English; and for two days, so he said, the Germans had been passing the tavern in numbers uncountable.

We hurried on then, but as we met many peasants, all coming the other way afoot and all with excited stories of a supposed battle ahead, and as we ourselves now began to catch the faint reverberations of cannon fire, our drivers manifested a strange reluctance about proceeding farther. And when, just at dusk, we clattered into the curious little convent-church town of Nivelles, and found the tiny square before the Black Eagle Inn full of refugees who had trudged in from towns beyond, the liverymen, after taking off their varnished high hats to scratch their perplexed heads, announced that Brussels was where they belonged and to Brussels they would return that night, though their spent horses dropped in the traces on the way.

We supped that night at the Black Eagle—slept there too—and it was at supper we had as guests Raymond Putzeys, aged twelve, and Alfred, his father. Except crumbs of chocolate and pieces of dry bread, neither of them had eaten for two whole days.

The boy, who was a round-faced, handsome, dirty, polite little chap, said not a word except "*Merci!*" He was too busy clearing his plate clean as fast as we loaded it with ham and eggs and plum jam; and when he had eaten enough for three and could hold no more he went to sleep, with his tousled head among the dishes.

Tales Told at the Black Eagle

The father, however, between bites told us his tale—such a tale as we had heard dozens of times already and were to hear again a hundred times before that crowded week ended—he telling it with rolling eyes and lifting brows, and graphic and abundant gestures. Behind him and us, penning our table about with a living hedge, stood the leading burghers of Nivelles, now listening to him, now watching us—aliens—with curious eyes.

And, as he talked on, the landlord dimmed the oil lamps and made fast the door; for this town, being in German hands, was under martial law and must lock and bar itself in at eight o'clock each night. So we sat in a half light and listened.

They lived, the two Putzeys, at a hamlet named Marchienne-au-Pont, to the southward. The Germans had come into it the day before at sunup, and finding the French there had opened fire. From the houses the French had replied until driven out by heavy odds, and then they ran across the fields, leaving many dead and wounded behind them. As for the inhabitants they had, during the fighting, hidden in their cellars.

"When the French were gone the Germans drove us out," went on the narrator; "and, of the men, they made several of us march ahead of them down the road into the next village, we holding up our hands and loudly begging those within the houses not to fire, for fear of killing us who were their friends and neighbors. When this town surrendered the Germans let us go, but first one of them gave me a cake of chocolate.

"Yet when I tried to go to aid a wounded Frenchman who lay in the fields, another German, I thought, fired at me. I heard the bullet—it buzzed like a hornet. So then I ran away and found my son here; and we came across the country, following the canals and avoiding the roads, which were filled with German troops. When we had gone a mile we looked back and there was much thick smoke behind us—our houses were burning I suppose. So last night we slept in the woods and all day we walked, and to-night reached here, bringing with us nothing except the clothes on our backs.

"I have no wife—she has been dead for two years—but in Brussels I have two daughters at school. Do you think I shall be permitted to enter Brussels and seek for my two daughters? This morning they told me Brussels was burning; but that I do not believe."

Good Housekeeping on the March

Then, also, he told us in quick, eager sentences, lowering his voice while he spoke, that a priest, with his hands tied behind his back, had been driven through a certain village ahead of the Germans, as a human shield for them; and that, in still another village, two aged women had been violated and murdered. Had he beheld these things with his own eyes? No; he had been told of them.

Here I might add that this was our commonest experience in questioning the refugees. Every one of them had a tale to tell of German atrocities on noncombatants; but not once did we find an avowed eyewitness to such things. Always our informant had heard of the torturing or the maiming or the murdering, but never had he personally seen it. It had always happened in another town—never in his own town.

We hoped to hire fresh vehicles of some sort in Nivelles. Indeed, a half-drunken burgher who spoke fair English, and who, because he had once lived in America, insisted on taking personal charge of our affairs, was constantly bustling in to say he had arranged for carriages and horses; but when the starting hour came—at five o'clock on Monday morning—there was no sign either of our intoxicated guardian or of the rigs he had promised. So we set out afoot, following the everlasting sound of the guns.

After having many small adventures on the way we came at nightfall to Binche, a town given over to dullness and lacemaking, and once a year to a masked carnival, but which was now jammed with German supply trains, and by token of this latter circumstance filled with apprehensive townspeople. But there had been no show of resistance here, and no houses had been burned; and the Germans were paying freely for what they took and treating the townspeople civilly.

Indeed, all that day we had traveled through a district as yet unharried and unmolested. Though sundry hundreds of thousands of Germans had gone that way, no burnt houses or squandered fields of grain marked their wake; and the few peasants who had not run away at the approach of the dreaded *Allemands* were back at work, trying to gather their crops in barrows or on their backs, since they had no work-cattle left. For these the Germans had taken from them, to the last fit horse and the last colt.

At Binche we laid up two nights and a day for the curing of our blistered feet. Also, here we bought two flimsy bicycles and a decrepit dogcart, and a still more decrepit mare to haul it; and, with this equipment, on Wednesday morning, bright and early, we made a fresh start, heading now toward Maubeuge, across the French boundary.

Current rumor among the soldiers at Binche—for the natives, seemingly through fear for their own skins, would tell us nothing—was that at Maubeuge the onward-pressing Germans had caught up with the withdrawing columns of the Allies and were trying to bottle the stubborn English rear guard. For once the gossip of the privates and the noncommissioned officers proved to be true. There was fighting that day near Maubeuge—hard fighting and plenty of it; but, though we got within twelve miles of it, and heard the guns and saw the smoke from them, we were destined not to get there.

Strung out, with the bicycles in front, we went down the straight white road that ran toward the frontier. After an hour or two of steady going we began to notice signs of the retreat that had trailed through this section forty-eight hours before. We picked up a torn shoulder strap, evidently of French workmanship, which had 13 embroidered on it in faded red tape; and we found, behind the trunk of a tree, a knapsack, new but empty, which was too light to have been part of a German soldier's equipment.

We thought it was French; but now I think it must have been Belgian, because, as we subsequently discovered, a few scattering detachments of the Belgian foot soldiers who fled from Brussels on the eve of the occupation—disappearing so completely and so magically—had made their way westward and southward to the French lines, toward Mons, and were enrolled with the Allies in the last desperate effort to dam off and stem back the German torrent.

Also, in a hedge, was a pair of new shoes, with their mouths gaping open and their latchets hanging down like tongues, as though hungering for feet to go into them. But not a shred or scrap of German belongings—barring only the empty bottles—did we see.

The marvelous German system, which is made up of a million small things to form one great, complete thing, ordained that never, either when marching or after camping, or even after fighting, should any object, however worthless, be discarded, lest it give to hostile eyes some hint as to the name of the command or the extent of its size. Those Germans we were trailing cleaned up behind themselves as carefully as New England housewives.

The Fate of the Little Wine Shop

It may have been the German love of order and regularity that induced them even to avoid trampling the ripe grain in the fields wherever possible. Certainly, except when engaged in dealing out punishment, they did remarkably little damage, considering their numbers, along their line of march through this lowermost strip of Belgium.

At Merbes-Ste.-Marie, a matter of six kilometers from Binche, we came on the first proof of seeming wantonness we encountered that day. An old woman sat in a doorway of what had been a wayside wine shop, guarding the pitiable ruin of her stock and fixtures. All about her on the floor was a litter of foul straw, muddied by many feet and stained with spilled drink. The stench from a bloated dead cavalry horse across the road poisoned the air. The woman said a party of private soldiers, straying back from the main column, had despoiled her, taking what they pleased of her goods and in pure vandalism destroying what they could not use.

Her shop was ruined, she said; with a gesture of both arms, as though casting something from her, she expressed how utter and complete was her ruin. Also she was hungry—she and her children—for the Germans had eaten all the food in the house and all the food in the houses of her neighbors. We could not feed her, for we had no stock of provisions with us; but we gave her a five-franc piece and left her calling down the blessings of the saints on us in French-Flemish.

The sister village of Merbes-le-Château, another kilometer farther on, revealed to us all its doors and many of its windows caved in by blows of gun butts and, at the nearer end of the principal street, five houses in smoking ruins. A group of men and women were pawing about in the wreckage, seeking salvage from the loss. Men had saved a half-charred washstand, a sodden mattress, a clock and a few articles of women's wear; and these they had piled in a mound on the edge of the road.

At first, not knowing who we were, they stood mute, replying to questions only with shrugged shoulders and lifted eyebrows; but when we made them realize that we were Americans they changed. All were ready enough to talk then; they crowded about us, gesticulating and interrupting one another. From the babble we gathered that the German skirmishers coming in the strength of one company had found an English cavalry squad in the town. The English had swapped a few volleys with them, then had

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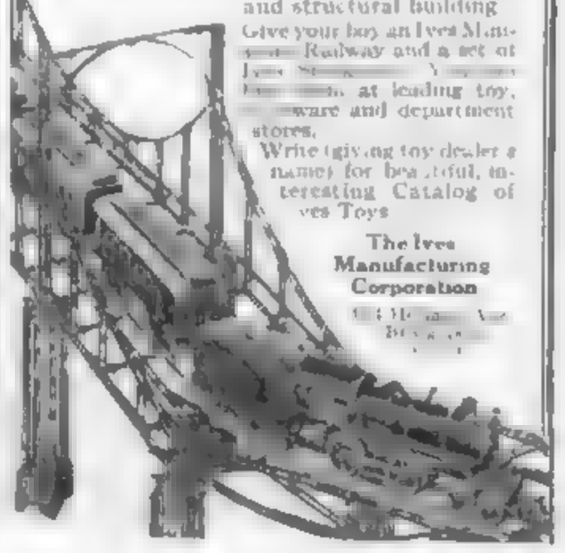

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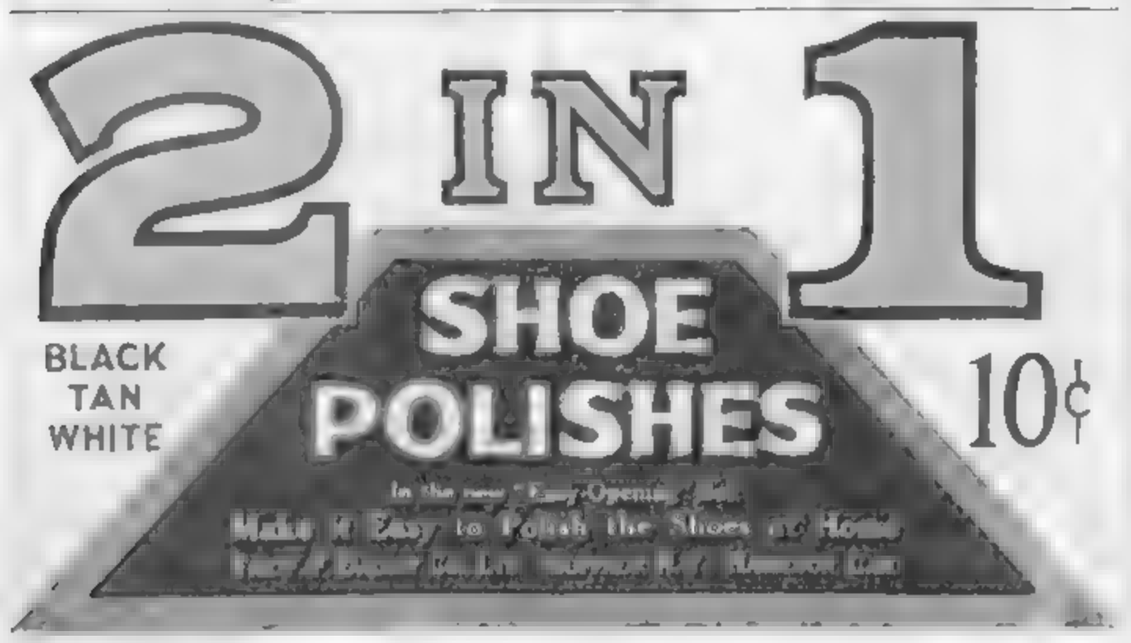

fallen back toward the river in good order and without loss.

The Germans, pushing in, had burned certain outlying houses from which shots had come and burst open the rest. Also they had repeated the trick of capturing sundry luckless natives and, in their rush through the town, of driving these prisoners ahead of them as living bucklers to minimize the danger of being shot at from the windows.

One youth showed us a raw wound in his ear. A piece of tile, splintered by an errant bullet, had pierced it, he said, as the Germans drove him before them. Another man told us his father—and the father must have been an old man, for the speaker himself was in his fifties—had been shot through the thigh. But had anybody been killed? That was what we wanted to know. Ah, but yes! A dozen eager fingers pointed to the house immediately behind us. There a man had been killed.

Coming back to try to save some of their belongings after the Germans had gone through, these others had found him at the head of the cellar steps in his blazing house. His throat had been cut and his blood was on the floor, and he was dead. They led us into the shell of the place, the stone wall being still stanchly erect; but the roof was gone, and in the cinders and dust on the planks of an inner room they showed us a big dull-brown smear.

This, they told us, pointing, was the place where he lay. One man in pantomime acted out the drama of the discovery of the body. He was a born actor, that Belgian villager, and an orator—with his hands. Somehow, watching him, I visualized the victim as a little man, old and stoop-shouldered and feeble in his movements.

I looked about the room. The corner toward the road was a black ruin, but the back wall was hardly touched by the marks of the fire. On a mantel small bits of pottery stood intact, and a holy picture on the wall—a cheap print of a saint—was not even singed. At the foot of the cellar steps curdled milk stood in pans; and beside the milk, on a table, was part of a cheese and a long knife.

Stumbling on an Engagement

We wanted to know why the man who lived here had been killed. They professed ignorance then—none of them knew, or, at least, none of them would say. A little later a woman told us the story ran that the Germans had caught him watching from a window with a pair of opera glasses, and on this evidence had taken him for a spy. But we could secure no direct evidence, either to confirm the tale or to disprove it.

We got to the center of the town, leaving the venerable nag behind to be baited at a big gray barn by a big, shapeless, kindly woman hostler in wooden shoes, which clattered on the round cobbles of her stable yard like drum taps.

In the Square, after many citizens had informed us there was nothing to eat, a little Frenchwoman took pity on our emptiness, and, leading us to a parlor behind a shop where she sold, among other things, post cards, cheeses and underwear, she made us a huge omelet and gave us also good butter and fresh milk and a pot of her homemade plum marmalade. Her two little daughters, who looked as though they had stepped out of a Frans Hals canvas, waited on us while we wolfed the food down.

Quite casually our hostess showed us a round hole in the window behind us, a big white scar in the wooden inner shutter and a flattened chunk of lead. The night before, it seemed, some one, for purposes unknown, had fired a bullet through the window of her house.

It was proof of the rapidity with which the actual presence of war works indifference to sudden shocks among a people that this woman could discuss the incident quietly. Hostile gun butts had splintered her front door; so why not a stray bullet or two through the back window? So we interpreted her attitude.

It was she who advised us not to try to ford the Sambre at Merbes-le-Château, but to go off at an angle to La Buissière, where she had heard one bridge still stood. She said nothing of a fight at that place. It is possible that she knew nothing of it, though the two towns almost touched. Indeed, in all these Belgian towns we found the people so concerned with their own small upheavals and terrors that they seemed not to care or even to know how their neighbors a mile or two miles away had fared.

Following this advice we swung about and drove to La Buissière to find the bridge that might still be intact; and, finding it, we found also, and quite by chance, the scene of the first extended engagement on which we stumbled.

Our first intimation of it was the presence, in a cabbage field beyond the town, of three strangely subdued peasants softening the hard earth with water, so that they might dig a grave for a dead horse, which, after lying two days in the hot sun, had already become a nuisance and might become a pestilence. When we told them we meant to enter La Buissière they held up their soiled hands in protest.

The Brave Miller of La Buissière

"There has been much fighting there," one said, "and many are dead, and more are dying and hurt. Also, the shooting still goes on; but what it means we do not know, because we dare not venture into the streets, which are full of Germans. Hark, m'sieurs!"

Even as he spoke we heard a rifle crack and then, after a pause, a second report. We went forward cautiously across a bridge that spanned an arm of the canal, and past a double line of houses, with broken windows, from which no sign or sound of life came.

Suddenly at a turn three German privates of a lancer regiment faced us. They were burdened with bottles of beer, and one carried his lance, which he flung playfully in our path. He had been drinking and was jovially exhilarated. As soon as he saw the small silk American flag that fluttered from the rail of our dogcart he and his friends became enthusiastic in their greetings, offering us beer and wanting to know whether the Americans meant to declare for Germany now that the Japanese had sided with England.

Leaving them cheering for the Americans we negotiated another elbow in the twisting street—and there all about us was the aftermath and wreckage of a spirited fight.

Earlier in this article I told—or tried to tell—how La Buissière must have looked in peaceful times. I will try now to tell how it actually looked that afternoon we rode into it.

In the center of the town the main street opens out to form an irregular circle, and the houses fronting it make a compact ring. Through a gap one gets a glimpse of the little river which he has just crossed; and on the river bank stands the mill, or what is left of it, and that is little enough. Its roof is gone, shot clear away in a shower of shattered tiling, and its walls are riddled in a hundred places. It is pretty certain that mill will never grind grist again.

On its upper floor, which is now a sieve, the Germans—so they themselves told us—found, after the fighting, the seventy-year-old miller, dead, with a gun in his hands and a hole in his head. He had elected to help the French defend the place; and it was as well for him that he fell fighting, because, had he been taken alive, the Prussians, following their grim rule for all civilians caught with weapons, would have stood him up against a wall with a firing squad before him.

The houses round about have fared better, in the main, than the mill, though none of them has come scatheless out of the fight. Hardly a windowpane is whole; hardly a wall but is pocked by bullets or rent by large missiles. Some houses have lost roofs; some have lost side walls, so that one can gaze straight into them and see the cluttered furnishings, half buried in shattered masonry and crumbled plaster.

One small cottage has been blown clear away in a blast of artillery fire; only the chimney remains, pointing upward like a stubby finger. A fireplace, with a fire in it, is the glowing heart of a house; and a chimney completes it and reveals that it is a home fit for human creatures to live in; but we see here—and the truth of it strikes us as it never did before—that a chimney standing alone typifies desolation and ruin more fitly, more brutally, than any written words could typify it. That chimney keynotes the picture!

Everywhere there are soldiers—German soldiers—in their soiled, dusty gray service uniforms, always in heavy boots; always with their tunics buttoned to the throat. More, off duty, are lounging at ease in the doors of the houses. More, on duty, are moving about briskly in squads, with fixed bayonets. One is learning to ride a bicycle, and when he falls off, as he does repeatedly,

his comrades laugh at him and shout derisive advice at him.

There are not many of the townsfolk in sight. Experience has taught us that in any town not occupied by the enemy our appearance will be the signal for an immediate gathering of the citizens, all flocking about us, filled with a naïve, respectful inquisitiveness, and wanting to know where we have come from and to what place we are going.

Here in this stricken town not a single villager comes near us. A priest passes us, bows deeply to us, and in an instant is gone round a jog in the street, the skirts of his black robe whisking behind him. From upper windows faces peer out at us—faces of women and children mostly.

In nearly every one of these faces a sort of mute bewilderment expresses itself—not grief, not even resentment, but merely a stunned wonderment at the astounding fact that their town, rather than some other town, should be the spot where the soldiers of other nations come to fight out their feud. We have come to know well that look these last few days.

So far as we have seen there has been no mistreatment of civilians by the soldiers; yet we note that the villagers stay inside the shelter of their damaged homes as though they felt safer there.

A young officer bustles up, spick and span in his tan boots and tan gloves, and, finding us to be Americans and correspondents, becomes instantly effusive. He has just come through his first fight, seemingly with some credit to himself; and he is proud of the part he has played and is pleased to talk about it. Of his own accord he volunteers to lead us to the heights back of the town where the French defenses were and where the hand-to-hand fighting took place.

As we trail along behind him in single file we pass a small paved court before a stable and see a squad of French prisoners. Later we are to see several thousand French prisoners; but now the sight is at once a sensation and a novelty to us. These are all French prisoners; there are no Belgians or Englishmen among them.

In their long, cumbersome blue coats and baggy red pants they are huddled down against a wall in a heap of straw. They lie there silently, chewing straws and looking very forlorn. Four German soldiers with fixed bayonets are guarding them.

The young lieutenant leads us along a steeply ascending road over a ridge and then stops; and as we look about us the consciousness strikes home to us, with almost the jarring emphasis of a physical blow, that we are standing where men have lately striven together and have fallen and died.

Records of the Battlefield

In front of us and below us is the town, with the river winding into it at the east and out at the west; and beyond the town, to the north, is the cup-shaped valley of fair, fat farm lands, all heavy and pregnant with ungarnered, ungathered crops.

Behind us, on the front of the hill, is a hedge, and beyond the hedge—just a foot or so back of it, in fact—is a deep trench, plainly dug out by hand, and so lately done that the cut clods are still moist and fresh-looking.

At the first instant of looking it seems to us that this intrenchment is full of dead men; but when we look closer we see that what we take for corpses are the scattered garments and equipments of French infantrymen—long blue coats; peaked, red-topped caps; spare shirts; rifled knapsacks; water-bottles; broken guns; side arms; bayonet belts and blanket rolls. There are perhaps twenty guns in sight. Each one has been rendered useless by being struck against the earth with sufficient force to snap the stock at the grip.

Almost at my feet is a knapsack, ripped open and revealing a cord of small china buttons, a new red handkerchief, a gray-striped flannel shirt, a pencil and a sheaf of writing paper. Rummaging in the main compartment I find, folded at the back, a book recording the name and record of military service of one Gaston Michel Miseroux, whose home is at Amiens, and who is—or was—a private in the Tenth Battalion of the —— Regiment of Chasseurs à Pied. Whether this Gaston Michel Miseroux got away alive without his knapsack, or whether he was captured or was killed, there is none to say. His service record is here in the trampled dust and he is gone.

Before going farther the young lieutenant, speaking in his broken English, told us the story of the fight, which had been fought, he said, exactly forty-eight hours before. "The French," he said, "must have been here for several days. They had fortified this hill, as you see; digging intrenchments in front for their riflemen and putting their artillery behind at a place I shall presently show you. Also they had placed many of their sharpshooters in the houses. It was a strong position, commanding the passage of the river, and they should have been able to hold it against twice their number.

"Our men came, as you did, along that road off yonder; and then our infantry advanced across the fields under cover of our artillery fire. We were in the open and the French were above us here and behind shelter; and so we lost many men."

A Story Told in German

"They had mined the bridge over the canal and also the last remaining bridge across the river; but we came so fast that we took both bridges before they could set off the mines.

"In twenty minutes we held the town and the last of their sharpshooters in the houses had been dislodged or killed. Then, while our guns moved over there to the left and shelled them on the flank, two companies of Germans—five hundred men—charged up the steep road over which you have just climbed and took this trench here in five minutes of close fighting.

"The enemy lost many men here before they ran. So did we lose many. On that spot there"—he pointed to a little gap in the hedge, not twenty feet away, where the grass was pressed flat—"I saw three dead men lying in a heap.

"We pushed the French back, taking a few prisoners as we went, until on the other side of this hill our artillery began to rake them, and then they gave way altogether and retreated to the south, taking their guns. Remember, they outnumbered us and they had the advantage of position; but we whipped them—we Germans—as we always do whip our enemies."

His voice changed from boasting to pity:

"Ach, but it was shameful that they should have been sent against us wearing those long blue coats, those red trousers, those shiny black belts and bright brass buttons! At a mile, or even half a mile, the Germans in their dark-gray uniforms, with dull facings, fade into the background; but a Frenchman in his foolish monkey clothes is a target for as far as you can see him.

"And their equipment—see how flimsy it is when compared with ours! And their guns—so inferior, so old-fashioned alongside the German guns! I tell you this: Forty-four years they have been wishing to fight us for what we did in 1870; and when the time comes they are not ready and we are ready. While they have been singing their Marseillaise Hymn, we have been thinking. While they have been talking, we have been working."

While I was thinking this over he pulled out a notebook and read out for us the names of the commands and detachments engaged on both sides:

French: Part of the Forty-eighth Regiment Chasseurs à Pied, of the Second Army Corps; the Twenty-seventh Dragoons, of the Fifth Corps; detachments of the Forty-second, Twenty-fourth, Sixty-fourth, Fiftieth and Ninety-second Batteries of Field Artillery; the Twenty-seventh, Two Hundred and Fifty-first and Two Hundred and Eighteenth Infantry Regiments of the Line; and the First Regiment of Engineers, of the Eighteenth Army Corps.

Germans: The Twenty-seventh Brigade of Infantry, of the Seventh Army Corps; the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Artillery, and two companies of the Thirteenth Infantry Regiment.

I do not vouch for the correctness of this enumeration. I put it down as the young officer rattled it off in his broken English.

Next he escorted us back along the small plateau that extended south from the face of the bluff. We made our way through a constantly growing confusion of abandoned equipment and garments—all the flotsam and jetsam of a rout. I suppose we saw as many as fifty smashed French rifles, as many as a hundred and fifty canteens and knapsacks.

Crossing a sunken road, where trenches for riflemen to kneel in and fire from had been dug in the sides of the bank—a road our guide said was full of dead men after

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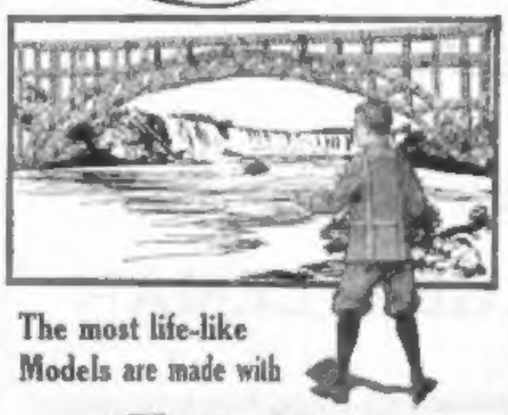

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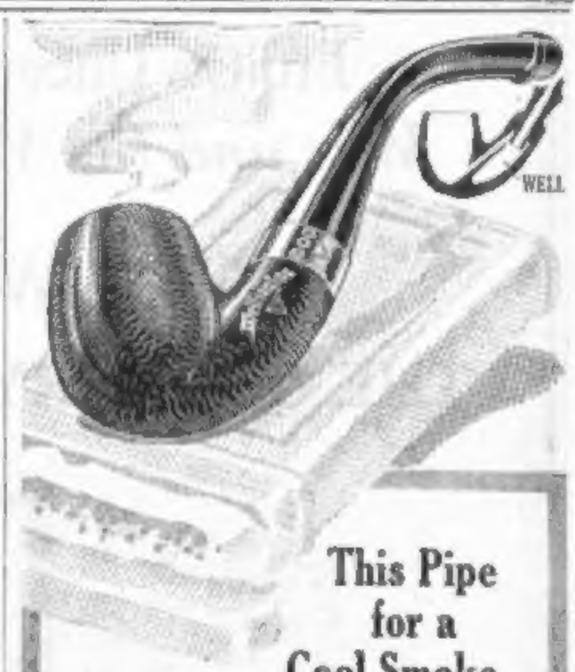

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Philadelphia Penna.

the fight—we came very soon to the site of the French camp. Here, from the medley and mixture of an indescribable jumble of wreckage, certain objects stand out, as I write this, detached and plain in my mind; such things, for example, as a straw basket of twelve champagne bottles with two bottles full and ten empty; a box of lump sugar, broken open, with a stain of spilled red wine on some of the white cubes; a roll of new mattresses jammed into a small natural receptacle at the root of an oak tree; a saber hilt of shining brass with the blade missing; a whole set of pewter knives and forks sown broadcast on the bruised and trampled grass. But there was no German relic in the lot—you may be sure of that.

Farther down, where the sunken road again wound across our path, we passed an old-fashioned family carriage jammed against the bank, with one shaft snapped off short. Lying on the dusty seat-cushion was a single silver teaspoon. War certainly provides some strange combinations!

Almost opposite the carriage, against the other bank, was a cavalryman's boot; it had been cut from a wounded limb. The leather had been split all the way down the leg from the top to the ankle, and the inside of the boot was full of clotted, dried blood. And just as we turned back to return to the town I saw a child's stuffed cloth doll—rag dolls I think they call them in the States—lying flat in the road; and a wagon wheel or a cannon wheel had passed over the head, squashing it flat.

I am not striving for effect when I tell of this trifle. When you write of such things as a battlefield you do not need to strive for effect. The effects are all there, ready-made, waiting to be set down. Nor do I know how a child's doll came to be in that harried, uptorn place. I only know that it was there, and that being there it seemed to me to sum up the fate of poor little Belgium in this great war. If I had been seeking a visible symbol of Belgium's case I do not believe I could have found a more fitting one anywhere.

Where War Has Been

Going down the hill to the town we met, skirting across our path, a party of natives wearing Red Cross brassards. The lieutenant said these men had undoubtedly been beating the woods and grain fields for the scattered wounded or dead. He added, without emotion, that from time to time they found one such; in fact, the volunteer searchers had brought in two Frenchmen just before we arrived—one to be cared for at the hospital, the other to be buried.

We had thanked the young lieutenant and had bade him good-by, and were starting off again, hoping to make Maubeuge before night, when suddenly it struck me that the one thing about La Buissière I should recall most vividly was not the sight of it, all stricken and stunned and forlorn as it was, but the stench of it.

Before this my eyes had been so busy recording impressions that my nose had neglected its duty; now for the first time I sensed the vile reek that arose from all about me. The place was one big, vast stink. It smelled of ether and iodoform and carbolic acid—there being any number of improvised hospitals, full of wounded, in sight; it smelled of sour beef bones and stale bread and moldy hay and fresh horse dung; it smelled of the sweaty, unwashed bodies of the soldiers; it smelled of everything that is fetid and rancid and unsavory and unwholesome.

And yet, forty-eight hours before, this town, if it was like every other Belgian town, must have been as clean as clean could be. When the Belgian peasant housewife has cleaned the inside of her house she issues forth with bucket and scrubbing brush and washes the outside of it—and even the pavement in front and the cobbles of the road. But the war had come to La Buissière and turned the little town upside down.

A war wastes towns, it seems, even more visibly than it wastes nations. Already the streets were ankle-deep in filth. There were broken lamps and broken bottles and broken windowpanes everywhere, and one could not step without an accompaniment of crunching glass from underfoot.

Sacks of provender and food, which the French had abandoned, were split open and their contents wasted in the mire while the inhabitants went hungry. The lower floors of the houses were bedded in straw where the soldiers had slept, and the straw was thickly covered with dried mud and already gave off a sour, sickish odor. Over everything was the lime dust from the powdered walls and plastering.

We drove away, then, over the hill toward the south. From the crest of the bluff we could look down on ruined La Buissière, with its garrison of victorious invaders, its frightened townspeople, and its houses full of maimed and crippled soldiers of both sides.

Beyond we could see the fields, where the crops, already overripe, must surely waste for lack of men and teams to harvest them; and on the edge of one field we marked where the three peasants dug the grave for the rotting dead horse, striving to get it underground before it set up a plague.

Except for them, busy with pick and spade, no living creature in sight was at work.

Sherman said it!

Avoiding Rough Edges

THE dreaded saw edge on collars and the exasperating shredded handkerchief are practical problems that have been tackled by chemists of the University of Kansas. Though these chemists have not succeeded in showing how laundries can avoid the fatal injuries to white goods, they have demonstrated that the healthy life of such goods can be prolonged considerably at actually less expense to the laundryman.

Less bleaching is their remedy, for they have discovered that the more bleaching there is used the first time a collar is laundered the more bleaching will be needed the next time; and so on in increasing amounts. That practically perfect whiteness is possible from less bleaching than is ordinarily used they believe; and, on the other hand, if patrons were willing to accept not quite such perfect whiteness the handkerchiefs would last twice as long as they do now.

Their first experiments were on collars; but later they found they could work more quickly by simply laundering white threads and testing the breaking strength of the threads after the various processes. One set of threads was sent through the washing process over and over again, until it became too weak to stand another wash. A second set was sent through the ordinary bleaching process over and over again, and another set through the acid process until the threads broke. In this way it was quickly determined that the bleaching process was most harmful to the threads and the acid process was more harmful than the washing process. Washing, and the other processes white goods pass through in a laundry, did not greatly shorten the life of the threads.

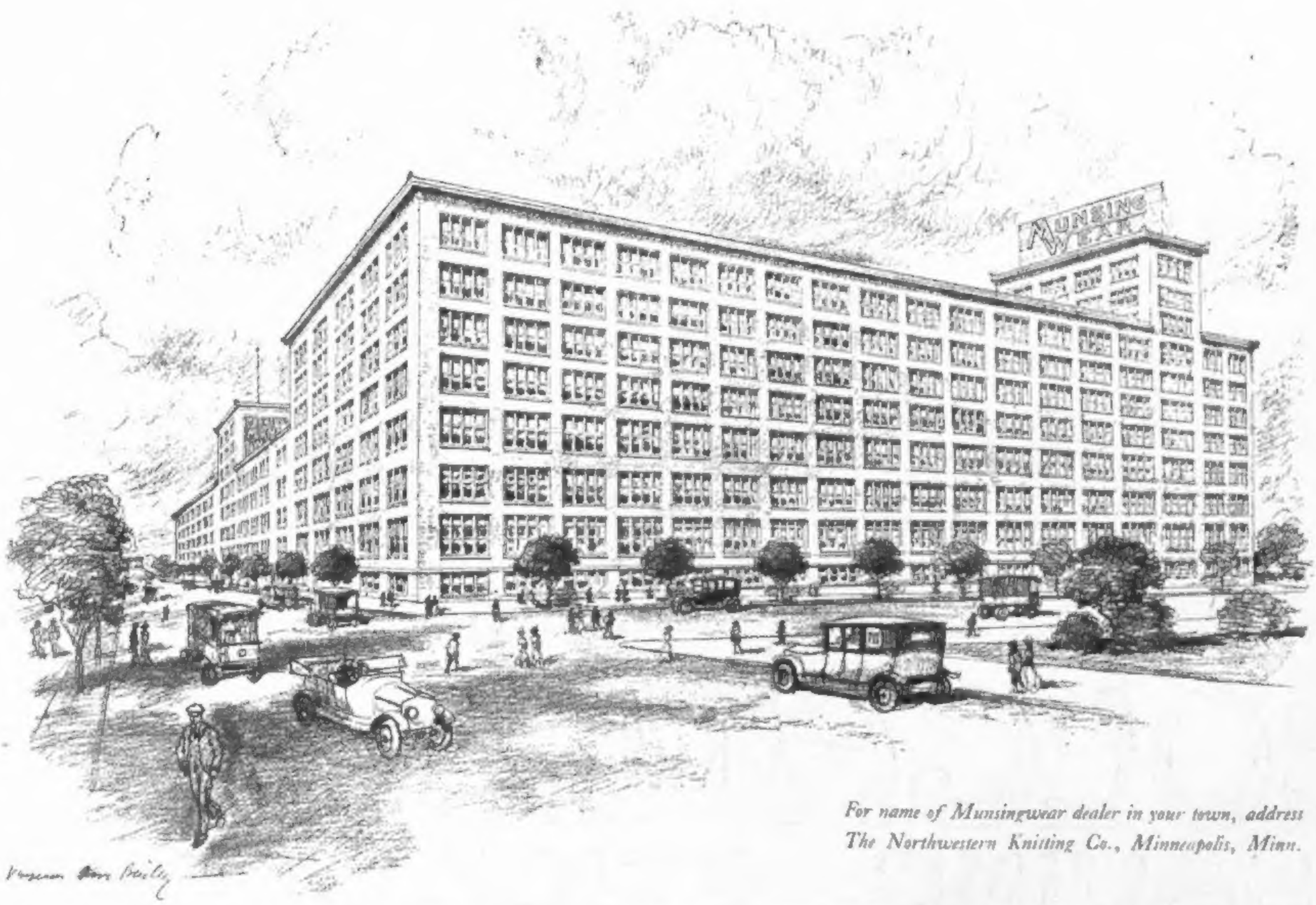
Attempts were then made to find substitutes for the bleaching. Some were found which did not hurt the threads; but laundries that tried them finally abandoned them because the white color was not so perfect. Ozone was found to bleach the threads successfully and to injure them only half as much as ordinary bleaching; but this meant an extra process with additional expense, which apparently barred its use. So finally the chemists turned to the bleaches to see whether these could be made less harmful.

Their principal discovery was that the yellowing of laundered white goods which have remained for some time unused in bureau drawers is due to excessive bleaching; and subsequently more and more bleach is required to remove the yellow color. Hence excessive bleaching comes to be used for all white goods.

Using weak bleaching solutions for new white goods permits using much less in later launderings; and a steady effort to use as little bleach as possible in getting a proper color they found to be effective in prolonging the life of the handkerchief.

THE MAMMOTH MODERN MUNSINGWEAR MILL

MUNSING WEAR is the mark of perfection in underwear. It is made under manufacturing conditions that are ideal. When you put on a Munsing Union Suit, you do so with the assurance that it is clean and sanitary, fit to wear next the skin. In Munsingwear, you get garments that are guaranteed perfect in workmanship and material. Because of fine quality and unusual durability and washability and the perfect way in which it fits and covers the form, Munsingwear has received nation wide endorsement. The magnitude of this endorsement is indicated by the magnitude of the Munsingwear mill and the number of Munsingwear garments produced daily. This year, a production of over 8,000,000 Munsingwear garments will be required to supply the demand from trade already established. Millions of the most discriminating men and women in America wear Munsingwear with complete satisfaction. The confidence of millions of people in Munsingwear quality, their faith in Munsingwear ideals, their satisfaction in Munsingwear itself, their continuous and repeated buying of Munsingwear, their daily proof of its superiority in actual use,—these are the things that have made possible the mammoth, modern Munsingwear mill illustrated below.



For name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address
The Northwestern Knitting Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

A MOVING PICTURE
The Conversion of Mr. Prejudice

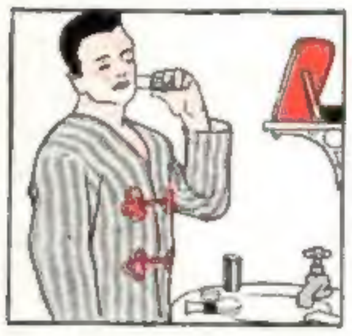
Mr. Prejudice is hard to convince – but watch him weaken

He uses an old-fashioned shaving mug, which colleds dust and germs

When shaving he rubs in the lather with his fingers for some time, a useless and mussy method

– and naturally his face smarts afterward. This annoys him greatly

His son Tom uses a shaving stick and works up the lather on his face with the brush



Tom's face never smarts – he saves lather and time – getting to breakfast first

Tom does not rub in his lather but he does "rub it in" on Mr. Prejudice

Next day after shaving Mr. Prejudice sees much lather left in his mug. He hates waste

He watches Tom who works up on his face just enough lather for a cool, comfortable shave

Tom also shows how he can stick the last ½ inch of his old stick on a new one – not a particle wasted

Mr. Prejudice is converted and that day buys a stick like Tom's – sanitary, soothing and convenient

He examines it carefully – reads the scientific directions – finds shaving comfort

Passed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Shavers.

The Magic Wand of Shaving

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK

Colgate's Shaving STICK-POWDER-CREAM-3 Methods, 1 Result